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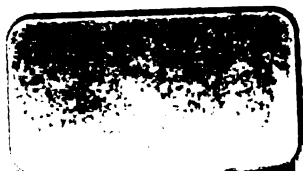
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THE

NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

VOLUME IX.

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER INCLUSIVE.

1835.

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*c'*  
BOSTON:

E. R. BROADERS 147 WASHINGTON STREET.

EASTBURN'S PRESS.

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#### IV.

## INDEX

<b>Eliot, Samuel A.</b>	An Address before the Boston Academy of Music, on the opening of the Odeon, August 5, 1835,	PAGE. 307
<b>Everett, Edward.</b>	An Address, delivered before the Literary Societies of Amherst College, August 25, 1835,	462
<b>Everett, Edward.</b>	An Address, delivered at Bloody-Brook, in South Deerfield, September 30, 1835, in Commemoration of the Fall of the "Flower of Essex," at that spot, in King Philip's War, September 18, (O. S.) 1676,	462
<b>Fellows, John, A. M.</b>	An Exposition of the Mysteries or Religious Dogmas and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians, Pythagoreans, and Druids. Also, An Inquiry into the Origin, History, and Purport of Freemasonry,	471
<b>Gallagher, William D.</b>	Errato,	138
<b>Harrvardiana.</b>	Vol. 2, No. 1,	381
<b>Helen's Pilgrimage to Jerusalem;</b>	a Picture of Judaism in the century which preceded the Advent of our Saviour. From the German of Frederick Strauss,	75
<b>Hemans, Mrs. Felicia,</b>	The Poetical Works of, complete in one vol.; with a Critical Preface,	468
<b>Hillard, Geo. S.</b>	An Oration, pronounced before the Inhabitants of Boston, July 4, 1835, in Commemoration of American Independence,	142
<b>Horse-Shoe Robinson;</b>	a Tale of the Tory Ascendancy,	390
<b>Horticultural Register and Gardener's Magazine,</b>		139
<b>Indian Nullification,</b>		79
<b>Italian Sketch-Book,</b>		141
<b>Iring, Washington,</b>	Beauties of,	379
<b>Knapp, Samuel L.</b>	Life of Aaron Burr,	143
<b>Legends of a Log-Cabin,</b>		472
<b>Moore, N. F., L. L. D.</b>	Lectures on the Greek Language and Literature,	311
<b>Old Maids;</b>	their Varieties, Characters, and Conditions,	375
<b>Outre-Mer;</b>	a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea,	68
<b>Parsons, Theophilus.</b>	An Address, delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, August 27, 1835, on the Duties of Educated Men in a Republic,	303
<b>Pike, Albert.</b>	Prose Sketches and Poems, written in the Western Country,	52
<b>Plan of Boston,</b>		381
<b>Practical Phonology,</b>	Record of a School exemplifying the general principles of Spiritual Culture,	PAGE. 475
<b>Ship and Shore; or, Leaves from the Journal of a Cruise to the Levant,</b>		226
<b>Six Months in a House of Correction,</b>		366
<b>Specimens of the Table-Talk of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge,</b>		140
<b>Tesoretto del Studente della Lingua Italiana, o Raccolta di brevi e dilettevoli aneddoti da L. Sforzosi; con note explicative in Inglese da Francesco M. G. S**,</b>	etc.,	217
<b>The Boston Book,</b>		329
<b>The Brothers;</b>	a Tale of the Fronde,	305
<b>The Gipsey;</b>	a Tale,	338
<b>The Hawks of Hawk-Hollow;</b>	a Tradition of Pennsylvania,	220
<b>The Infidel;</b>	or the Fall of Mexico,	468
<b>The Linwoods;</b>	or, Sixty Years Since in America,	69
<b>The Magnolia,</b>	1836,	380
<b>The Miseries of Human Life; or, the Groans of Samuel Sensitive and Timothy Testy,</b>	with a few Supplementary Signs from Mrs. Testy,	460
<b>The Monikins,</b>		298
<b>The Musical Library,</b>		136
<b>The Student's Manual,</b>		309
<b>The Token and Atlantic Souvenir,</b>		294
<b>The Wife and Woman's Reward,</b>		297
<b>Waterson, R. C.</b>	An Address, delivered before the Sunday School Society of Newburyport, at their third Anniversary,	385
<b>Willard and Phelps, Mesdames.</b>	Progressive Education. Translated from the French of Madame Neckar de Saussure,	298
<b>LITERARY ANNOTANDA,</b>		144
"	"	238
"	"	312
"	"	362
<b>MONTHLY RECORD,</b>		80
<b>OBITUARY.</b>		
<b>Benjamin Lincoln, M. D.</b>		145
<b>Chief Justice Marshall,</b>		150
<b>To the Readers and Correspondents of the New-England Magazine,</b>		479

THE  
NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

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JULY, 1835.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

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SHELLS AND SEA-WEEDS.

I.

THE DEPARTURE.

AGAIN thy winds are pealing in mine ear !  
Again thy waves are flashing in my sight !  
Thy memory-haunting tones again I hear,  
As, through the spray, our vessel wings her flight !  
On thy cerulean breast, now swelling high,  
Again, thou broad Atlantic, am I cast !  
Six years, with noiseless tread, have glided by,  
Since the unsounded deep I traversed last.  
The sea-birds o'er me wheel, as if to greet  
An old companion ; on my naked brow,  
The sparkling foam-drops not unkindly beat ;  
Flows through my hair the fresh'ning breeze — and now  
Th' horizon's ring enclasps me ; and I stand,  
Gazing where fades from view, cloud-like, my father-land !

II.

THE GALE.

The night came down in terror. Through the air,  
Mountains of clouds, with lurid summits rolled ;  
The lightning kindling with its vivid glare  
Their outlines as they rose, heaped fold on fold.  
The wind, in fitful sighs, swept o'er the sea ;  
And then a sudden lull, gentle as sleep,  
Soft as an infant's breathing, seemed to be  
Lain, like enchantment, on the throbbing deep.  
But, false the calm ! for soon the strengthened gale  
Burst, in one loud explosion, far and wide,



*Shells and Sea-weeds.*

Drowning the thunder's voice ! With every sail  
 Close-reefed, our groaning ship heeled on her side ;  
 The torn waves combed the deck ; while, o'er the mast,  
 The meteors of the storm a ghastly radiance cast !

## III.

## MORNING AFTER THE GALE.

Bravely our trim ship rode the tempest through ;  
 And, when the exhausted gale had ceased to rave,  
 How broke the day-star on the gazer's view !  
 How flushed the Orient every crested wave !  
 The sun threw down his shield of golden light,  
 In fierce defiance on the ocean's bed ;  
 Whereat, the clouds betook themselves to flight,  
 Like routed hosts, with banners soiled and red.  
 The sky was soon all brilliance, east and west ;  
 All traces of the gale had passed away —  
 The chiming billows, by the breeze caressed,  
 Tossed lightly from their heads the feathery spray.  
 Ah ! thus may Hope's auspicious star again  
 Rise o'er the troubled soul, where gloom and grief have been !

## IV.

## TO A LAND BIRD.

Thou wanderer from green fields and leafy nooks !  
 Where blooms the flower and toils the honey-bee —  
 Where odorous blossoms drift along the brooks,  
 And woods and hills are very fair to see —  
 Why hast thou left thy native bough to roam,  
 With drooping wing, far o'er the briny billow ?  
 Thou canst not, like the petrel, cleave the foam,  
 Nor, like the osprey, make the wave thy pillow.  
 Thou 'rt like those fine-toned spirits, gentle bird !  
 Which, from some better land, to this rude life  
 Seem borne — they struggle, 'mid the common herd,  
 With powers unfitted for the selfish strife !  
 Haply, at length, some zephyr wafts them back  
 To their own home of peace, across the world's dull track.

## V.

## A THOUGHT OF THE PAST.

I woke from slumber at the dead of night,  
 Stirred by a dream which was too sweet to last —  
 A dream of boyhood's season of delight ;  
 It flashed along the dim shapes of the past !  
 And, as I mused upon its strange appeal,  
 Thrilling my heart with feelings undefined,  
 Old memories, bursting from Time's icy seal,

Rushed, like sun-stricken fountains, on my mind.  
Scenes, among which was cast my early home,  
My favorite haunts, the shores, the ancient woods,  
Where, with my schoolmates, I was wont to roam,  
Green, sloping lawns, majestic solitudes —  
All rose before me, till, by thought beguiled,  
Freely I could have wept, as if once more a child.

## VI.

## TROPICAL WEATHER.

We are within the tropics, where the days  
Are an eternal summer to the eye ;  
The sea sends back the noontide's fervent blaze,  
And, in its lucent depths, reflects the sky.  
Full in our wake, the smooth, warm trade-winds blowing,  
To their unvarying goal still faithful run ;  
And as we steer, with sails before them flowing,  
Nearer the zenith daily climbs the sun.  
The flying-fish in shoals about us skim,  
Glossed, like the humming-bird, with rainbow dyes ;  
And, as they dip into the water's brim,  
Swift in pursuit the preying dolphin hies.  
All, all is fair ; and, gazing round, we feel  
The South's soft languor gently o'er our senses steal.

## VII.

## NIGHT.

But, oh ! the night — the cool, luxurious night,  
Which closes round us when the day grows dim,  
And the sun sinks from his meridian height,  
Behind the ocean's occidental rim !  
Clouds, in their streaks of purple, green and red,  
Gather around his setting, and absorb  
The last rich rays of glory, that are shed,  
In wide profusion, from his failing orb.  
And now the moon, her lids unclosing, deigns  
To smile serenely on the charmed sea,  
That shines as if inlaid with lightning chains,  
From which it hardly struggled to be free.  
Swan-like, with motion unperceived, we glide,  
Touched by the downy breeze, and favored by the tide.

## VIII.

## THE PLANET JUPITER.

Ever, at night, have I looked first for thee,  
O'er all thy astral sisterhood supreme !  
Ever, at night, have I looked up to see  
The diamond-lustre of thy quivering beam ;

*Shells and Sea-Weeds.*

Shining sometimes through pillowy clouds serene,  
 As they part from thee, like a loosened scroll ;  
 Sometimes unveiled, in all thy native sheen,  
 When no dark vapors underneath thee roll.  
 Bright planet ! ever let thy welcome ray,  
 As now, like joy, illuminate my soul :  
 The world's attrition changes us, they say,  
 And turns the strong-eyed eagle to a mole :  
 Ah, 't is not so ! bright things are aye the same  
 To him, who keeps undimmed his own heaven-kindled flame.

## IX.

TO ——— .

Leagues of blue ocean are between us spread ;  
 And I cannot behold thee, save in dreams !  
 I cannot hear the music round thee shed,  
 I do not see the light that from thee gleams.  
 Fairest and best ! 'mid summer joys, ah, say,  
 Dost thou e'er think of one, who thinks of thee —  
 Th' Atlantic-wanderer — who, day by day,  
 Looks for thy image in the deep, deep sea ?  
 Long months, and years perchance, may pass away,  
 Ere he shall gaze upon thy face again ;  
 He cannot know what rocks and quicksands lay  
 Before him, on the Future's shipless main ;  
 But, thanked be Memory ! there are treasures still,  
 Which the triumphant mind holds subject to its will.

## X.

## POESIE.

If ever I have wronged thy art sublime,  
 Sweet Poesie ! (full many do such wrong)  
 Disguising, in gilt words and barren rhyme,  
 Trite thoughts, which never could to thee belong —  
 Humbly I ask thee to absolve me now,  
 For all my wanton deficits of sense :  
 Prostrate, before thy veiled shrine I bow ;  
 This is my last, if not my least offence !  
 But if — O nymph divine ! — I e'er have strayed  
 Beside the margin of thy fair domain —  
 If I have loved to loiter in the shade,  
 And watched for thy bright presence, not in vain —  
 The time has come, when I no more may dwell  
 'Mid thy bewildering scenes. Accept my last farewell !

*At Sea, May 5, 1835.*

## DARK THOUGHTS.

If any ask why roses please the sight?  
 Because their leaves upon thy cheeks do bower:  
 If any ask why lilies are so white?  
 Because their blossoms in thy hand do flower:  
 Or why sweet plants so grateful odors shower?  
 It is because thy breath so like they be:  
 Or why the orient sun so bright we see?  
 What reason can we give, but from thine eyes and thee?

*Fletcher's Christ's Victory. Canto I. Stanza xiv.*

THE necessity of faith, or a deep conviction of the truths of Christianity, has been insisted on, by all theological writers, as the foundation of a holy and consistent life. But, I believe, every one has felt, in some skeptical hour, the wish that his faith might be strengthened by some ocular proof of the Christian religion. We have always seen the laws of nature glide with undeviating uniformity; the sun arises and sets; the spring and the winter return; man is born and dies, with a regularity so constant, and at periods so generally expected, that the course of nature seems like the decree of fate; and a species of naturalism is silently resting even on some sober and believing minds. St. Peter has touched one of the sources of infidelity when he says, '*Since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation.*' The regularity of the laws of nature, though designed as light to reveal, becomes a cloud, to hide the interposition of God.

I should be a very imperfect puritan, if I did not confess myself to be a firm Christian; and yet, I must confess, I have often felt my mind exercised on the obscurity of the proofs of revelation. I have longed to see the Deity step out from his hiding-place, and give some visible tokens of his power. I have hungered and thirsted after a miracle. I have tried to imagine the emotions of surprise and adoration, which would shake my heart, could I once see the laws of nature suspended. But no; she rolls on, in the same rigid uniformity. No spiritual voice meets my spirit, to attest the presence of anything in nature but the plastic power, which executes her silent laws. I have walked on the sea-shore, and heard the roaring of its waves; I have sat amidst the tombs, at midnight; I have listened, with the intensest interest, amidst the deep solitudes of the woods; I have fled from the living, and implored the dead for some supernatural voice to break on the abstracted ear of faith and meditation.

'Tell us, ye dead! — will none of you, in pity?  
 O, that some courteous ghost would blab it out!'

But all has been in vain. Nature, rigid, silent, unconscious nature, is always interposing her material usages between me and my God.

I have sometimes been led to envy the privileges of the first Christians ; and to wish that I had been born in those happier days. I should then have heard the gospel as it was delivered from the lips of infinite wisdom, and seen the proofs, which might silence skepticism and awaken a conquering faith in the most sluggish heart. I might have caught some notes of the heavenly hosts, as they sung over ' the quiet innocence ' of the shepherds, at midnight, and have stood at the tomb of Lazarus, when the voice of his Redeemer called him from the dead. There is an impression resting on my heart, that I should have conquered my sins with more facility ; and have lived more devoted to that celestial power, which was everywhere manifested around. Hail, ye happy spirits ! Why have ye not transmitted to later ages your wonderful works ? — and thou, bright morn of Christianity, why were thy dews so transient, and thy reign so short ? I have but little faith ; I own it. But no angel has ever visited me from the skies ; no saint has spoken to my midnight dreams ; no miracle has ever met my eye. I have but little faith ; but my heart longs to find an excuse and a cause in the little proof.

Full of these reflections, I lately retired to sleep ; and, the impressions of the day following me, I was favored with a dream.

I seemed to be walking beneath a steep precipice, on the eastern shores of the lake Gennesaret. The waters seemed to be hushed in the profoundest tranquility, and their color was tinged with the purple rays of the setting sun. The day was declining ; the shadows of the mountains were stretched upon the waters ; and a secret sanctity seemed to pervade the scene, which witnessed the wonders once wrought in it by the Redeemer of men. I felt an increase of faith, as my eye stole over the objects around me, and I could almost fancy I could see the lake agitated by a storm ; the bark of the disciples laboring amid the waves. I could almost fancy I heard his voice speaking to the tempest, and saying, ' Peace, be still ! ' But still, the laws of nature seemed to regain their invisible hold on every object around me. The waves laved the shores, as other waves do ; and the rocks reflected their gigantic shadows, in the bosom of the lake, like other rocks. I still felt the chilling influence of unbelief.

While I was walking, I noticed, at a little distance from me, a pale old man, dressed in the habits of antiquity, with a remarkable, incredulous aspect. He appeared to be counting his fingers, walking with an irregular step, until at last he fixed his eyes with a look of compassion on me. I immediately knew him to be Thomas Didymus, the apostle so famous for his unbelief. I approached him, with low reverence, and thus began : ' O thou once frail

mortal on earth, now certainly a saint in glory, have compassion on my weakness, and hear me tell my wo. Thou hast been the prey of doubt; thy mind was once the region of darkness, as mine is now; thou didst say, when on earth—*‘Except I shall see in his hands the print of his nails, and put my fingers in the print of the nails,* (here the vision shook his head, and dropped a tear) *and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe.*’ Such is exactly my condition. I long for ocular proof. Tell me, where shall I find it? The saint fixed his eyes upon me, and, with his long white finger, kept pointing at my breast. But, though his countenance was full of meaning, he spoke not a word, and continued pointing to my heart, while he fixed his eye constantly and fearfully upon me. I felt an irresistible disposition to look away to the lake; I expected to see it ruffled by storms and stilled by some word of miraculous power; I called for signs from Heaven; I gazed, to see if the wing of some angel would not cleave the clouds, and, from its silver feathers, dart some supernatural light into my mind. Still, the apostle continued pointing his finger at my breast; and, with a deliberate step, he approached nearer and nearer to the spot on which I stood. There was something inexpressibly awful in his long-continued silence. My heart beat with apprehension. ‘Speak!’ said I; ‘speak, thou dumb vision, and tell how I may be satisfied.’ He still approached me, and pulling a little pocket Bible from my pocket, began, with a melancholy air, to turn over the leaves. I noticed, however, as he was turning, that certain letters, blazed with suns, so that, though the print was fine, I could read particular passages at a great distance. The apostle began to wave his hand and step backwards. ‘Why,’ said I, ‘has the impartial one denied to me that ocular demonstration, which he afforded to the first disciples?’ He held up the Bible, and I saw, blazing in lines of fire, these words: *‘If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one arose from the dead.’* ‘Alas!’ said I, ‘is there no way for me to obtain a firmer faith?’ He held up the book, and I saw, shining as before—*‘If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.’* The apostle still kept receding, though the letters were as large and as intelligible as before. He was now almost beyond my sight, retiring behind a rock, which was about to intercept him from my view. ‘Stay,’ said I, ‘stay, and do not leave me so unsatisfied; speak once, and let me hear. Why has not the same evidence been vouchsafed to me, as to the earlier Christians? Why has not my sight increased my faith?’ The apostle then opened my book, and I read, on a blank leaf, these words, which vanished as I read them, and were never seen in the faintest trace afterwards: ‘Idle doubter, why do you complain? You have your peculiar difficulties; we had ours. We

saw the miracles, but we saw not the brighter proofs of the influence of Christianity, through a series of ages, on the heart. We had the prejudices of education to encounter, and to tear the most cherished opinions from the centre of the soul. The best miracle is a renovated heart. So, doubter, purge thine eyes, and there is light enough.' I looked up, and the apostle was gone; and the evening winds, through the shades of midnight, were sighing over the sea of Gennesaret.

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### THE OLD MAID IN THE WINDING-SHEET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE GRAY CHAMPION.'

THE moonbeams came through two deep and narrow windows, and showed a spacious chamber, richly furnished in an antique fashion. From one lattice, the shadow of the diamond panes was thrown upon the floor; the ghostly light, through the other, slept upon a bed, falling between the heavy silken curtains, and illuminating the face of a young man. But, how quietly the slumberer lay! how pale his features! and how like a shroud the sheet was wound about his frame! Yes; it was a corpse, in its burial-clothes.

Suddenly, the fixed features seemed to move, with dark emotion. Strange fantasy! It was but the shadow of the fringed curtain, waving betwixt the dead face and the moonlight, as the door of the chamber opened, and a girl stole softly to the bedside. Was there delusion in the moonbeams, or did her gesture and her eye betray a gleam of triumph, as she bent over the pale corpse — pale as itself — and pressed her living lips to the cold ones of the dead? As she drew back from that long kiss, her features writhed, as if a proud heart were fighting with its anguish. Again it seemed that the features of the corpse had moved, responsive to her own. Still an illusion! The silken curtain had waved, a second time, betwixt the dead face and the moonlight, as another fair young girl unclosed the door, and glided, ghost-like, to the bedside. There the two maidens stood, both beautiful, with the pale beauty of the dead between them. But she, who had first entered, was proud and stately; and the other, a soft and fragile thing.

'Away!' cried the lofty one. 'Thou hadst him living! The dead is mine!'

‘Thine!’ returned the other, shuddering. ‘Well hast thou spoken! The dead is thine!’

The proud girl started, and stared into her face, with a ghastly look. But a wild and mournful expression passed across the features of the gentle one; and, weak and helpless, she sank down on the bed, her head pillowed beside that of the corpse, and her hair mingling with his dark locks. A creature of hope and joy, the first draught of sorrow had bewildered her.

‘Patience!’ cried her rival.

Patience groaned, as with a sudden compression of the heart; and removing her cheek from the dead youth’s pillow, she stood upright, fearfully encountering the eyes of the lofty girl.

‘Wilt thou betray me?’ said the latter, calmly.

‘Till the dead bid me speak, I will be silent,’ answered Patience. ‘Leave us alone together! Go, and live many years, and then return, and tell me of thy life. He, too, will be here! Then, if thou tellest of sufferings more than death, we will both forgive thee.’

‘And what shall be the token?’ asked the proud girl, as if her heart acknowledged a meaning in these wild words.

‘This lock of hair,’ said Patience, lifting one of the dark, clustering curls, that lay heavily on the dead man’s brow.

The two maidens joined their hands over the bosom of the corpse, and appointed a day and hour, far, far in time to come, for their next meeting in that chamber. The statelier girl gave one deep look at the motionless countenance, and departed — yet turned again and trembled, ere she closed the door, almost believing that her dead lover frowned upon her. And Patience, too! Was not her white form fading into the moonlight? Scorning her own weakness, she went forth, and perceived that a negro slave was waiting in the passage, with a wax-light, which he held between her face and his own, and regarded her, as she thought, with an ugly expression of merriment. Lifting his torch on high, the slave lighted her down the staircase, and undid the portal of the mansion. The young clergyman of the town had just ascended the steps, and bowing to the lady, passed in without a word.

Years, many years rolled on; the world seemed new again, so much older was it grown, since the night when those pale girls had clasped their hands across the bosom of the corpse. In the interval, a lonely woman had passed from youth to extreme age, and was known by all the town, as the ‘Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet.’ A taint of insanity had affected her whole life, but so quiet, sad, and gentle, so utterly free from violence, that she was suffered to pursue her harmless fantasies, unmolested by the world, with whose business or pleasures she had nought to do. She dwelt alone, and never came into the daylight, except to follow



funerals. Whenever a corpse was borne along the street, in sunshine, rain, or snow, whether a pompous train, of the rich and proud, thronged after it, or few and humble were the mourners, behind them came the lonely woman, in a long, white garment, which the people called her shroud. She took no place among the kindred or the friends, but stood at the door to hear the funeral prayer, and walked in the rear of the procession, as one whose earthly charge it was to haunt the house of mourning, and be the shadow of affliction, and see that the dead were duly buried. So long had this been her custom, that the inhabitants of the town deemed her a part of every funeral, as much as the coffin-pall, or the very corpse itself, and augured ill of the sinner's destiny, unless the 'Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet' came gliding, like a ghost, behind. Once, it is said, she affrighted a bridal party, with her pale presence, appearing suddenly in the illuminated hall, just as the priest was uniting a false maid to a wealthy man, before her lover had been dead a year. Evil was the omen to that marriage ! Sometimes she stole forth by moonlight, and visited the graves of venerable integrity, and wedded love, and virgin innocence, and every spot where the ashes of a kind and faithful heart were mouldering. Over the hillocks of those favored dead, would she stretch out her arms, with a gesture, as if she were scattering seeds ; and many believed that she brought them from the garden of Paradise ; for the graves, which she had visited, were green beneath the snow, and covered with sweet flowers from April to November. Her blessing was better than a holy verse upon the tomb-stone. Thus wore away her long, sad, peaceful, and fantastic life, till few were so old as she, and the people of later generations wondered how the dead had ever been buried, or mourners had endured their grief, without the 'Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet.'

Still, years went on, and still she followed funerals, and was not yet summoned to her own festival of death. One afternoon, the great street of the town was all alive with business and bustle, though the sun now gilded only the upper half of the church-spire, having left the house-tops and loftiest trees in shadow. The scene was cheerful and animated, in spite of the sombre shade between the high brick buildings. Here were pompous merchants, in white wigs and laced velvet ; the bronzed faces of sea-captains ; the foreign garb and air of Spanish creoles ; and the disdainful port of natives of Old England ; all contrasted with the rough aspect of one or two back-settlers, negotiating sales of timber, from forests where axe had never sounded. Sometimes a lady passed, swelling roundly forth in an embroidered petticoat, balancing her steps in high-heeled shoes, and courtesying, with lofty grace, to the punctilious obeisances of the gentlemen. The life of the town seemed to have its very centre not far from an

old mansion, that stood somewhat back from the pavement, surrounded by neglected grass, with a strange air of loneliness, rather deepened than dispelled by the throng so near it. Its site would have been suitably occupied by a magnificent Exchange, or a brick-block, lettered all over with various signs; or the large house itself might have made a noble tavern, with the 'King's Arms' swinging before it, and guests in every chamber, instead of the present solitude. But, owing to some dispute about the right of inheritance, the mansion had been long without a tenant, decaying from year to year, and throwing the stately gloom of its shadow over the busiest part of the town. Such was the scene, and such the time, when a figure, unlike any that have been described, was observed at a distance down the street.

'I espy a strange sail, yonder,' remarked a Liverpool captain; 'that woman, in the long white garment!'

The sailor seemed much struck by the object, as were several others, who, at the same moment, caught a glimpse of the figure, that had attracted his notice. Almost immediately, the various topics of conversation gave place to speculations, in an under tone, on this unwonted occurrence.

'Can there be a funeral, so late this afternoon?' inquired some.

They looked for the signs of death at every door—the sexton, the hearse, the assemblage of black-clad relatives—all that makes up the woeful pomp of funerals. They raised their eyes, also, to the sun-gilt spire of the church, and wondered that no clang proceeded from its bell, which had always tolled till now, when this figure appeared in the light of day. But none had heard, that a corpse was to be borne to its home that afternoon, nor was there any token of a funeral, except the apparition of the 'Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet.'

'What may this portend?' asked each man of his neighbor.

All smiled as they put the question, yet with a certain trouble in their eyes, as if pestilence, or some other wide calamity, were prognosticated by the untimely intrusion, among the living, of one whose presence had always been associated with death and woe. What a comet is to the earth, was that sad woman to the town. Still she moved on, while the hum of surprise was hushed at her approach, and the proud and the humble stood aside, that her white garment might not wave against them. It was a long, loose robe, of spotless purity. Its wearer appeared very old, pale, emaciated, and feeble, yet glided onward, without the unsteady pace of extreme age. At one point of her course, a little rosy boy burst forth from a door, and ran, with open arms, towards the ghostly woman, seeming to expect a kiss from her bloodless lips. She made a slight pause, fixing her eye upon him with an expression of no earthly sweetness, so that the child

shivered and stood awe-struck, rather than affrighted, while the Old Maid passed on. Perhaps her garment might have been polluted, even by an infant's touch ; perhaps her kiss would have been death to the sweet boy, within the year.

'She is but a shadow !' whispered the superstitious. 'The child put forth his arms, and could not grasp her robe !'

The wonder was increased, when the Old Maid passed beneath the porch of the deserted mansion, ascended the moss-covered steps, lifted the iron knocker, and gave three raps. The people could only conjecture, that some old remembrance, troubling her bewildered brain, had impelled the poor woman hither to visit the friends of her youth ; all gone from their home, long since and forever, unless their ghosts still haunted it—fit company for the 'Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet.' An elderly man approached the steps, and reverently uncovering his gray locks, essayed to explain the matter.

'None, Madam,' said he, 'have dwelt in this house these fifteen years ago—no, not since the death of old Colonel Fenwicke, whose funeral you may remember to have followed. His heirs, being ill-agreed among themselves, have let the mansion-house go to ruin.'

The Old Maid looked slowly round, with a slight gesture of one hand, and a finger of the other upon her lip, appeared more shadow-like than ever, in the obscurity of the porch. But, again she lifted the hammer, and gave, this time, a single rap. Could it be, that a footstep was now heard, coming down the staircase of the old mansion, which all conceived to have been so long untenanted ? Slowly, feebly, yet heavily, like the pace of an aged and infirm person, the step approached, more distinct on every downward stair, till it reached the portal. The bar fell on the inside ; the door was opened. One upward glance, towards the church-spire, whence the sunshine had just faded, was the last that the people saw of the 'Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet.'

'Who undid the door ?' asked many.

This question, owing to the depth of shadow beneath the porch, no one could satisfactorily answer. Two or three aged men, while protesting against an inference, which might be drawn, affirmed that the person within was a negro, and bore a singular resemblance to old Cæsar, formerly a slave in the house, but freed by death some thirty years before.

'Her summons has waked up a servant of the old family,' said one, half seriously.

'Let us wait here,' replied another. 'More guests will knock at the door, anon. But, the gate of the grave-yard should be thrown open !'

Twilight had overspread the town, before the crowd began to separate, or the comments on this incident were exhausted. One

after another was wending his way homeward, when a coach—no common spectacle in those days—drove slowly into the street. It was an old-fashioned equipage, hanging close to the ground, with arms on the pannels, a footman behind, and a grave, corpulent coachman seated high in front—the whole giving an idea of solemn state and dignity. There was something awful, in the heavy rumbling of the wheels. The coach rolled down the street, till, coming to the gateway of the deserted mansion, it drew up, and the footman sprang to the ground.

‘Whose grand coach is this?’ asked a very inquisitive body.

The footman made no reply, but ascended the steps of the old house, gave three raps, with the iron hammer, and returned to open the coach-door. An old man, possessed of the heraldic lore so common in that day, examined the shield of arms on the pannel.

‘Azure, lion’s head erased, between three flower de lices,’ said he; then whispered the name of the family to whom these bearings belonged. The last inheritor of its honors was recently dead, after a long residence amid the splendor of the British court, where his birth and wealth had given him no mean station. ‘He left no child,’ continued the herald, ‘and these arms, being in a lozenge, betoken that the coach appertains to his widow.’

Further disclosures, perhaps, might have been made, had not the speaker suddenly been struck dumb, by the stern eye of an ancient lady, who thrust forth her head from the coach, preparing to descend. As she emerged, the people saw that her dress was magnificent, and her figure dignified, in spite of age and infirmity—a stately ruin, but with a look, at once, of pride and wretchedness. Her strong and rigid features had an awe about them, unlike that of the white Old Maid, but as of something evil. She passed up the steps, leaning on a gold-headed cane; the door swung open, as she ascended—and the light of a torch glittered on the embroidery of her dress, and gleamed on the pillars of the porch. After a momentary pause—a glance backwards—and then a desperate effort—she went in. The decypherer of the coat of arms had ventured up the lowest step, and shrinking back immediately, pale and tremulous, affirmed that the torch was held by the very image of old Cæsar.

‘But, such a hideous grin,’ added he, ‘was never seen on the face of mortal man, black or white! It will haunt me till my dying day.’

Meantime, the coach had wheeled round, with a prodigious clatter on the pavement, and rumbled up the street, disappearing in the twilight, while the ear still tracked its course. Scarcely was it gone, when the people began to question, whether the coach and attendants, the ancient lady, the spectre of old Cæsar, and the Old Maid herself, were not all a strangely combined

delusion, with some dark purport in its mystery. The whole town was astir, so that, instead of dispersing, the crowd continually increased, and stood gazing up at the windows of the mansion, now silvered by the brightening moon. The elders, glad to indulge the narrative propensity of age, told of the long faded splendor of the family, the entertainments they had given, and the guests, the greatest of the land, and even titled and noble ones from abroad, who had passed beneath that portal. These graphic reminiscences seemed to call up the ghosts of those to whom they referred. So strong was the impression, on some of the more imaginative hearers, that two or three were seized with trembling fits, at one and the same moment, protesting that they had distinctly heard three other raps of the iron knocker.

‘Impossible!’ exclaimed others. ‘See! The moon shines beneath the porch, and shows every part of it, except in the narrow shade of that pillar. There is no one there!’

‘Did not the door open?’ whispered one of these fanciful persons.

‘Didst thou see it, too?’ said his companion, in a startled tone.

But the general sentiment was opposed to the idea, that a third visitant had made application at the door of the deserted house. A few, however, adhered to this new marvel, and even declared that a red gleam, like that of a torch, had shone through the great front window, as if the negro were lighting a guest up the staircase. This, too, was pronounced a mere fantasy. But, at once, the whole multitude started, and each man beheld his own terror painted in the faces of all the rest.

‘What an awful thing is this!’ cried they.

A shriek, too fearfully distinct for doubt, had been heard within the mansion, breaking forth suddenly, and succeeded by a deep stillness, as if a heart had burst in giving it utterance. The people knew not whether to fly from the very sight of the house, or to rush trembling in, and search out the strange mystery. Amid their confusion and affright, they were somewhat reassured by the appearance of their clergyman, a venerable patriarch, and equally a saint, who had taught them and their fathers the way to Heaven, for more than the space of an ordinary life-time. He was a reverend figure, with long, white hair upon his shoulders, a white beard upon his breast, and a back so bent over his staff, that he seemed to be looking downward, continually, as if to choose a proper grave for his weary frame. It was some time, before the good old man, being deaf, and of impaired intellect, could be made to comprehend such portions of the affair, as were comprehensible at all. But, when possessed of the facts, his energies assumed unexpected vigor.

‘Verily,’ said the old gentleman, ‘it will be fitting that I enter

the mansion-house of the worthy Colonel Fenwicke, lest any harm should have befallen that true Christian woman, whom ye call the 'Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet.'

Behold, then, the venerable clergyman ascending the steps of the mansion, with a torch-bearer behind him. It was the elderly man, who had spoken to the Old Maid, and the same who had afterwards explained the shield of arms, and recognized the features of the negro. Like their predecessors, they gave three raps, with the iron hammer.

'Old Cæsar cometh not,' observed the priest. 'Well I wot, he no longer doth service in this mansion.'

'Assuredly, then, it was something worse, in old Cæsar's likeness!' said the other adventurer.

'Be it as God wills,' answered the clergyman. 'See! my strength, though it be much decayed, hath sufficient to open this heavy door. Let us enter, and pass up the staircase.'

Here occurred a singular exemplification of the dreamy state of a very old man's mind. As they ascended the wide flight of stairs, the aged clergyman appeared to move with caution, occasionally standing aside, and oftener bending his head, as it were in salutation, thus practicing all the gestures of one who makes his way through a throng. Reaching the head of the staircase, he looked around, with sad and solemn benignity, laid aside his staff, bared his hoary locks, and was evidently on the point of commencing a prayer.

'Reverend Sir,' said his attendant, who conceived this a very suitable prelude to their further search, 'would it not be well, that the people join with us in prayer?'

'Well-a-day!' cried the old clergyman, staring strangely around him. 'Art thou here with me, and none other? Verily, past times were present to me, and I deemed that I was to make a funeral prayer, as many a time heretofore, from the head of this staircase. Of a truth, I saw the shades of many that are gone. Yea, I have prayed at their burials, one after another, and the 'Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet' hath seen them to to their graves!'

Being now more thoroughly awake to their present purpose, he took his staff, and struck forcibly on the floor, till there came an echo from each deserted chamber, but no menial, to answer their summons. They therefore walked along the passage, and again paused, opposite to the great front window, through which was seen the crowd, in the shadow and partial moonlight of the street beneath. On their right hand, was the open door of a chamber, and a closed one on their left. The clergyman pointed his cane to the carved oak pannel of the latter.

'Within that chamber,' observed he, 'a whole life-time since,

did I sit by the death-bed of a goodly young man, who, being now at the last gasp'—

Apparently, there was some powerful excitement in the ideas which had now flashed across his mind. He snatched the torch from his companion's hand, and threw open the door with such sudden violence, that the flame was extinguished, leaving them no other light than the moonbeams, which fell through two windows into the spacious chamber. It was sufficient to discover all that could be known. In a high-backed, oaken arm-chair, upright, with her hands clasped across her breast, and her head thrown back, sat the 'Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet.' The stately dame had fallen on her knees, with her forehead on the holy knees of the Old Maid, one hand upon the floor, and the other pressed convulsively against her heart. It clutched a lock of hair, once sable, now discolored with a greenish mould. As the priest and layman advanced into the chamber, the Old Maid's features assumed such a semblance of shifting expression, that they trusted to hear the whole mystery explained, by a single word. But it was only the shadow of a tattered curtain, waving betwixt the dead face and the moonlight.

'Both dead!' said the venerable man. 'Then who shall divulge the secret? Methinks it glimmers to-and-fro in my mind, like the light and shadow across the Old Maid's face. And now, 't is gone!'

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SONG.

'BLOW, GENTLE GALE!'

Blow, gentle gale! my pinnacle sleeps  
 Upon the sea,  
 In yonder tower, my Ella keeps  
 Her watch for me!  
 Ah, lift my snow-white sail,  
 Thou gentle gale!

Breeze, pleasant breeze! where dallyest thou?  
 On beds of flowers?  
 Come, with their odors round thee now,  
 Come from their bowers!  
 And fill my drooping sail,  
 Thou gentle gale!

Come ! lovely wind — a fairer rose  
Awaits thy kiss ;  
On Ella's cheek thou may'st repose,  
And faint with bliss,  
So thou wilt stir my sail,  
Thou gentle gale !

Ah, joy ! the waters, crimson-dyed,  
Far, far away,  
Touched by thy unseen pinions, glide  
In merry play ;  
Fill, fill my shivering sail,  
Thou gentle gale !

Thanks, gentle gale ! my pinnacle rocks —  
My streamers fly —  
The mists float on, like soaring flocks,  
Along the sky ;  
Press, press my willing sail,  
Thou gentle gale !

Blow on, sweet breeze ! — a moment more,  
And I shall see  
Her signal, waving from the shore,  
To welcome me ;  
Rend, if thou wilt, my sail !  
Blow, gentle gale !

P. B.

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**UNITED STATES SENATE.****SAMUEL L. SOUTHARD.**

**SAMUEL LEWIS SOUTHARD** was born, June, 1787, at Basking Ridge, Somerset County, New-Jersey. His father, Henry Southard, is now living, in his eighty-seventh year. For sixteen years, he was a member of the State Legislature of New-Jersey ; and in the year 1800, he was elected a member of Congress, which office he uninterruptedly sustained, with credit to himself and his constituents, for the term of twenty-one years, with the brief exception of two Congresses — from the year 1811 to 1815.

Samuel L. Southard was educated at Basking Ridge, and Princeton, where Dr. Finley commenced his celebrated academy, by the advice of Mr. Southard, the father, who was desirous of educating his son at home. Among his classmates, at school and college, were Dr. Lindsley, President of Nashville University, Theodore Frelinghuysen, his colleague in the United States Senate, and Mr. Kirkpatrick, a clergyman of high reputation.



Mr. Southard was the youngest son of a numerous family, who were all born in the same part of the State with himself. In the fall of 1802, having finished his preparatory studies, he entered college, and graduated in the September of 1804, then but seventeen years of age, and with the first collegiate honors. On the fourth of March, 1801, at the inauguration of President Jefferson, he delivered an address, which was published in many of the newspapers of the day.

Immediately upon leaving college, he took upon himself the ushership of an academy, in Menham, New-Jersey, under the direction of Rev. Dr. C. Armstrong, and then in a flourishing condition. His reasons for doing this, were two-fold: first, that he might review his studies and improve his classical education — and secondly, that he might support himself, until he had selected his profession; although his father expressed his entire willingness to support him, in the pursuit of his profession; yet he declined the generous offer — choosing rather to depend upon his own industry, than to make farther demands upon a parent, whose means were small, as well as encumbered by the expenses of a numerous family. From the time of his taking his first degree at college, he supported himself entirely. About six months after he went to the Mendham Academy, Dr. Armstrong, with the consent of the trustees, gave him the entire charge of the institution, thus throwing upon him the instruction of about fifty scholars, of all ages, many older than himself, and others preparing for the junior class, at college — some of whom are now holding distinguished stations. While occupying this station, he sustained and increased the reputation of the academy, and received the thanks of the trustees. His health (in his youth, always feeble) now failed him; and, at the close of eighteen months, he was compelled to resign his charge. His success in governing, was good; and when leaving, he obtained the kind regards and good wishes of both parents and children.

In April, 1806, he left New-Jersey, for Virginia, and resided in the neighborhood of Fredericksburg between four and five years. There, his time was spent in giving instructions to three or four children, in a private family, and in a diligent course of reading. He commenced the study of the law, though with no intention of practising it; but, that he might obtain a knowledge of its principles. The study of Blackstone, to whom he gave many diligent perusals, inflamed him with a desire of prosecuting the inquiry farther, and of reading the authors, to whom references were made. He therefore studied many of the leading and most valuable works on national and municipal law. He was not in the office of any practitioner, but often conversed with Judge Brooke, Chancellor Green, and others, whose friendship he had acquired.

In 1808, he was persuaded to take a license, though still without

the intention to pursue that profession. Advancing yet farther, he was also induced to argue a few causes, for some of his acquaintances, but without meaning to obtain business, or to settle in that part of the country, even if he pursued the practice.

His first effort was at Stafford Court-house, before the venerable Judge Parker, who held the District Court. He proposed to his associate counsel to take a point in the construction of a statute of the State, which purported and was intended to be a copy of a British statute, the construction of which had uniformly been the same in all the courts. His associate declined, but Mr. Southard persisted and argued the point, and was answered by Mr. Botts, one of Burr's counsel, who was afterwards burned up, in the theatre, at Richmond; Mr. Southard replied; and, after advisement, the Judge decided in his favor, which decision was subsequently confirmed. The Judge declared that, when the point was first taken, he considered it altogether untenable, and would not have heard an argument from any one but a young stranger. When Mr. Southard arose, to argue the case, he remained motionless, and without recollection or apparent consciousness, for several minutes, until every one was agonized at his condition. At length, he unconsciously moved his hand and touched a book, which he intended to use; this book fell on a table, some inches lower, and opened to a page he meant to quote. The noise aroused him; his eye caught the passage; his recollection returned, and he made his argument. The fall of that book probably decided his profession — for, had he taken his seat, without making the argument, he would not afterwards have made an attempt. He argued a few other causes, and had the offer of business, but declined it. Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Monroe, Judge Brooke, and others, advised him to settle at Charlottesville, near the seat of the Virginia University — but circumstances prevented; and, in the winter of 1810, he left Virginia, and in January, 1811, he settled at Hemington, Huntendon County, New-Jersey. His residence was selected under the solicitation of the Governor and others, and with promises of aid, in which, however, he was altogether disappointed. But, notwithstanding he was thrown wholly upon his own resources, he almost immediately obtained as much business as his health and experience would enable him to attend to — more, perhaps, than any other young practitioner in the State, in so short a period after his commencement. In May, 1811, he obtained his license. In October, 1811, he was appointed Deputy Attorney-General, in the large counties of Sussex and Morris, which office he held from two Attorney-Generals, of different politics, until he was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court. In June, 1812, he married, in Virginia.

In the winter of 1811, the democratic party, to which he was attached, had resolved to change the Attorney-General. A part of them were dissatisfied with the candidates selected to take his place, and applied to him to consent to be run as a candidate. The federal party, despairing of the election of the old Attorney-General, stated to him that they would vote for him, which would have ensured his election. This offer he refused, thinking himself too young and inexperienced for such an office, and desired the election of the then incumbent, who was a worthy man, and a faithful officer.

About this time, he was appointed Master and Examiner in Chancery — an office which he holds up to this day, and in which he has performed much service: this office does not interfere with practice, and may be held by any practitioner or other citizen, by Judges and other officers. While he held this situation, his practice was extensive.

In the winter of 1814, '15, the great steamboat controversy, between New-Jersey and New-York and their citizens, assumed an interesting character; and, upon the application of the assignees of Fulton, a hearing, by counsel, of the parties, took place before the Legislature — he was employed as counsel, and the cause was argued by him and Judge Hopkinson, on one side, and by Mr. Emmett, on the other. It attracted great crowds. A report of the case has been printed, in which he is represented as being eminently successful in the competition. Mr. Emmett spoke of his efforts and success, in strong terms. By the active part he took in this case, and the ability with which he managed it, his reputation rapidly spread throughout the State.

In October, 1811, he was elected to the Legislature, by what is believed to be the largest vote ever given in the county of Huntendon. He was of the democratic or republican party. His father was one of the first individuals who espoused that party, in his part of the State, and was always an active and ardent supporter of its principles. His son was of the same school — ardent, zealous, and active. The leading members of the bar were generally federalists; and, while they were attached to him, treated him with personal kindness; they pressed him with severity, and constantly required from him, in conversation, an active defence of his opinions, which he never avoided. In 1812, the peace party prevailed in the State; he was incessantly engaged, tongue and pen; and the change, that was effected in the following year, was, in a great measure, attributed to his exertions. During this year, he probably wrote more than any two men in the State. When he took his seat, as a member of the Legislature, the office of Judge of the Supreme Court became vacant, and he was looked to as candidate for the office.

His health had declined ; and it was thought necessary, by his physician, that he should, for a time at least, quit the labors of the bar. He desired to have the office, but his youth and the short time he had been at the bar, made him unwilling to request it. It was the pleasure of the Legislature to select him, and it is believed, that he would have had no opposition, if he had not advocated the re-appointment of one or two officers, in the joint meeting, who were among the best in the State, but who were federalists. He insisted, that a faithful officer, who had skillfully discharged his duty, who did not abuse office for party purposes, should not be abused, for opinion's sake. He was successful in saving them, although the party was in a large majority ; but some of them were offended, and therefore changed their purpose of making him Judge. He was not ignorant of the effect, which his course would produce, and that it might be a sacrifice of his wishes, which, though not spoken of at the time, were strong, on account of his health. His opponent was an eminent lawyer, of his own party ; but, notwithstanding this, Mr. Southard was chosen, by a large majority. Although his offence had been his refusal to displace a federalist, yet the federal party divided equally between him and his opponent.

Mr. Southard was twenty-eight years old, when he took his seat as a Judge of the Supreme Court, and he had been but a little more than four years at the bar. He was on the bench just five years, during a part of which time, he reported the decisions of the court, under a law of the State, requiring such decisions, as affected the court for the trial of small causes, to be printed. He was confined by the terms of the act, but extended the reports beyond what was done by others. His reports are in two volumes. In 1816, he was appointed, by the Chancellor, a Master to decide upon injunctions, in the absence of the Chancellor from the city of Trenton — an office, rendered important by the fact, that the Chancellor, who is also Governor, does not usually live at the seat of government. He still holds this appointment, and is often called to perform its duties when he is in Trenton.

His youth and short service at the bar made his political opponents question the propriety of his appointment as Judge ; but, in a very short time, he was found to be an efficient member of the bench. The jurisdiction of the court is extensive, and the Judges hold, twice a year in each county, a Circuit Court, for the trial of issues joined at the bar. The duties of this office, it is well known, are laborious. So much satisfaction did he give, and such a reputation, for probity, consistency, and ability, did he acquire, that, when he left the bench, the bar gave him a very unusual testimony of their esteem. They all united in a public

dinner, under circumstances which manifested respect and affection. His character as a Judge, is unspotted ; and, though always a politician, he was never even suspected of being influenced, by his feelings or partialities, in any cause.

In October, 1820, he was chosen Senator to Congress. He had previously been much urged, by his political friends, to take this office ; but he had refused. Two days, however, before the election, circumstances occurred, which induced him to consent, and he was elected. It was said, that no other than himself could have been successful against Mr. Wilson, who then held the seat. Although he did not expect to take his seat until December, 1821, yet the incumbent resigned, and he was appointed to supply the balance of the term. He took his seat in the Senate, February, 1821, while the Missouri question was yet not fully settled. The great question had been decided in the preceding session ; and the only point remaining, was the acceptance of the Constitution. Against this, but one objection was urged, which was to the provision excluding free blacks from the State. Mr. Southard thought that, under the laws of the last session, the question was decided, as to slavery in Missouri — and that, the law and faith of the government required the admission, if the Constitution was republican. He voted against the admission, until some provision was made for altering the provision referred to, as against the Constitution of the United States. But he voted for the admission, upon the condition that that provision should be altered. His colleague voted against it on any terms. Some of the members of New-Jersey, in the House, changed their votes, and the State was admitted upon that condition. This change was attributed to Mr. Southard, and he was strongly censured for it. But it is not, perhaps, known what would have been his vote on the main question, if he had been there at the former session. He considered, that that question was settled by solemn law, and that the faith of the Union was pledged to the admission, on the sole condition that the Constitution of Missouri was republican. He opposed the violation of the law of the former session ; and upon the Constitution of that State being altered, in the particular mentioned, he gave his assent. The joint committee, that prepared the resolutions for the admission which passed, consisted of twenty from the House, and seven from the Senate, all elected by ballot. His father was a member of Congress, of the House, and he of the Senate, and they met in that character on this joint committee. At the close of that session, his father left Congress, declining re-election, having served his constituents, as acceptably as any man ever did for so long a period of time. Mr. Southard was in the Senate sixteen days, at the end of the session of 1820, and his period of six years then com-

menced. He continued in the Senate the two succeeding sessions, and belonged to the republican party, then in the majority; and of that party he was always found an active, attentive, and industrious member.

In August, 1823, Mr. Monroe offered Mr. Southard the appointment of Secretary of the Navy, which office he would have declined, if he had not been strongly urged by friends, to whose wishes he yielded. One of his reasons for hesitation, stated at the time, was, that a violent electioneering presidential contest was approaching; that he was young — but little known to the nation — and it was probable, in the short period of Mr. Monroe's term, that he should not be able to give to the administration of the department such character and weight, as to make it the wish or interest of the successor to retain him; and thus his discharge might operate injuriously to his character. It was thought, at the time of this appointment, that the election was in some degree influenced by Mr. Calhoun; and on this account, some of the friends of Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Adams felt unfriendly to him. But they were in error, and the election was unsolicited and purely the act of Mr. Monroe. The members of the cabinet, in its then state, were not consulted; nor did any of them know of it, until Mr. Monroe announced to them his determination, provided he was not personally unacceptable to any of them. Thus the selection was made, purely from Mr. Monroe's own knowledge and estimate of his character and ability. They became acquainted when Mr. Southard was but nine years of age, and from that time they had been upon the most friendly and intimate terms, and were even confidential correspondents. Upon the duties of this office, Mr. Southard entered the sixteenth of September, 1823. The registers, therefore, are wrong, in stating it to have been in December of that year.

When Mr. Southard became a member of the cabinet, three of the members of it were spoken of as candidates for the presidency. Their friends were anxious and zealous; and it was scarcely possible for Mr. Monroe to make an appointment, or to recommend a measure, to which some partizan would not give a character of partiality to one or the other of the candidates. Though holding a position of perfect neutrality, his situation was still very painful, and his acts often misconstrued; and much hostility of feeling arose against him, from this cause. But, all this was without foundation, only illustrating the evils of having candidates for the presidency in the cabinet, and thus creating dissatisfaction, and rendering the President himself unpopular. Mr. Southard saw the difficulties by which he was surrounded, and at once decided, that it was his duty to refrain from being a partizan of either candidate; that his first duty was to his country and Mr. Monroe, and to aid in furthering the administration of the

government, upon the principles which he had approved. He was aware, that this was dangerous ground for himself, as he could have no personal claims on any successor, and would probably be discarded, to make room for some more active partizan. But this could not change his course. He did not express his preference to any ; but, as he was, at the time, very intimate with the most powerful friends of one of the candidates — General Jackson — whenever they spoke to him, as they often did, on the subject, he apprised them distinctly, that he was not in favor of their candidate. Until after Mr. Adams's election, no conversation, even alluding to his election, or the formation of his cabinet, took place between him and Mr. Southard. When Mr. Monroe retired from the presidency, he expressed, in the most affectionate and strong terms, his feeling, in regard to the manner in which, unsolicited, he had performed his duties, and the aid he afforded him on all subjects ; and he added, that he had never associated with one, from whom he had received more faithful and efficient aid. Their intercourse was of the most intimate and friendly character, and continued until the death of Mr. Monroe. After Mr. Monroe had been given over by his physicians, Mr. Southard made him a visit ; and when he entered the room, Mr. M. raised his head, and taking his hand, said, with great emotion, ' My friend, I am glad to see you ; I love better to see you and Mr. \*\*\*\*, than any other men in the world.'

It is impracticable to embrace, in a sketch so short as this must necessarily be, all the points of Mr. Southard's administration of the Navy Department. A few days after he had assumed the duties of the office, information was received of the illness of Commodore Porter, and the distressed situation of the squadron under his command, at Key-West. Mr. Southard promptly dispatched medical and other aid, and sent Commodore Rogers out to relieve, as necessity might require. Such relief was very beneficial. In the Navy, previous to Mr. Southard's administration of the department, there had been an entire cessation of promotions, and the Navy was dispirited, He urged a change, and more promotions were made than have before or since been made. The Navy registers, for the different years, will show that, in this respect, he regarded the just claims of the officers, and the interests of the service. And, in recommending to the President for promotion, he uniformly refused to recommend those whom he thought unfit for the higher office. His example, in this respect, has been useful to the service, though it has not been always followed by his successors. For some time, it had been customary to make appointments in the Navy, without much regard to age, or the States from which the persons came ; and thus, great irregularity existed. Mere children were sometimes appointed. Mr. Southard endeavored to produce equality, as

far as practicable, and thus exerted an equal interest in all sections of the country ; and therefore a rule was made, that no one, under fourteen and over twenty, should be appointed — a rule that is still followed.

It had also been customary to make appointments of the medical officers, when recommended, without much knowledge of the qualifications of the applicant ; and hence, there were surgeons very unfit to trust with the health and lives of the officers and men. Mr. Southard established a board of examination of competent surgeons — required every applicant to submit to an examination, and be recommended by it, as fit and competent, before he could be appointed. The result was most salutary. Several incompetent officers were disposed of, and the medical corps was made equal, if not superior, to any in the world. It had its origin with Mr. Southard.

The hospital fund had been much neglected. It had been deducted from the pay of the officers and men, and left in the pay ; and in that mode, about one hundred and twenty thousand dollars had been used for other purposes. Mr. Southard devoted great attention to it ; recovered what had been thus taken, required it to be transferred, every three months, to the commissioners, and thus increased it to such an extent, that he purchased hospital-grounds at New-York, Philadelphia, Norfolk, and Pensacola, for which he paid between thirty and forty thousand dollars, and commenced a hospital at Norfolk, and an asylum at Philadelphia. The intention being to erect, at each place, a hospital, and place an asylum in Philadelphia. These were, for a time, neglected by his successor. Mr. Southard was also engaged, before he left, in preparing to put into operation a system of hospital discipline. The building at Norfolk is admirably located, and fitted for the object. The asylum, at Philadelphia, is the best building, for the object, in the world, and the cheapest, for its extent and materials, in this country. His object, in all cases, was to build large and permanent edifices, which would not require alterations and repairs ; and when, in future years, additions should be required, their construction was such as to be extended without altering or affecting that which was already done. Shortly after coming into office, he perceived that a safe, economical, and efficient administration of the department, required that he should not be obliged to rely on others, for his knowledge of the various yards and stations ; but should make personal observations upon them. In May, June, July, and August, he visited them all, except that at Pensacola ; made a minute examination, and formed his own opinions of their character and qualities. This practice has been, to some extent, followed by others. Some very important alterations and additions were made, in consequence of this visit. He also examined the stations on the lakes, at Erie,



Sackett's Harbor, and Whitehall ; and, becoming satisfied that the public interest required it, he recommended, at the next session of Congress, that the materials and vessels should be removed and sold—except the two large ships, Chippewa and New-Orleans, on the stocks at Sackett's Harbor—and the stations broken up ; thus creating an annual revenue of about thirty-thousand dollars. And during the last session, a law was reported by him, giving up to the owners the ground, which had been occupied for naval purposes, at Sackett's Harbor.

Many of the recommendations, which Mr. Southard made to the executive and to Congress, were not then adopted ; but some of them have recently met more favor. Among those not adopted, was the recommendation to establish a line of packets, to start every fifteen or twenty days, to be composed of schooners in the service, and then the establishment of a passage across the isthmus, connecting some point in the United States with Lima or Valparaiso ; thus giving a communication with our squadron, and with our merchant vessels, in the Pacific, in less than one third of the time now consumed—a project immensely important to the navy, and to our growing commerce in the Pacific ; but it was defeated, through party motives. Mr. Southard also commenced a system of sending some of our vessels to the islands in the Pacific, and thence, by the Cape of Good-Hope, homeward. The first vessel—the Vincennes—which made this circumference of the globe, was under his orders. He also urged the establishment of a naval school, and pressed it without ceasing. A bill, for the purpose, passed the Senate, and was lost in the House, by a few votes, in consequence of the accidental absence of a number of friends when the vote was taken. He has again reported a bill for the purpose. He also appointed skilful officers, and provided plans for the future improvements of the navy-yards, which were approved, and by which all additions and other alterations should be made ; thus saving great expense in changes and alterations. These plans are now the guide in all improvements ; and when they are filled up, they will form navy and dock-yards, equal to any in the world. The plans for those at Norfolk, Washington, Philadelphia, Charlestown and Portsmouth, were completed. That at New-York, was not entirely finished. It consisted of the present yard at Brooklyn and Governor's Island ; the transfer of which, from the war to the navy department, had been procured by him. It has since been returned to the war department, and much to the injury of the naval service. It would have afforded an admirable site for dry-docks, and other important objects. The dry-docks, at Charlestown and Norfolk, were recommended, the appropriations made, and the works commenced, under his auspices. Mr. Southard also recommended an exploring expedition to the South Seas, and made arrange-

ments of vessels, scientific officers, and instruments, for its execution which were to depend upon the approbation of Congress and competent appropriations. These, however, were not obtained, and the plan was of course defeated.

On the third of March, 1829, Mr. Southard sent his resignation of the office to Mr. Adams, and received a letter from him, written in strong terms of affectionate regard, and of approbation of his official conduct. Mr. Adams, also, in a letter addressed to some of the citizens of Rahway, New-Jersey, expressed his regard for him, in language, which any individual might be gratified to have applied to himself by such a man. His health had been very feeble during the last session of that administration — so feeble, that he was unable to go to his office for some months ; but, sick in his room, he not only attended to all its duties, but, for a short time, performed the duties of Secretary of the Treasury, during an indisposition of Mr. Rush. On several occasions, while he was in the department, he performed the duties of the other departments, in the absence of the other secretaries, or when the offices were vacant. At one time he held an appointment of acting commissioner, as Secretary of the Treasury, for more than five months — discharging the duties of both offices ; and, at another time, he also held an acting appointment, as Secretary of War, for two or three months. No man ever devoted himself more diligently to his duties.

The friends of Mr. Adams's administration were in a majority, of four or five, in the New-Jersey Legislature, in the winter of 1828, '29 ; and they desired to send Mr. Southard to the Senate ; but, by the contrivance of an aspirant for the place, a resolution was passed, declaring him ineligible, *because he was not, at the time, an inhabitant of the State* — a resolution, for which every Jackson man voted, with a small number of those who were pledged to the individual referred to ; and it was carried by a majority of one or two. The dissatisfaction of his friends, at the passage of this resolution, was so great, that they would not vote for the member of the party, who alone remained on nomination — and they cast their votes for Mr. Dickerson, who was thus, against all hope, re-elected. A few days afterwards, the election of Attorney-General of the State came on ; and, although he had written to his friends not to permit his name to be used, he was elected to ~~that~~ office, which, however, he concluded to accept, and which he held for four years, until he was chosen Governor of the State.

His practice, as a lawyer, was extensive ; but no practice in that State is very profitable. His return to the bar was more successful than is common. After being on the bench five years, and in the Navy Department five years and a half, he was fortunate enough, on both occasions, to find his position at the bar very

favorable, and his practice full, without the usual delay in such cases. He is engaged in almost all the leading cases, and has been fortunate enough to receive higher verdicts in several cases, than were ever before rendered in the State.

In October, 1832, he was chosen Governor, and very reluctantly accepted it — a sacrifice to the wishes of his friends. He held the office for four or five months, during which time the nullification question was the subject of agitation. He communicated the documents from South Carolina to the Legislature; and, in a message, which was generally published, conveyed his sense of the doctrines which were then agitated. In the winter session of the Legislature, he was transferred from the government of the State to the Senate of the United States — the Legislature fully supposing, that the times called for him rather in the latter than in the former station.

Mr. Southard was originally of the democratic party, and took an early and a conspicuous part in the expression of his opinions. With his tongue and pen, he engaged in the discussions which agitated the country from 1804 to his appointment as Judge, in 1815; and since he left the bench, he has always been ranked among the republicans of his native State, unless we except the Jackson party, who lay claim to all democracy and republicanism, as peculiarly their own — a claim, which is pre-eminently ridiculous in New-Jersey, where once-prominent federalists have seized the name of democracy, and turned over to an imaginary federal party the men most prominent, during the war, in the democratic ranks.

In addition to the active part Mr. Southard has taken in the political discussions of the day, and his professional career, he has written, on various occasions, many speeches and addresses, which, if collected, would make a volume of no ordinary size. The sketch of his argument, (but the sketch is quite imperfect) in the great steamboat controversy, before the Legislature of New-Jersey, in the winter of 1813, '14 — in which, the right of the State to pass acts countervailing the exclusive privileges granted by New-York to Fulton and Livingston, was discussed — has been published; and although, in this litigation, he was engaged with Ogden, Hopkinson, and Emmett, yet he won in it distinguished reputation. An oration of his, on the fourth of July, 1811, has been published, in a pamphlet form; also, a speech before the Columbian Institute, at Washington, in 1827; an address before the Mechanics' Society, at Newark, New-Jersey, fourth of July, 1830; an eulogy on Chief Justice Ewing, delivered at the request of the court and bar of New-Jersey, and of the corporate authorities at Trenton; an address on the centennial birth-day of Washington, at the request of the corporate authorities of Trenton, and of the Legislature of the State, then in

session ; an address before the Alumni of Princeton College ; and also, an address, in the hall of the House of Representatives, on the professional character and virtues of William Wirt, at the request of the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States. This last address was delivered before as intelligent and as select an audience as can be assembled in the United States. The venerable Marshall, with the whole Supreme Court, almost all the members of the United States Senate, and of the House of Representatives, with the taste and beauty from all sections of the Union, that usually crowd the saloons in Washington during the winter, were present, and all were highly gratified with the eloquence and fervor of the speaker. Of the many speeches of Mr. Southard, in Congress and at the bar, we have room to say but little. A report of his argument, before the Court of Appeals of New-Jersey, in the Quaker controversy, has been published. His speeches, also, in the Senate, during the late session of Congress, have appeared in a pamphlet form. His great speech upon the deposite question attracted unusual attention, and has circulated far and wide. Indeed, it is not only powerful in argument, but bold, heroic, and chivalrous, in its thrusts at arbitrary power, and at that violation of the laws, which reduced so many to ruin and beggary. In this eloquent defence of the laws and the Constitution, in this assault upon usurpation, Mr. Southard appeared in a character in which his eloquence peculiarly enabled him to shine. Never fearing the frowns of power, he struck at it with the strength of the Roman soldier, who defended Rome with his single battle-axe ; and wherever he struck, power trembled and quivered at the shock. Enthusiastically attached to liberty, and gifted with an ardent temperament, he was admirably fitted for such a combat as that in which the Senate was involved. Denunciation but awakened his eloquence. Abuse only stimulated his industry. Threats but aroused and invigorated all that was manly and heroic in him ; and his high moral courage, thus enkindled, often rolled forth thunders of rebuke, that not only muttered around the ears, but shook the 'powers behind the throne.' During the last winter, but few men were more abused than Mr. Southard. True, Webster was violently attacked ; Clay, as usual, was assailed ; Calhoun was not spared ; but, upon Southard's devoted head, the weight of that power, unknown to the Constitution, but known and fearfully felt in its administration, was constantly directed. If rumor be true, the fulminator of this wrath, he who presides over the orgies of the kitchen-cabinet, was stimulated to this attack by an exposure, which Mr. Southard made, of his perfidy, at the trial of Watkins, when called as a witness in that case. But, all this wrath was but noise—mere noise—the sound of the thunder, but

without the bolt or the flash ; and certain it is, that it fell powerless upon the man against whom it was directed.

Mr. Southard has not only received many political honors from his countrymen, but science and literature have awarded him their gifts ; and of them, to the extent of his ability, he has been a friend, and a patronizer. For fifteen years past, he has been an active trustee of the college of New-Jersey, in which he graduated. For some years, he has been a member of the American Philosophical Society ; and of the Society of National Statistics of France. He is also an honorary member of several of the literary societies of the United States. In 1830, he received the degree of L. L. D. from the University of Pennsylvania.

The reader, who but glances over this, but a sketch of the life of Mr. Southard, must see that it has been a life of activity, full of no common incidents—instructive and interesting, too, to every young American, who traces it out, from the early beginnings of the schoolmaster, in all the various mutations, which the lawyer and statesman went through. It is hardly necessary to add, that the man who has been in so many posts, with honor to himself and profit to his country, must be a man of undaunted perseverance, of pure and elevated ambition, animated by the high and patriotic impulses which never forget one's duty to his fellow-men, or that fame which follows and abides by actions truly great and good. Mr. Southard has aimed high, and reached high ; and on that pinnacle of elevation he stands, guilty of no mean action, or groveling attempt to perpetrate one. The whole round of honor his State could give him, he has run. Offices have been fled from, rather than solicited. They clustered, as it were, upon him ; and there they ripened into glorious fruit. Enemies he undoubtedly has—and who has not, that ever lets loose the tongue, in the unbridled independence of a freeman ? That warmth of feeling, which defies power, and thus terrifying it, makes it his enemy, also makes friends. In debate, Mr. Southard uses no doubtful words. If an act is mean, *mean* is the word used to designate its character. If a charge is false, *false* it is pronounced to be. And yet, he is ever kind and courteous towards associates in debate. Whatever he says, comes from the heart, and, therefore, with all the life and soul of a sentiment springing directly from the heart. An energetic, ardent manner, may often give it more force than, of itself, it really claims. Lively action, a blazing eye, impassioned sentences, rolled along in impetuous strains, awaken and often startle. These are, perhaps, the exaggerations of eloquence ; but such exaggerations as ever make the eloquent man. When Mr. Southard speaks, he is all alive. If excited, if flushed, if assailed, he bursts forth, in fearless language. The best of words are at his command, and them he

uses with the best effect. An audience catches his enthusiasm. The crowd go away, instructed and warmed, not so much by the sudden flash, which glitters but to darken darkness yet the more, but by one broad blaze, one continuous light, ever burning and ever streaming over all around it. Others may now and then launch heavier bolts. The lightning of some man's wrath may blast a victim with a deadlier blow ; but his is a constant peal—a loud, long voice of eloquence, as of the cloud, charged to the full with electric matter, that breaks and flashes on every side.

In person, Mr. Southard is small. His action, in speaking, is energetic, rather than graceful. His style of oratory is vehement, rather than beautiful. His voice is clear, strong, and rapid. His eye is keen and penetrating, and, when excited, commanding. In social intercourse, he is one of the most agreeable men in the world, ever accessible, always polite—with a fund of information, and an abundance of good humor, which ever make his company desirable. No extra dignity, no encumbering pomp, no parade and show, distinguish him ; but, there is a simplicity of manner, and freedom from ostentation, which, almost always, mark the strong mind, and the strong man. No Secretary of the Navy has been more popular, we had almost said so popular. The officers of the navy, almost to a man, will bear witness to the liberality, kindness, and yet economy, with which he presided over that department. In him, we may add, New-Jersey has an accomplished and able son ; and, while a Southard and a Frelinghuysen defend her interests, in the great council of the nation, she need never fear that they will be powerfully and eloquently advocated.

#### A MODERN PILGRIMAGE.

IN the autumn of 1827, I was induced to make my first visit to the renowned city of New-Amsterdam. This was, in fact, a literary pilgrimage ; for I blush not to confess that I was actuated by an inexpressible desire of beholding those time-honored spots, which have been immortalized by the pen of Diedrich Knickerbocker, and by a hope of benefiting my intellectual and moral sense, in many an hour of tranquil meditation over the pages of the venerable and veracious historian, in the very scenes which were once trodden by his doughty heroes, in the golden era of the province. The sort of enthusiasm which thus leads us to distinguished places, is, in my opinion, highly commendable, and as

distinct as possible from the ordinary lion-hunting spirit, which appears to be the law of modern times. To have visited the birth-place of some of the world's best and brightest spirits, — poets and historians, who have enriched the language and philosophy of their country ; warriors, who have freely poured forth their blood in its defence ; statesmen, who have devoted their lives to the task of ennobling its institutions, — seems to give us a better conception of their characters, and a clearer understanding of the grandeur of their works. Thus, taking for my guide a philosophic and inquiring spirit, on a bright, sunny, autumnal morning — having taken leave of my family, with a certain dignity which seemed to me appropriate to the greatness of my undertaking, and which enabled me to 'look farewell with tearless eyes' — I committed my person and portmanteau to the care of a coachman, and was soon on the way to Providence, whence, I was assured, that a boat, propelled by steam, would take me to my place of destination. Wrapt up in an enthusiastic reverie, I took but little note of the conversation of my fellow-travelers, which, however, seemed to savor of the littleness of trade, and proved that, while I was beholding, in fancy, the ancient glories of the seventeenth century, they were regarding the aspect of the present.

On the ensuing morning, I was summoned to the deck of the steamboat, on its approach to New-York, to look upon the beautiful scenery of the gently undulating shores of the sound. We entered Hell-gate with a favorable tide. Hell-gate ! What associations did not that name awaken ! It is true, that my memory did not repeat the classic delineations of the realm of Pluto, nor even the descriptions of Milton ; but I thought of Knickerbocker, of Mud Sam, and the early days of the province. This, then, was that frightful whirlpool, the horrors of which were not encountered, in olden time, until the aspect of the sky had been carefully noted, until prayers had been offered up to St. Nicholas, and a horse-shoe elevated on the mast, to guard against the evil spirits of the waters. *Tempora mutantur.* They do it differently now.

Gliding like voyagers in a fairy bark, we passed the many villas that gleam among the trees, upon the northern shore, the gray battlements of Blackwell's Island, and the shot-tower, rising, tall and white, against the deep-blue sky, like a marble column in a Grecian atmosphere. Rounding in, between the pleasant shores of Brooklyn and the peopled ones of Manhattan's Island, we entered a deep dock, that indented the city of New-Amsterdam. What a throng of emotions rushed upon my soul ! It was the city of the Dutch, but with nothing to mark its origin. I looked in vain for the squat houses, with gable-ends and tiled roofs, built of yellow bricks imported from Europe ; these had, long since,

been displaced, to make room for flaunting edifices, of American material, and marble buildings, that seemed to rival European splendor. Spirit of Knickerbocker ! couldst thou arise from the grave, and tread the scene of thy old adventures, how strange would be thy cogitations ! Like Rip Van Winkle, thou wouldst find that a change has come upon the face of the old city, and that a modern style of dress has obscured and altered those fine, antiquated features, which formed the ancient charm of the metropolis. Accustomed to picture it as described in thy immortal pages, I almost feared that I was laboring under some illusion ; and that, during a temporary aberration of my intellect, engendered by intense study, and deep meditation over thy chronicles, I had been, all unconsciously, journeying to some strange city of a recent date.

As I rambled slowly up the street, gazing listlessly upon the names, borne by the signs and door-plates, I was by them reminded of my whereabouts. I read, with awe and admiration, names which I had first met with in the ancient story ; and I could not help feeling an enthusiastic pleasure, in being thus assured that I was in the midst of those who had earned an honorable reputation in the olden time. The descendants of the great men of the province have not lost the emulation and ambition of their chivalric ancestors, although their enterprising spirit finds a vent in somewhat different channels ; and the fine arts — as painting, sculpture, architecture — bear witness to their affluence, industry, and taste. But, like a true antiquarian, I refused to see the galleries of paintings, the theatres, and gardens of the modern city — being extremely unwilling to disturb my ideas of the past. I sought, with diligence, for antiquities ; and, having the good fortune to make the acquaintance of that learned and venerable antiquarian, the celebrated Dr. Zoroaster Plumdamask, my researches were not wholly fruitless. Yet, unwilling to make too great a draught upon the good-nature of this most learned and estimable man, I was often forced to ramble out without a cicerone.

In one of these excursions, I pushed on, for some distance, beyond the fashionable lounge, and found myself in the upper part of the city. The morning had been lowering. Dark, leaden clouds had been gradually rising from the horizon in the west ; and the wind swept fitfully through the trees, whirling away the few withered leaves, and raising eddies of dust along the dry highway. All at once, the sky grew preternaturally black. Huge, inky clouds rolled over each other, while their occasional collision produced sharp flashes of lightning, instantaneously followed by very heavy thunder. Clouds of dust filled the air ; but I could occasionally catch glimpses of cattle, in the distant fields, scudding to shelter, or hurrying to-and-fro, in wild dismay. The birds



wheeled, screamed, fluttered and dived, overhead ; and the wind roared among the foliage. The river was covered with short, angry waves, of a dark color, crested with foam, that was shivered and blown off as soon as formed, sparkling like shattered glass over the gray sea. All these sights and sounds heralded the coming rain. I looked anxiously around for shelter. There was no shop or public house in the vicinity ; but I beheld, near at hand, a church, the deeply-indented door-way of which seemed, taking into consideration the direction of the wind, to afford hope of temporary shelter. Hither I repaired, and had no sooner entrenched myself in my retreat, than the rain came down in one unbroken sheet, swaying, however, with the wind, and lighted up, incessantly, by red flashes of lightning — the precursors of tremendous thunder. As I looked around upon the church-yard, I could not help thinking that the time and place were fitting for a spectral visitation ; and I almost looked to see the tombs yawn, and the sheeted dead arise before me. These wild fancies fled with the storm, which was, happily, of brief duration. As it cleared away, and the sun came smiling forth from his chamber in the clouds, a beautiful rainbow appeared, spanning the eastern arch of Heaven, filling the air with inconceivable brightness and glory.

I turned to the tombstones, and began to read the epitaphs. Passing over the commonplace specimens of elegiac poetry, with the conventional rhymes of 'love' and 'dove,' 'heart from heart, forced to part,' 'die' and 'sky,' I fixed my eyes upon a plain slab of red free-stone, without any armorial bearings or attempt at cherubim, and there read the name of PETER STUYVESANT. My heart bounded in my bosom. The inscription expressed, in simple terms, the rank and age of the deceased — modestly recording the fact, that he had been one of the Governors of New-York, during the time of its provincial glory. Here, then, I had unconsciously stumbled on the grave of a hero. A mysterious influence had conducted me to the spot — perhaps a magnetic attraction ; I should have thought so, had not Knickerbocker solemnly assured us that the leg of the immortal Governor was not silver, although adorned with silver-leaf. The grave of Peter Stuyvesant ! I could visit Vacluse with less emotion. I bent over the hallowed stone, which covered the perishing portion of the immortal Governor, and deliberately re-perused the epitaph. I thought of his virtues — of his end — the spirit of chivalric enterprise, which communicated a fire to his plodding countrymen, of romantic valor, which bore him, unblenching, through the horrors of Fort Christina — of military enthusiasm, which encircled the gubernatorial chair, with all the insignia, the pomp, the pride and circumstance of glorious war. Fancy presented a distinct image of the golden days. I beheld the waving banners, glittering with embroidery, the long procession of determined and

well-armed men, each encased in numerous inexpressibles. I listened to the spirit-stirring roll of the deep drum, and the wild, brazen braying of the trumpets. Then this vision passed away, and I looked upon the quiet scene of the hero's repose—the church-yard, thickly studded with grave-stones, full of its quiet population, shadowed by the guardian church, which lifted its tall spire into Heaven; the street, yet thinly settled, but soon to be a thronged resort; and then I thought of the historian's undying work. That church, that street, those inspired pages bore the name of Stuyvesant. Millions, yet unborn, shall constantly repeat that honored name; and this is glory; glory, pure, warm, and hallowed, to which the fame of such as Wellington is nothing in comparison. I turned from this scene, a more thoughtful and better man.

With similar enthusiasm, I gazed upon the 'Sleepy Hollow,' and caught the first glimpse of the Katskill Mountains, whose blue summits soared away into the autumnal Heaven, almost as brilliant, in hue, as the firmament they seemed to pierce. A change has come upon the dwellers at their base; but, still they soar, unaltered, into the blue vault; still, still their rocky ribs pierce through their outward covering, and the forests are yet green, and the waters are yet musical—the former waving down their rocky sides, and the latter, bubbling up within their stony channels. Still rolls the majestic river, broad and bright, as when the renowned Hendrick Hudson, with his crew of the Half-Moon, first ascended it. And even yet, in times of stormy peril, the thunder rattles, and the live lightning leaps among the rough crags of the Donder Berg.

Had I space and inclination, I would describe, at length, all the scenes I visited, and recount, with marvelous accuracy, all the adventures which befell me among the descendants of the Dutch settlers of New-York. I passed several weeks upon Long-Island, and pleased myself with tracing the resemblance existing between the modern tillers of the soil and their celebrated ancestry. They have the same pertinacious adhesiveness to old customs, the same narrow prejudices, the same contempt for the labors of the dominie, the same thrift and industry, and, in many instances, the same language. I know many a good wife, to whom English is utterly unintelligible.

My worthy old host, at the 'Narrows,' was a Dutchman, of the old leaven. He followed, in every particular, the customs of his progenitor; and, as his farm was well-managed and productive, I could hardly find fault with him for smiling at the agricultural improvements, of a recent date, which I attempted to explain. On his part, he could never make me understand the necessity of keeping meat and other articles, in the garret, because his ancestors had no cellars in their houses at old Amsterdam.

The old gentleman was never without his pipe, the constant use of which, had worn an aperture in his teeth, corresponding in size to that of the stem, and invariably receiving it. When he went abroad, a spare pipe was placed in his hat-band — a piece of forethought, which, like virtue, found its own reward. He was really a fine specimen of a class, which, I am happy to say, embraces many individuals. Temperate, pious, cheerful, and industrious, he enjoyed the various blessings of this life, and blessed the Giver of them, with a fervency of gratitude and energy of language I have rarely found equalled in one of his class of life. He never sat down to a meal, without bowing his silver hairs, and uttering a supplication; nor did he ever rise from the table, without returning thanks. He possessed a strong, though uncultivated, mind, and a taste which appeared to me surprising. He would often sit, at the close of a summer afternoon, upon his *stoop*, or *piazza*, and point out the beauties of that surpassing landscape, which was spread out, like a vast picture, before him. His house stood upon the verge of a bank, which shelved abruptly down to the water's edge. Directly opposite, was Staten Island, with its green, undulating outline — its fringed woods, its white houses, its picturesque lazaretto, and its telegraph. In the mysteries of the latter, my old gentleman was an adept.

‘For there he learned the news some minutes sooner  
Than others could; and to distinguish well  
The different signals, whether ship or schooner,  
Hoisted at Staten Island.’ \* \* \* FANNY.

Away to the left, were the faint, blue shores of Amboy; and, near the Long-Island shore, connected with it by a bridge, Coney Island, with its long beach, of white, shining sand, and many a fashionable watering-place in the vicinity.

The waters, which swept around these respective points, were laden with innumerable vessels, passing to and from New-York, some beating up against a head wind, dashing the spray from their bows, and rising and falling among the fresh, bold, blue waves; while others ran down, before the same breeze, with every stitch of canvass set, and their bellying sails gleaming in the sun, till they shimmered away in the hazy distance, looking like white sea-birds, hovering in the horizon. My good old Dutchman was the happy proprietor of a dwelling so situated, with taste enough to enjoy its beauties.

His son was his antipodes. In fact, your young Dutchman is fast losing the characteristics of his ancestry. It is probable, that fashions, which have descended, like heir-looms, for many generations, will be lost in the present. Your young country-buck, of to-day, so said my ancient oracle, must have a tailor in the city, must relinquish Hollands for claret, (an auspicious change!) and patronize a French dancing-master. Some go to the length of

Macassar oil and a barber, instead of sitting with half a pumpkin-shell upon their heads, and suffering their sisters to trim the hair that projected from beneath, as in the good old time. Your modern Dutchman sometimes takes a newspaper. He sometimes, if the seeds are in the ground, goes to the May meeting, on the 'Union course,' and backs his favorite with some of the 'old man's' money. Nay, now and then, a youth, taking advantage of the present rage for speculation in real estate, sells his farm at a prodigious price, and, by that achievement, becomes a gentleman at once. I cannot conceive anything more unfortunate for himself. Young 'Cobus Donderberg (I suppose a case) has sold his farm. He has neither education nor taste ; nor, perhaps, much principle. Constant employment alone will keep the lad from harm. He engages lodgings at a hotel upon Brooklyn Heights. You may often see him lounging on the piazza, with a cigar in his mouth, and a glass of brandy by his side. When the afternoon is fair, and he feels rather enterprising, he orders his horse and buggy — the animal a thorough-bred trotter, with the wind and speed of an Eclipse colt. Behold our hero on the road ! His equipments are superb, and his own dress elegant, although it sits but awkwardly upon him. His hat is placed rather knowingly upon one side of his head, and his curls and whiskers have been classically arranged by a Parisian. From his lips, issues, at intervals, the perfume of a real Havana. The horse takes a strong pull, as he ascends Flatbush Hill. 'Cobus looks to the right, and sees a sturdy youth gallantly following his plough, and drawing a straight furrow over the sloping hill-side. Perhaps our hero sighs ; but, if he does, he is ashamed of it, and pours forth fresh volumes of smoke, as if that would drown the regret. Arrived at the summit of Flatbush Hill, he stops at a well-known public house, from which he soon issues, with a fresh cigar, and a rosy blush upon his cheeks, which, gradually extending to a prominent feature, betrays the nature of his call. He tosses a shilling to the hostler, re-enters his buggy, and bends over its side more *limpsey* than he was before. A second stop at Flatbush village. 'Cobus meets with comrades ; plays a rubber at bowls, pays for the liquor, re-enters his vehicle, and, in the full flush of a summer sunset, returns to Brooklyn — *limpsey*, glorious,' infatuated ; boasting that he can drive near enough to a rival's buggy to file off the fly-dirt from the hub of his wheel — but failing in his attempt, and, perhaps, dying 'as the fool dieth.'

I was happy to find, that some of the Long-Island blacks still preserve the traditions of the olden time. Great is their faith in Obi, men and women ; and fully do they believe that, all along the shore, lie buried the inexhaustible treasures of Captain Kidd, each deposit guarded, by the ghost of a murdered man, so effectually, that none of the gold and silver bullion has ever been

removed. An old, gray-headed negro, who, on one occasion, drove me from Fort Hamilton to Brooklyn, related a by-gone adventure of his, which he assured me was true, in every particular ; and he pointed out the scene of it—a dark grove of cedars, which skirts the river-road, that winds along the Narrows.

Returning late from a merry-making, whistling, as he went, to beguile the tediousness of the road, he had just reached the cedar-grove, when he became aware of a man, whose face and hands glimmered, pale and ghastly, through the gloom. Pompey's heart, though courageous as that of his great namesake, stood still. The man approached, and, in a strange voice, asked if he wanted money. Pompey was poor as a poet ; but, finding it impossible to articulate, he hurried past the spectre, and hastened home, as fast as possible. He concealed the circumstance from every one ; but was haunted by an irresistible desire to return, by night, to the same place, and seek an interview with the mysterious stranger. Accordingly, a few nights after the first meeting, he repaired to the cedar-grove, and was again accosted by the ghost, who asked if Pompey wanted money. This time, the poor black stammered out 'Yes!' Whereupon, the spectre, pointing to a singular gray stone, cried, 'Dig!' and immediately vanished. Pompey hastened home. It was long, very long, before he dared to impart his secret to his bosom friend—Coromantee Tom ; and many nights elapsed, before the worthy had courage to commence the search for money, in the grove. At length, one starless midnight, they set forth, with mattock and spade and dark lantern, and arrived at the grove. They were horribly frightened, but went to work in silence—commencing operations by removing the gray stone, which the spectre had pointed out to Pompey. After the latter had dug for some time, he ascended from the pit, being completely exhausted, and handed his spade to Coromantee Tom, who leaped into the hole, and delved away, most vigorously: Just as the iron instrument rung upon some metallic substance, just as the sable friends were pluming themselves on their success, a wild, discordant sound of laughter rang through that mysterious grove. At once, it was answered from a thousand different points ; the echoes caught and gave back the sound ; and it seemed as if a hundred demons had suddenly arisen from the earth, on purpose to frustrate the exertions of the money-diggers. This was too much for Pompey and Coromantee Tom. Leaving their implements of labor, they dashed up the steep, tumbled over the fence, and scuttled along the road, with the speed of frightened buffaloes ; nor did they dare to look around them, until they were safely locked up in the garret of the farm-house. The next morning, they visited the scene of their nocturnal labors ; but, the pit was closed, and covered with grass, as if the earth had never been opened ; and,

what was more surprising, the spade, mattock, and lantern were gone.

Many legends did I collect — all more or less curious ; but, I shall not recount them at present, seeing that the results of my pilgrimage are to be presented to the world in an octavo volume, edited by my learned and amiable antiquarian friend, Dr. Zo-roaster Plumdamask, of whose abilities for the task, it would be superfluous to speak.

#### RETROSPECTIONS.

SWEET MARY ! many years have flown  
 Since, singing childish songs together,  
 We made earth, wave, and sky, our own —  
 Far rambling in the bright spring weather.  
 Since then, sweet coz, how many schemes,  
 In youth projected, have miscarried !  
 No more the luxury of dreams  
 Delights my heart — for I am married.

Yet, sometimes, when the evening star  
 Is sparkling on the verge of Heaven,  
 With light Santerne and a cigar,  
 To sentiment I 'm sadly given.  
 Reviving memory haunts again  
 The long-forgotten world of fairy —  
 The past ; for youth connected then  
 All magic with the name of Mary.

And, 'by my troth,' it is a spell,  
 That makes me half forget the real —  
 A *Fontaine de Jouvence* — whose well  
 Exceeds the charm of the ideal.  
 And, thinking of the pleasant past,  
 My spirit's wings are growing bolder,  
 Forgetful of the sky o'ercast,  
 And Emma looking o'er my shoulder.

What pleasant walks we used to take,  
 Especially when playing truant ;  
 When, roving free through copse and brake,  
 You list'ning kindly, I was fluent,

*Retrospections.*

And told you tales of old romance,  
 And legends of the Scottish border —  
 And couched, in sport, a mimic lance,  
 Against some castle's giant warder.

And, eager to apply our lore,  
 Displaying thus our mental progress,  
 It was not very long before  
 We found aunt Grizzly was an ogress.  
 If not, how came she to demand  
 My long confinement in the garret,  
 Because, with fowling-piece in hand,  
 I happened to destroy her parrot?

The harp of wild Romance is still —  
 No more, in castle hall, 't is ringing ;  
 Cold sweeps the breeze o'er wood and hill,  
 Through desolated towers singing ;  
 Of buried dead, forgotten deeds,  
 A broken story wildly telling,  
 Waving the melancholy weeds,  
 That cling around the feudal dwelling.

Our world has none of these ; no keep,  
 Time-shattered, lifts o'er summer bowers ;  
 No spirit-haunted rivers sweep,  
 Blue, dark, and deep, round ruined towers.  
 Yet, though the eye on Nature's face  
 Sees no worn landmark in its glancing,  
 Though here the fairies have no place —  
 It cannot hinder our romancing.

Had I lived in the good old days,  
 I should have sought and won the laurel  
 Instead of the Parnassian bays,  
 By getting up a famous quarrel,  
 With some oppressive sorcerer ;  
 Or clad in armor, bright and pliant,  
 Helmed, gauntleted, with knightly spur,  
 Have run, full tilt, against a giant.

These dreams have melted into air —  
 'Tis difficult such shapes to summon ;  
 Giants are growing very rare,  
 And broken heads are quite uncommon.  
 A giant came, some years ago,  
 From Canada — he was n't savage —  
 In Julien Hall a quiet show,  
 With no propensity to ravage.

I shook my cane fall in his face —  
 He only begged me to be quiet ;  
 A fellow of the ancient race,  
 At such an insult, had run riot.  
 'Alas ! the world is growing poor  
 In dreams of the imagination ;  
 And he, who plays the troubadour,  
 Assumes a profitless vocation.

We gaze upon the scarlet bean,  
 That decks the garden of the villa —  
 But now no more, alas ! is seen  
 Immortal 'Jack the Giant-Killer.'  
 Who reads of Amadis de Gaul,  
 Or of the lovely Orians,  
 Who filled his heart, alike in hall  
 And field, where shone his warlike banner ?

Strike, Huon de Bourdeaux ! Thy shield,  
 Angoulafre is fierce assailing —  
 Sink not upon the crimson field,  
 While the fair Esclamonde is wailing.  
 How can her prison-woes be borne —  
 The pangs of hate, the sneers of malice ?  
 But hark ! 't is Roland's ivory horn,  
 Breathed from the pass of Roncevalles.

Alas ! Romance is in the grave —  
 And with it sleeps Imagination ;  
 Quenched is the light, that once it gave —  
 Vainly we seek resuscitation.  
 Our modern heroes wear cravats,  
 Our lovers never think of kneeling,  
 And helmets are exchanged for hats,  
 And *nonchalance* displaces feeling.

Once, fairies drove a griffin team,  
 And often met with some disaster ;  
 Now, griffins are surpassed by steam,  
 And locomotives go much faster.  
 The imps, that used to sail the air,  
 With pinions furnished them by Satan,  
 Are now (what will not mortals dare ?)  
 Eclipsed by Lauriat and Clayton.

Farewell, sweet Mary ! — we alone  
 Can still enjoy the ancient story,  
 Whose brilliant light once streamed and shone  
 O'er all our paths — a flood of glory !



Of the bright past, I do not shrink  
 To call myself an ardent lover —  
 Or sigh, with Edmund Burke, to think  
 The days of chivalry are over.

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## SCENES IN EUROPE.

### LAGO MAGGIORE. MILAN. TOUR IN LOMBARDY.

WE come suddenly upon the lake, without having any previous view of it. It is beautifully situated among the mountains, which retire gently from its shores, and leave room for numerous villages and towns, along the margin and on the hill-side. At Bareno, we hired a boat, to make an excursion on the lake, and visit some of the islands.

The first we went to, was the Isola Madre. It is a beautiful garden, with a small country-house upon it — rich with various plants and fruits, and commanding a fine view of the lake.

From this, we went to the Isola Bella, which is occupied by the palace and gardens of the count Borromeo. The palace is a vast edifice, where we wandered through a labyrinth of magnificent saloons, lofty and spacious, opening into each other, adorned with paintings, statues, and rich furniture; the floors of mosaic, and the ceiling and walls painted in fresco. On one side, the walls of the edifice rise from the lake, so that the balconies, projecting from the windows, overhang its waters.

A delightful freshness prevailed there; and, as I roamed through the halls, I drew happy omens of what I was yet to see in Italy, when so superb a monument of taste and art met me on the very threshold. The garden is rich with various plants, of every clime and country; but I was most interested by two laurel trees, of immense size, said to be the largest in Europe. In the shade of these trees, Napoleon dined, the day before the battle of Marengo. While at dinner, the plan of the battle was brought him; and, having examined it, he got up and cut the word *battaglia* on one of the trees. I saw the place where he had cut the letters, but they have been effaced by British travelers. I gathered a leaf from the tree, as a memorial of the place.

Resuming our way, we traveled all the day along the lake, and at night reached the little town of Sesto Calende, on the frontiers of Lombardy. The next morning, having parted from my companion, I continued my journey, alone, toward Milan. Crossing the river Ticino, by a magnificent bridge, of white stone, I en-

tered the fertile province of Lombardy. Everything appeared verdant and flourishing ; for, although months had passed without rain, still the fields had been preserved green and fresh by turning aside numerous streams, and thus overflowing them—a thing easily done, in so level a country. This added much to the beauty of the country: little rivulets were flowing in every direction over the meadows, and leaped along the road-side ; and the sound was refreshing in this hot weather. Towards night, I arrived at the gate of the city ; and winding through a labyrinth of streets—which would have puzzled Dedalus himself—and passing many a palace, church, and square, at length rested at the door of my hotel.

The first thing was, to take a look at the streets, which are uncommonly clean—each one having a subterranean passage for the water. The houses also, in general, are very handsome—having a large court in the centre, and their floors of stone ; the rooms, also, are lofty and well aired.

My attention, however, was soon attracted to the magnificent cathedral, called the ‘ eighth wonder of the world,’ and said to be the finest church in Italy, after St. Peter’s. It is an immense gothic pile of white marble, in the form of a cross, covered with sculpture and rich ornaments. Imagination can hardly conceive the work, which has been lavished upon this glorious building ; every part is rich with ornament ; beautiful statues rest on every projection ; its hundred of spires are crowned with them—and the idea of the labor and cost of this work of centuries, is truly astounding. The interior is not less magnificent. The eye seems hardly to reach the lofty, fretted ceiling ; the rich marble of the shrines, the colossal statues, the carving, the immense organ, the sublime and solemn windows, of stained glass, are all befitting the house of God.

Beneath the floor of the cathedral, is the chapel of San Carlo Borromeo, the patron Saint of the city—the most magnificent structure of the kind in the world. It is a chamber, whose ceiling and walls are composed chiefly of silver and gold. The roof is a richly embossed plate of pure silver, studded with gold. Large pannels, composed of silver and gold, in *basso-relievo*, of exquisite workmanship—representing the various events in the life of the Saint—adorn the sides of the chamber. These pannels are supported by beautiful pilasters, of pure silver—between which, is the richest stuff of cloth of gold. On a marble altar, at one end of this glittering chamber, reposes the body of the Saint, in a sarcophagus of crystal, enclosed within another, of massive silver, richly ornamented with gold. The weight of silver thus used is immense ; but the workmanship was even more costly than the material.

Among the most interesting places I have visited in this beautiful city, are the palace of Brera, and the Ambrosian library — each of which contains some very valuable paintings, by the first masters. I was gratified by finding in the gallery of Brera the original of that beautiful piece, by Raffaele, the marriage of the Virgin, of which I had seen many engravings and copies.

But the piece which afforded me most pleasure, in this gallery, was one by Guercino da Cento, representing the dismissal of Hagar and her child by Abraham. The eye turns from the figure of Sarah, scornful as it is, and from the venerable countenance of the patriarch, to contemplate the surpassing beauty of Hagar. There is something superb and almost superhuman in her face. No trace of voluptuousness, or passion — unless it be pride — is there discoverable ; all is spiritual. She bows to the will of the old man, as to the decree of fate ; deep sorrow rests on her countenance, yet does not conceal the expression of strong sense of wrong received ; perhaps there may be traced the intensity of rage, repressed alone by the majestic presence of the patriarch : but, withal, the beauty of the woman is so perfect, so intellectual, so glorious, that I never can forget it. I saw many other very superb paintings here ; but, were I to attempt describing them, my labor would be too great, and the details tedious.

In the Ambrosian library, I saw the famous ‘Cartoon,’ by Raffaele ; the ‘School of Athens,’ and several beautiful paintings of Titian’s. Among other curiosities, the librarian showed me the copy of Virgil, owned by Petrarch — and on the cover of which, he has written, with his own hand, the story of his love. Another manuscript was showed me, of very early date. It was more than a thousand years old.

I spent nearly a week in this magnificent city, during which time I visited many temples and palaces, which mock at description. A feeling of wonder constantly comes over my mind, that there is so much wealth and splendor in the world. I cannot attempt to give an account of all I have seen or am seeing.

I visited one painting, however, in Milan, so famous that it would be an unpardonable omission not to speak of it. I refer to the painting, by Leonardo da Vinci, of the ‘Last Supper.’ Engravings of this, are seen in almost every house in America ; and I was well pleased to behold the original. In a long room, belonging to an ancient convent, now used as a barrack for Austrian troops, I found this famed piece. It is painted in fresco, and extends entirely across one side of the room. Time and the rude hand of man have done much to dim and deface this superb work ; yet its beauty is still great. The faces are uninjured, except that the colors are not so bright as at a former period.

From Milan I took a carriage for Venice — the road passing

ever along the rich plain of Lombardy, while the view of the mountains, to the north, gave variety and additional beauty to the scenery.

The first town of any size, which I passed on the route, was Brescia—originally built by the Gauls, in the early ages of Rome, but since, many times destroyed. The most interesting object in the city, was the ruins of an ancient temple, built by the Romans, in the seventy-second year of our era, and consecrated to Vespasian. I was pre-determined not to like it; for a foolish whim came into my head, at the moment, that this admiration for Roman relics was all a piece of affectation, or an antiquary's dream. With a feeling of proud superiority, I went to the spot; the gate was opened—and, for the first time in my life, I gazed on a classic ruin. The lofty and spacious platform, of white marble, with the noble flight of steps, all of which belonged to the portico of the temple, still remained; and along the front arose the columns which had anciently supported the roof. These were of white marble, of immense size, and elegantly sculptured: one alone remained entire. The ground around, and the floor of this portico, were thickly strewn with the fallen remnants of this superb edifice. Beautiful Corinthian capitals and entablatures, of white marble, exquisitely carved, lay in wild confusion on every side. I entered the building which has been erected on the floor of the ancient temple, to preserve the more precious relics discovered here. The pavement is of rich mosaic; the walls covered with inscriptions; altars and tombs stood around me; and in the centre of the apartment was a statue of Victory, in bronze, found on the spot, and in fine preservation. As I gazed on these relics of the magnificence of the Romans, and read the inscriptions in their noble language, as I contemplated, above all, the exquisite form and the superb face of the goddess, the spirit of the place penetrated my soul, and I felt disposed to kneel down and worship this glorious emblem of a nation that had conquered the world. The very dust under my feet seemed sacred—and I retired, with a feeling even of remorse, for the absurd idea under which I had entered these precincts.

From Breseia, I rode to Desanzano—a small village on the borders of the lake, which the ancients called Bernacus, now Lago di garda. This is one of the most beautiful lakes in Italy: the mountains, which surround it, in some places rise boldly from the water, and again receding, leave room for numerous pretty villages, along the shore. The lake is easily troubled by a slight breeze; and if we may believe Virgil, it was the same in his day. He says—

*'Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens Benace marino.'*

I had a little specimen of this uncommon irritability, the night I spent on its shores. The hotel, in which I lodged, arose partly from the water which flowed under my window. The day had been fine, and extremely warm ; but in the night, clouds came up, with thunder and lightning, and sudden gusts of wind. The little lake was soon chafed into fury ; and the noise of its waves, dashing against the shore, awakened me. I arose and looked out ; the night was intensely dark, but the flashes of lightning, in quick succession, shed a brilliant glare upon the lake, and showed its waters, crested with foam, glittering and sparkling under the intense light.

The next morning, when I arose, all was bright and calm. The lake was slumbering, as if wearied with its efforts ; and, as I rode along the shore, the sun was reflected, in dazzling rays, from its glassy surface. A few hours' traveling brought me to the city of Verona, which would have been interesting, had it no other claims, as being the scene of that beautiful tragedy, *Romeo and Juliet*—my favorite, among Shakspeare's master-pieces. The city is large, and, like all I have yet seen in Italy, surrounded by a wall and moat. One of the most interesting buildings in the city, is a Roman amphitheatre, supposed to have been constructed in the time of Domitian or Trajan. What most surprised me, in looking at this work, was its enormous size. It is in very perfect preservation, with the exception of an outer arcade, which originally surrounded the whole, but which has been nearly destroyed by an earthquake. The interior of the building, the vomitories, the passages and stairways, and the cells, in which the wild beasts were confined, remain precisely as they were when first erected. The very vastness of the place gives it an air of solitude and desolation : the crevices, between the stones, are overgrown with weeds and rank grass ; and lizards and other reptiles are seen creeping about the walls. A small portion has been applied to the purpose of a modern theatre, of which the stage, built in the arena, fronts upon a small section of the seats. The vast entries, on the entire exterior, have been taken up, for stables, shops, and even dwelling-houses ; and thus a whole colony has gathered around these walls, and found a resting place in their niches. The whole edifice seems, indeed, as if it had been intended for a larger race of beings than those who now inhabit it.

I must not forget to speak of a beautiful painting, by Titian, which I saw in the cathedral, and which is regarded as one of the finest works of that great master. That I remember it among the many I have seen, is a proof, at least, of the impression it made upon me. Wearied, with gazing on paintings which represent, but too well, the sufferings of our Saviour and of the martyrs, my eyes reposed upon this exquisite piece, with delight.

It is the 'Assumption of the Virgin.' A marvelous light bursts forth from Heaven, and beams upon the forms of those surrounding the sepulchre, and irradiates their faces, expressive of the deepest wonder and adoration. The Virgin reposes in the clouds above them, looking down upon her friends ; and thus it is managed that the light, from the sky, rests upon her form, but not upon her face. Her countenance is surpassingly beautiful—beaming with an expression of peace, mildness, and immortal happiness ; it is not pleasure which is expressed ; it is serenity—a consciousness of meriting and a certainty of possessing Heaven.

One pilgrimage remained for me, before leaving Verona ; and I determined to accomplish it. This was to visit the tomb of Juliet. My conductor assured me it was not worth seeing—that it was a long distance, outside the walls ; and, after all, was nothing but a paltry stone. Feeling more capable, however, of judging of these matters myself, I insisted upon going. Accordingly, we sallied forth. On the way, the guide showed me the house of the Capulets—an ancient and lofty structure, with gothic windows, but much decayed and injured. Passing out of the city gate, we entered a long and solitary lane, which conducted to an ancient building, once a Franciscan convent. We entered the part which was once a church, but now, alas ! reduced to a barn : nothing indicated its ecclesiastic character but a few paintings, in fresco, which still rest on the wall. On one side was a large empty sarcophagus, raised on a platform of stone, just as it had been placed in the church ; the lid had been carried away or broken to pieces, and the body removed, or had entirely perished. But the pen of Shakspeare has immortalized the spot ; and I felt, as I stood there, how true it is, that

'The beings of the mind are not of clay :  
Essentially immortal, they create  
And multiply in us a brighter ray,  
And more beloved existence.'

I must not forget to mention the mausoleum of the Scaliger family, which is raised in the very centre of the city. There are several monuments, the principal of which is of costly marble, very curiously and elaborately sculptured. I have seen engravings of it in some of our annuals. This family, which numbers in its ranks the great philosopher of that name, was one of the most noble in Verona : on the coat-of-arms is seen the ladder, from which the family name is derived. Vespasian, Titus Domitian, Catullus, Cornelius Nepos, were also natives of Verona.

I went next to Vicenza—a magnificent city, filled with palaces and public edifices, erected after the designs of the great architect, Palladio, who was born there. Among the most remarkable, was the Olympic theatre, belonging to the Academy of

Vicenza. It was erected by Palladio, whose intention was, to give an idea of an ancient theatre. The part intended for the spectators is arranged in rows, rising like steps above each other, like the Roman theatres, with the exception of not being divided into *cunei*: a small gallery, similar to those of the ancient theatres, rises above the two or three upper rows of benches. In front of the stage, which occupies about one half of the building, is the *proscenium*; then the stage, which is nothing but a continuation of the *proscenium*, divided from it, however, by a wall, which rises to the whole height, and is only opened by three large arches, displaying the stage, arranged, like the streets of a city, with immovable scenery. The theatre is rich in statuary, and the architecture is very fine. As a model of those of Greece and Rome, it was highly interesting.

There are many beautiful situations in the vicinity of Vicenza, as the city is surrounded by hills, which command extensive prospects over the rich plains of Lombardy. I ascended a hill, which is surmounted by the convent of the *Madonna del Monte*. An arched gallery, or *piazza*, opening on one side, and said to be a mile in extent, conducts from the foot of the hill up to the convent; but the view from the summit is so fine, that it is well worth the trouble of the ascent. Under your feet lies the fair city, with its walls and gates and streets of palaces. Every hill-top is crested with some beautiful mansion — the country villa of the *Vicentian nobility*; and the fertile garden of Lombardy encompasses the whole. At a short distance from the convent, I remarked that master-piece of *Paladio's*, the famous *Casa di Capra*. I can conceive of nothing more perfect than the proportions of this exquisite building. It is rectangular, surmounted with a dome, somewhat in the style of the middle portion of the new market, in Boston. On each side is a portico, with a pediment resting on fine *Corinthian columns*; and the roof is adorned with statues. The beauty of the situation — which is a slight elevation, commanding a view on all sides — adds to the charm of the edifice, upon which the eye seems to repose, and gather strength as it looks.

From Vicenza, I proceeded to Padua, where I arrived after a short ride. The city presents a very melancholy, deserted, and forlorn appearance; grass is growing in many of the streets, and everything indicates decayed grandeur. There are many magnificent palaces and churches, however, which I did not fail to visit. I went first to the palace of Justice, to see the great saloon where justice was administered, in the days of the independence and power of the city. It is one of the largest rooms, unsupported by columns in the world. I think it is exceeded only by the one at Westminster, through which I passed, to enter the House of Commons. The walls are painted in fresco, by Giotto; but the

work is much faded and indistinct — splendor, perishing and on the wane, is the chief characteristic of the whole apartment. The most interesting object there, was a monument to the memory of Livy, which is surmounted by an antique bust, said to be a likeness of the great historian. In the year 1413, some laborers were digging in the garden belonging to the Abbey of St. Justina, and found a coffin, of lead, enclosing another, of cypress wood, which was declared, by antiquarians, to be that of Livy. Among other reasons assigned for this belief, was, that Livy had been a priest of the goddess of Concord ; and it is known that the Abbey was built on the spot where the temple once stood. The coffin was finally deposited in the town-hall, and the monument, I have made mention of, raised above it.

I did not forget the University, so famous in its day. The building which now remains, was commenced in the year 1493, and finished in 1552 — a strange-looking edifice, containing a rectangular court, with a portico and gallery extending the whole length of each side, profusely, though somewhat quaintly ornamented. The sciences seem to have been cultivated here, rather than literature ; and there are excellent collections of scientific books and apparatus.

The most splendid churches I visited were those of St. Antonio and Santa Justina. The former is very spacious, and surmounted by six domes, or cupolas. The painting, in fresco, by Giotto, is very interesting, as exhibiting the commencement of the revival of the art. It would be impossible for me to describe all the riches of sculpture and painting I saw in these churches ; it seems as if the world had not been in existence long enough to produce so many : yet, every church has its sepulchral monuments, exquisitely carved, and wrought in marble — its bas-reliefs, in marble or bronze, or its master-piece of painting, by some great artist.

I had now arrived at the last of a most interesting succession of cities, which extend the whole length of the plain of Lombardy — all rich in edifices, in works of art, and historical legend.

The general characteristics of these cities are the same. Each is surrounded by a wall and fosse, and strongly fortified : the walls are bastioned at each angle, and the ditches wide and deep, with scarps and counterscarps of masonry ; the gateways generally defended by demilunes : the whole exterior encompassed by covered ways and glacis, sloping gently toward the plains.

These cities are fortified after the old system of the celebrated Vauban, and some of them — Capua, Verona, and others — places of great strength. Being situated on level plains, and the streets narrow and irregular, it is extremely difficult for a stranger to find his way to any object of interest in them — more especially if he is ignorant of the language. An air of desolation and



decay reigns throughout them all ; and, though many of them appear busy and crowded — having actually a considerable commerce — there is this appearance of the former glory and splendor of better days, and of present decay and abandonment, in them all : the splendid palaces, that grace the principal streets, seems to be tenantless and falling to ruin ; everything speaks a silent, but melancholy language — that the prosperity and happiness of these beautiful cities has passed away ; and that a foreign tyrant controls their destinies, with an iron grasp. The same appearance of decay is discernible in the country villas, which are very numerous, especially between Padua and Venice.

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#### ASSOCIATION.

WE all have our peculiarities. This is an admirable truism, wherewith to begin a maiden article, in the healthiest of magazines, and most delightful of monthly apparitions, for the reason that it (the Magazine, kind reader) has a peculiarity, which is, that its life is not as other lives ; it flourishes in perpetual spring. I know not how it may be with the rest of the world ; in fact, I do not care very much ; but *I* have very distinct and palpable associations with certain authors. Association is so remarkable, that I cannot divest myself from strong prejudice against excellent writers, merely from the cut of their coats. One of the Elizabethan age, puzzles me extremely with his tight breeches and magnificent yellow bows, his timepiece formality and injudicious powder, until I resolve, in an antiquarian spirit, it would be an agreeable thing to know nothing of antique, unnecessary fashion. Even the old blind schoolmaster comes in, sedate and grave ; and, seating himself studiously at my side, introduces his conversation, in complimentary phrase, judiciously interlarding it with puritanical quotation. His long, auburn hair flows over his shoulders ; his dark eyes look full upon me ; his hands are whiter than the hands of this delving generation. I vainly endeavor to get rid of him ; but he remains, staring at me with his sightless pupils, till finally I lay down the book, in despair, and go out, among carts and dirty cart-drivers, to dispel the apparition of John Milton. It is a sorrowful thing, for one like myself to do ; but the shade of the severe schoolmaster is more troublesome than my own thin shadow.

Not only does the author of '*Paradise Lost*' visit my poor

garret, in spiritual guise, and garb reverend and sombre, but other poets of the olden time. I esteem it a peculiar blessing, that I have no distinct notion of Shakspeare; so I read him anywhere and everywhere, with fearlessness and a steadfast spirit. Not so is it with his merry cotemporary, Ben Jonson. Honest Ben is with *me*, Abel Drugger, and a thousand other men. Even his learned characters become corpulent, since I have somewhere picked up an idea, that Ben himself was fat, and he always carried in his hand a black, dirty snuff-box, tendering it officiously to me.

Once in a while, to freshen my memory, and keep alive his solemn pauses, I look into Pope. Now flits the ghost of the wee poet around me, bent and insolent, with a wig superfluously powdered, and a redundancy of wristband. He takes snuff, with all the vigor and capacity of humorous Ben; and his nose twinkles like a star; verily, the image of Pope is as disagreeable and melancholy, as if, in very person, came in a former satirical friend. I would that I could read ye — venerable poets — without reading your prim and starched outer man. My associations with authors, are often of a pleasing nature, and particularly those of this day. I love to converse with Coleridge, of a mild afternoon, in the cool forest — he is so beautiful and eloquent; still, he pains me when I am rising heavenward, with his metaphysical speculation, by remarking that I did not quite understand this, or that; and down I come, Vulcan like, from my seventh Heaven, not a little enraged. He should be more considerate in his chiding. Yet, I find it impossible to anger long, so he still lies open upon my table. I have journeyed with Wordsworth a thousand times, by lake and swift-running stream. Never was there so delightful a companion — never one so simple; his *Excursion* is my *Excursion* — his wandering, mine. These are the real friends, who never fail, and never murmur — these well-thumbed books, needing no food, nor fire, nor new garment; with these, I wander along in the hard journey of life; with these, I solace the passing hours. It is all made real by association.

Who loves not Charles Lamb, with his strange wit, and unequivocal good-nature? Who does not feel, as he glides over the pleasant passage and quaint avenues — where the hedge is still cut in antiquated style, of Elia — that he is journeying with a most excellent fellow-passenger? His heart is fairly before the reader, with all its tenderness; his overflowing heart is in his pages, unbounded. I must confess, I have few friends, of flesh and blood, that I love as this same Charles Lamb.

Magical association makes my garret other than a vulgar, rented attic; it converts it into an abode of the spirits. The clumsily connected walls are not covered with paint nor mortar, but with those wonderful pieces of paper, stitched together by manufac-

tured needle, containing human thoughts ; they are, indeed, the production of the distinct man. There are very many of them, both old and new. Thoughts of yesterday, of day before yesterday, of day before that. See how curiously the mind contrasts. I place the thoughts of yesterday by the thoughts of day before yesterday, and it seems like a proof against time. I wish I could introduce you, considerate reader, to my 'silent comparisons'—they are so amicable. It is true, here you may see one set of opinions valorously defended, while, in the next neighbor, they are systematically, perchance stubbornly, opposed ; yet, the two stand there, side by side, not even turning up the extreme point of their noses at one another. It would be troublesome, if men were so placable. I often muse, in my leather-bottomed chair, among these thoughts. It would not suit a mechanic, nor a lawyer ; for nothing is to be gained by it, neither gold-dust, nor cause ; yet it suits me. I hear the voice of the past, sounding up from these dust-covered books, like the sound of the distant ocean, at midnight ; it is a sad harmony—telling of human frailty, and human sin, and human variety ; hence is it a warning voice, and may it ever be a warning. The tongue, that uttered those wondrous words, is stilled ; the mind, that is here recorded, has gone from this world ; and I—what am I, but dust ! I shall soon depart, myself.

This low garret of mine, is a type of the world—made so by association, which connects things humble with things lofty, the boot-cleaner with the king.

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#### POETRY OF THE PRAIRIES.\*

THIS little volume is another of the 'Curiosities of Literature.' It is anomalous ; nothing like it has been produced in our country, or in any other, we venture to add. The style, especially, is its own. It reminds one of Shelley, indeed ; and, here and there, of Keats. It is melancholy and metaphysical ; yet, it is decidedly the manner of a person who thinks for himself, and is able to do so ; and of one, also, who reads but little of the thoughts of anybody else. He says, in his preface, that it is some time since he has seen the works of any poet. Things remembered, therefore, may have become fused in the crucible of an ardent mind like

\* *Prose Sketches and Poems*, written in the Western Country, by Albert Pike. Boston: Light & Horton.

his, always glowing, with things imagined and things dreamed of; but there is no wilful plagiarism in his poems, he says — and we believe him. They are a transcript of his own feelings. If anybody else ever felt as he does — which is not impossible — why, that is no business of his, nor theirs, nor of the public's. Besides, for a man's metal to be run into my mixture, through accident, by being left upon my premises, and mingled with my ore, is one thing; and for me to invade *his*, and ransack his lumber-room, deliberately, like a thief in the daylight, and carry off his lines, bodily, as if they were pig-lead — that is another thing, altogether. Pike has not done this. His materials and his tools are his own. His furnace and his fuel are his own, too; and the only difficulty with the former is, that it is so hot as to work up every other material, worth working up, which happens to be left within the reach of its fervor. He says — 'I am, at times, when an idea flashes upon me, uncertain whether it be my own, or whether it has clung to my mind from the works of the poets, till it has seemed to become my own peculiar property.' This is all we intended to say; and it is honestly stated. It were well, if half as much honesty prevailed among the brotherhood of regular borrowers. From the stealers, it is not expected, of course; neither is it from the paupers. The former run the risk, at least, of being set in the stocks of common contempt, for their petit larceny; and the latter are maintained with a comparative cheerfulness — setting aside one's compassion for their destitute and pitiful circumstances — which arises, partly from the plain necessity of the case, and partly from the general distribution of the tax which gives them a living.

We incline to the opinion rather, that our poet, so far as he has calculated the effects of his composition at all, has aimed too proudly at a reputation for the reverse of this — a reputation for singularity and originality both; and for a perfect independence, besides, in the display of them. Some of his pieces look as if he had reviewed them with this feeling, and stricken out everything which resembled or reminded of what was ever written before — leaving the residuum of his own daring and defying bitterness — the pikery, if you please, — (we beg his pardon for tumbling over a poor pun) — alone in its glory. There is, at all events, a great proportion of originality in his poems; a tincture of thought; a raciness, ill-disguised, and hardly attempted to be disguised at all, with the slow distillment of sappy proprieties, or the sugar of sweet quotations. Hence, an air of the fantastical, sometimes. He disclaims affectation, but we think not with such justice as he disclaims plagiarism. In one sense only he is right. His writing is, as he alleges, 'a communing with his own soul.' There is no insincerity in his style; no lack of true feeling — his own feeling; but, whether that feeling itself be

natural altogether, or the result, in some measure, of what we call affectation, may be a matter of debate. Some people, and especially some poets, may be said to be naturally affected. They are constitutionally disposed to be influenced as other people are *not* ; and to retain, indulge, and display these influences. Habits are thus superinduced, which become a second-nature, in time ; and such, in no small degree, has been Mr. Pike's case. His sensibility, and his susceptibility, of every sort, were of the keenest kind. His discipline, his powers of self-denial and self-defence, were less so. He was assailed by circumstances, and they drove him from his balance. He yielded to what he considered his destiny, and took refuge — though we trust not permanently — in the solitude of his own feelings. To these, he has given the only vent he could have. Society was no more for him, but its memory haunted him. He laid himself, like the Hebrew exiles, on the banks of the stranger's stream, and poured forth the anguish of a lonely sorrow in his lays. After all, it is not exactly affectation. It is the sincerity of a mind in a forced condition. It is true feeling upon false premises ; fancy, wrought into frenzy ; a morbid mind, walking in its sleep, and always seeing, as it walks and talks, *the dagger of the dream*.

We need not remark, that all this is with us matter, not of information, but of inference. The poetry is, for the most part, of the morbid school — though not unfrequently redeemed, even in this department, by an outbreking of natural strong sense, as well as almost invariably set off respectably by a flourish of what may be called the fire-works of imagination, and the melody of ingenious verse. He says to the robin, for example, in the valley of Tisuqui, —

‘Go back  
On thy track ;  
It were wiser and better for thee and me,  
Than to moan  
Alone,  
So far from the waves of our own bright sea :  
And the eyes that we left,  
To grow dim months ago,  
Will greet us again  
With their idolized glow.  
Let us go — let us go — and revisit our home,  
Where the oak-leaves are green and the sea-waters foam.’

One would hardly expect, on turning over the next leaf, (we wish our author would turn over a *new one*, as readily as we do) to find the fellow thus ‘down at the heel’ again :

‘Well, I have chosen my long path,  
And I will walk it to the death,  
Though Love's lone grief, or hatred's wrath,  
My way and purpose hindereth.

It may be, when this heart is cold —  
And it were vain to love or hate —  
When all that malice knows is told,  
Some better name may on me wait ;' &c.

And then he has something to say about a woman's being

'Too full of soul to live amid the world ;'

And how

\* \* \* 'all the richer feelings of the soul  
Are but its torment' ; \* \* \*

And what a curse poetry is, (which, of *some* poor stuff we wot of, is certainly true, so far as the *reader* is concerned ;) and all about the 'fiends asleep within the breast,' that

\* \* \* 'wander in their wild unrest  
Throughout the heart, which is their nest,  
And, worse than this, the *wasting food*  
*Of these, the vulture-eyed, and all their ravening brood ;'*

And a great deal more of well-expressed nonsense, of the same sort. And then he pretends to hate and despise all the world, excepting those who like *him*, of course. He says —

'I ask the world a boon —  
I cannot, will not, Ann, demand of thee :  
Henceforth, I pray the world that it forget  
That I have lived.

All that I now have left,  
Is death, and my own woe ; and I will die,  
Unknown, unnamed.' &c.

And yet, it is near by this that he thinks,

'When all that malice knows is told,  
*Some better name may on me wait ;'* &c.

Perhaps it may ; we hope so. But, why affect to contradict this natural and most commendable aspiration ? And, if it were not natural and commendable, if the real disposition were to be forgotten of the world, why publish a book, like this, to force the memory of the man and his poetry on the minds of all who can be induced to read it ? This is a poor way to be forgotten, if there be anything in the volume worth remembering ; and if there is not, what is the purpose of publication ? It ought to be forgotten — damned, utterly — like any other stupid thing ; and it will be.

But the truth is, we hope better of the author of these poems. As we have already intimated, there is not only genius in them — sterling and shining genius — 'bright jewels of the mine,' — but a strong substratum of sound soil — the soil of common sense ; and, in addition to this, ambition, taste, harmony, natural feeling, and a fancy, of amazing fertility. Witness the following, from the 'Lines to the planet Jupiter :'

\* \* \* \* 'The dove, with patient eyes,  
 Earnestly did his artful nest devise,  
 And was most busy under sheltering leaves ;  
 The thrush, that loves to sit upon gray eaves  
 Amid old ivy, she too sang, and built ;  
 And mock-bird songs rang out, like hail-showers spilt  
 Among the leaves, or on the velvet grass ;  
 The bees did all around their store amass,  
 Or down depended from a swinging bough,  
 In tangled swarms. Above her dazzling brow  
 The lustrous humming-bird was whirling ; and,  
 So near, that she might reach it with her hand,  
 Lay a gray lizard — such do notice give  
 When a fowl serpent comes, and they do live  
 By the permission of the roughest hind ;  
 Just at her feet, with mild eyes up-inclined,  
 A snowy antelope cropped off the buds  
 From hanging limbs ; and in the solitudes  
 No noise disturbed the birds, *except the dim*  
*Voice of a fountain, that, from the grassy brim,*  
*Ruined upon violets its liquid light,*  
*And visible love ; also, the murmur slight*  
*Of waves, that softly sang their anthem, and*  
*Trode gently on the soft and noiseless sand,*  
*As gentle children in sick chambers grieve,*  
*And go on tiptoe.'*

These stanzas exhibit a rare power over language, adequate to the teeming richness of the thought. And so he speaks of a widow —

'Wasting her mournful life out at her eyes ;'

And of 'heavenly eyes, dim with the dew which wastes away the heart ;' and the song of the *robin*, in a far land, —

\* \* \* \* 'as sweet  
 As a fairy's feet  
 Stepping on silver sand.'

The book is full of happy little touches of this sort — not 'laboriously,' (as Dryden says of Shakspeare) but 'luckily' expressed. Mr. Pike does not appear to work much, nor to correct at all. He never finished anything in his life — but his book ; and if he writes many more such, they will finish *him* — only for the lack of a modicum of application, such as a sensible man commonly devotes to a matter which he wishes — as our author plainly wishes his poetry — to *live*. To make amends for this lecture, we quote once more from the 'Planet Jupiter.'

'The mother, watching by her sleeping child,  
 Blesses thee, when thy light, so still and mild,  
 Falls through the casement on her babe's pale face,  
 And tinges it with a benignant grace,  
 Like the white shadow of an angel's wing.  
 The sick man, who has lain for many a day,  
 And wasted like a lightless flower away,  
 He blesses thee, O Jove ! when thou dost shine  
 Upon his face, with influence divine,

Soothing his thin, blue eyelids into sleep.  
 The child its constant murmuring will keep,  
 Within the nurse's arms, till thou dost glad  
 His eyes, and then he sleeps. The thin, and sad,  
 And patient student, closes up his books  
 A space or so, to gain from thy kind looks  
 Refreshment. Men, in dungeons pent,  
 Climb to the window, and, with head upbent,  
 Gaze they at thee. The timid deer awake,  
 And, 'neath thine eye, their nightly rambles make,  
 Whistling their joy to thee. The speckled trout  
 From underneath his rock comes shooting out,  
 And turns his eye to thee, and loves thy light,  
 And sleeps within it. The gray water-plant  
 Looks up to thee beseechingly aslant,  
 And thou dost feed it there, beneath the wave.  
 Even the tortoise crawls from out his cave,  
 And feeds wherever, on the dewy grass,  
 Thy light hath lingered. Thou canst even pass  
 To water-depths, and make the coral-fly  
 Work happier, when flattered by thine eye.'

This last idea furnishes an instance of the apparent appropriation of foreign thought, alluded to above. Everybody must remember, in one of Shakspeare's sonnets, the splendid notion of the sun 'flattering the mountain-top.' Perhaps Pike never heard of it; but more probably he had melted it down in his memory, till it was no longer distinguishable from the coin of his own imagining.

But enough of quotations and criticism. We have no space to speak of the prose parts of this volume—the narratives of journeys through the prairies, &c. — great curiosities though they be, highly interesting, and entirely free from the faults of the poems. Nor can we but allude to the extraordinary circumstances, under which the whole of this composition was written. Think of the subjects: 'Dirge over a companion buried in the prairie,' &c. — written in the bosom of the desolate wilderness, which, to the dwellers even on the Mississippi, is still the far-off West; — written by one who has abandoned society — a buffalo-hunter — *alone*.

In fine, what we have to advise our author is this. Let him travel and trap, if he pleases, till he gets rich; let him suffer, if he will, the stern hardships of the life he now leads, or has led, till his minor and his imaginary evils shall be, as they soon will be, forgotten, and the pilgrim shall have grown weary for a sight of 'the land of sunny eyes;' but, whenever it may be — and he is yet in the prime of his life, learning many things which will do him great good — *then* —

'Ere death shall close his quenched eyes,'

let him turn homeward to the dear region, whose son he is so proud to be, and whose glories he pores upon, while yet his



'*feet sound sadly*' in the western wild. Let him scout — as we know he will — the miserable notion of drifting henceforth, eyeless, as he says, on the stormy waves of life ; and of leaving the wind of the desert to rattle his graveless bones. He will come to his better self again, we doubt not, and will be merry, if it were only to thwart those, if any there be, who wish him otherwise ; 'and if, perchance' — as he himself declared, in a gleam of his natural humor —

'Some one or two are left,  
Sire, mother, sisters, take them to his heart,  
Shield them, defend them, that, when *he* shall die,  
Some one above the wanderer's grave may sigh.'

There is sense, as well as sensibility, in this ; and it will bear examination. And so will the noble spirit of true New-Englandism, in which he addresses his father-land, and promises to be true to its memory forever. Let him, then, like his robin, 'come back on his track.' If the eyes that he left, to grow dim months ago, will *not*

\* \* \* 'greet him again,  
\* \* \* with their idolized glow,'—

as we wage our life they will — we know of one good fellow, at least, who will take him by the right hand, and give him (with a bit of tender advice) a breakfast, as much better than the meat of the buffalo-cow, as the nectar of the immortal gods is superior to the puddle, drunk up, on his knees, from a hedge-hog's hole in the prairies. T.

## THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF MUSIC.

### NO. I.

VARIOUS theories have been formed respecting the origin of music ; and, indeed, in attempting to account for it, we meet with difficulty which does not occur in the other fine arts. Architecture, for instance, originated in the earliest wants of man : the first houses were only more convenient than the dens of wild beasts ; afterwards, from a principle inherent in our nature, attempts were made to beautify what at first was only useful. The objects of nature suggested the ornaments employed in architecture. The trunk of some tall and graceful tree was the model of the Grecian column ; a few saplings, bound together, form the Gothic. A basket of votive offerings, left on the tomb of a

Greek girl, round which the Acanthus had gracefully spread its leaves, is said to have given the idea of the Corinthian capital ; and the interweaving of the branches of a forest, which is clear of brushwood, seen in winter with a sunset sky for the background, presents the most exquisite specimens of the Gothic arch. Painting and sculpture are also strictly imitative arts.

This is not the case with music : no imperious physical want first called it into existence ; no models constantly prompted its cultivators to improvement. We might almost say, there is no type of it in nature ; for what, compared with music as we now possess it, is the roar of the ocean, the sighing of the forest, or the warbling of birds, which form the music of nature ? If we examine music as a science, we find it involving some of the deepest mathematical calculations, proceeding upon principles as invariable and governed by laws as intricate as those by which the planets move on in their orbits. If we view it as an art, we are astonished at its variety and power ; we observe that genius alone, aided by years of patience and toil, can excel in it. We find it a universal language, written and uttered alike by all civilized nations : no translations are needed for it : the distant Russian, of the north-west coast, and the inhabitant of sunny Italy, read it with ease. It cannot perish with length of time ; it can never become a dead language, for there is no mystery about its pronunciation ; it is written in characters which suggest tones as well as thoughts, and which will never cease to do so, until the very nature of the art shall be changed. This sublime and perfect art, therefore, seems to have grown up out of nothing — a solitary monument of unaided genius.

A common thing respecting its origin is, that it was first produced by the imitative propensities of men. Hearing the notes of birds, the rushing of streams, or the whistling of the wind, they endeavored to produce the same sound with the voice, or upon some rude instrument, and, gradually improving upon these beginnings, brought music to its present perfection. This theory is ingenious, but not probable. We might as well account for language in the same manner, and infer, that speech was suggested to man by the growl of the bear, the barking of the dog, or the more homely sounds of more homely animals. I much prefer to suppose, that music is born within us ; that it is indissolubly allied to our nature, and belongs to us as peculiarly as language itself. Instead of being merely imitative, and addressed to the senses alone, I prefer to invest it with a high intellectual character. The cry of horror, at sudden and fearful events, the loud shout of thanksgiving and jubilee, the soft, sweet tone that lulls the cradled infant, are more than imitative sounds ; they address themselves directly to the understanding and feelings. Music

begins where language ends ; it expresses thoughts and emotions, to which speech can give no utterance ; it clothes words with a power which language cannot impart. Our favorite songs are set to music, because we are not satisfied with hearing them recited ; we want to express more vividly the emotions which these words excite within us ; and music alone will do it. Hence it is, that after hearing them sung, the words appear powerless if read in the common tone of voice.

Though it is probable, that vocal music preceded all other kinds, we still know that instruments for producing sound were very early invented. We are told, in Genesis, that ‘Jubal was the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ.’ Other references were also made to the cultivation of music in the first ages of the world. The first grand musical festival on record, however, occurred immediately after the passage of the Israelites across the Red Sea ; nor can we conceive of a more sublime celebration. Standing on the shores of that wreck-strewn sea, whose waves rolled over the lifeless bodies of their enemies, and beholding in the distance the land of their bondage, they thought of the miracles which had been wrought for their deliverance ; they remembered that, for them, the rivers had been changed into blood ; for them, the country had been desolated, the people tortured with baleful reptiles, and thick darkness had rested on the land ; for them, the waters of the sea had been piled up as a wall, on their right hand and on their left ; they remembered, that they were free, and the desert rang with their triumphant anthems. The account is given with that simple grandeur which characterizes the writings of Moses. ‘Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord, and spake, saying — I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously ; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea. Thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy. With the blast of thy nostrils the waters were gathered together, the floods stood upright, as an heap, and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea. The enemy said — I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil ; my lust shall be satisfied on them ; I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them. Thou didst blow with thy wind ; the sea covered them ; they sank as lead in the mighty waters. And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand ; and all the women went out after her, with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them — Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously ; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.’

The Jews were a highly musical people ; they added this charm to all their celebrations, domestic, civil, and religious ; they sang at their nuptial feasts, at the inauguration of their kings,

and on birth-day festivals. The returning conqueror was welcomed with songs, and the wearisomeness of the long march was relieved by this pleasing recreation. In the temple, the music was performed by the Levites ; they were four thousand in number, and were divided, by king David, into twenty-four classes, each of which performed the music of the temple for one week at a time. They accompanied their songs by the different instruments which were then in use, excepting the silver trumpets, which were employed by the priests alone, and were used to summon the people, to make known the festal days, to direct the order of march, and to sound the alarm.

The most ancient musical instrument appears to have been the harp. Among the Hebrews, it had four, eight, or ten strings. With this number, it is not probable that very complicated music was produced ; but the instrument was undoubtedly used chiefly as an accompaniment to the voice. They also used another stringed instrument, of a triangular form. It was covered with parchment, drawn tight over both sides, so as to produce reverberation, like the guitar or violin. Over this, were drawn the strings, six, nine, or ten in number. This instrument is supposed to be alluded in the Scriptures as the psaltery. The wind instruments were pipes—either single, or several joined together—trumpets and horns : the organ, as understood in the Bible, was nothing more than a simple pipe, perhaps pierced, like our clarionet, to produce different notes. We find that, till very recently, the word retained the same signification in English—the instrument which now bears the name, being always mentioned in the plural number, so that we spoke of playing the organs, not the organ. The timbrel appears to have been much such an instrument as our tambourine—being composed of a circular frame, of wood or brass, hung round with small bells, and a piece of parchment stretched over it. This instrument was used by the dancers to accompany their steps. Finally, the Jews made use of cymbals, much like our own, and another kind not unlike the Spanish castanets, four in number, which were worn on the thumb and middle finger of each hand, to beat time in dancing.

The Greeks were great lovers of music. Their instruments were not unlike those of the Jews. Their principal and most ancient one, was the harp ; besides which, they used the pipe, trumpet, and flute ; and we may reasonably suppose, that music was carried to a high degree of perfection among a people remarkable for their exquisite taste, and speaking a language which, for melodiousness, has never been matched. I suppose their ordinary singing to have been somewhat like that of the Italian peasants of the present day ; and there certainly is no popular

music so delightful as this. Returning home in crowds from their labors, or wandering by midnight through the streets of their cities, they invariably join in the full chorus : they are untaught, but their taste is so correct, and their voices so fine, that they are able to sing in perfect time, and produce rich harmony : and the traveler, from some less genial climate, aroused from his slumbers by this midnight chorus, which, in the pure, still nights of Italy, seems to fill the air, almost fancies that he has listened to tones from a better world.

The Greeks possessed even greater natural advantages than the modern Italians. Their taste for the fine arts is without any rival ; and the clear and mild atmosphere of their country undoubtedly rendered their voices superior to those of any modern civilized nation. They began very early, however, to reduce music to a regular science. In 546, B. C., Casus wrote a treatise on the theory of music ; and Pythagoras investigated the mathematical relations of tones. The division of the scale, as explained by Vitruvius, is somewhat intricate ; it consisted of two octaves and a half ; but these octaves, however, contained only half the compass of our own—as the Greeks appear to have used half-notes and quarter-tones, where we employ the whole and semitones. As there is much uncertainty still, respecting the signification of their terms, it is not worth our while to go into the detail upon this point. It is worthy of remark, however, that the Greeks had so cultivated music, that their language was employed in the science exclusively, and seems to have been as intimately connected with it, as Italian is at the present day. Vitruvius remarks, that, ‘ harmony is a difficult musical science, but most difficult to those who are unacquainted with the Greek language, because it is necessary to use many Greek words, to which there are no corresponding ones in the Latin.’

The Greeks evinced considerable knowledge of harmony, in an expedient to which they resorted for aiding the voices of their actors. Their theatres were very large, and open above, so that it was almost impossible for the voice, unaided, to fill them : numerous musical instruments, somewhat resembling a bell in shape and tone, were therefore suspended around the interior of the theatre, at regular intervals, in such a manner that their focus was in the middle of the stage : they were made to chord with each other ; and the actor's voice, falling equally on all, reverberated in clear and unbroken tones. Another use made of musical tones, by the Greeks, was in their military engines. The Catapulta was a machine for throwing arrows and stones. A thick plank, of some elastic wood, having one end firmly fixed, was bent back by means of numerous cords, which being suddenly loosed, the

plank returned violently to its original position, and discharged the missile with great force. The accuracy of the aim depended upon drawing with equal force each cord by which the plank was bent back ; and, in order to be certain of this, they struck the cords when in a state of tension, and determined, by the musical tone it returned, whether it were drawn tight enough or not.

In closing our remarks upon Greek music, we cannot forbear citing a very pleasant writer, in the *Edinburgh Review*, upon the subject: 'Greece,' says he, 'was, without exaggeration, the land of minstrelsy. It is not to a few great names and splendid exhibitions, to temples and theatres and national assemblies, that we need appeal for the proof of this assertion. View her people in their domestic occupations, their hours of labor and refreshment ; peep into their houses, their work-shops, their taverns ; survey their farms, their vineyards, their gardens : from all, arises an universal sound of melody. The Greek weaver sang at his loom, the reapers sang in the field, the water-drawers at the well ; the 'women, grinding at the mill,' beguiled their toils with song. On board ship, was heard one kind of strains ; around the wine-press, peeled another. The shepherd had his own peculiar stave — the oxherd, rejoicing in ballads more suited to 'horned bestial' — the godlike swineherd disdained to be outdone. Greek nurses, like other nurses, soothed fretful infancy with lullabies : Greek bathing-men were given to be musical. At bed and board, in grief, in love, in battle, in festivity, walking, running, swinging, sitting or recumbent, still they sang. Young men and maidens, old women and children, woke the untiring echoes. Beggars asked for alms, in verse. No occasion, great or small, of a mortal career, was without its appropriate harmony. Marriage had its epithalamia, its soporific strains at midnight, its rousing strains in the morning ; parturition had its hymns to Diana ; death itself was forced to drop the curtain to soft music.'

In Italy, music had made some advances before the time of the Romans. On this subject, an American writer makes the following remarks. 'We cannot doubt of the existence of music in Italy antecedently to the time of the Romans ; although no treatise has been handed down to us, on the subject, written in the Oscan or Etruscan language. When we bear in mind the number and splendor of the cities, possessed by the latter of these nations, the luxury of their inhabitants, the skill of the artists, particularly in the plastic art, and in the fabrication of those vases denominated Etruscan, which equal, in point of beauty, the famous Murrhine vases — when we cast our eyes on Capua, which was called *Caput Urbium*, from the circumstance of its being the first of the Etruscan colonies — on Pozzuoli, whose immense amphitheatre has survived the ravages of time, and served as a

model of the famous Coliseum of Flavianus — on Naples and Cumæ, the most ancient of all their cities — can we for a moment believe, that in such a country, in other words, in all the south-west districts of Italy, the musical art alone should not have been carried to the highest degree of perfection ?' The Romans borrowed songs and musical instruments from this nation and from Greece ; and they employed music on the same occasions as these two ; but especially for religious ceremonies and in war. The flute was used on the stage to sustain the voice of the actor ; and it is supposed that the great orators employed a musician for the same purpose, when they addressed the people in the forum. It was not until the time of the emperors, however, that music reached its perfection among them. In the age of Augustus, (as we are told) the magnificent hymn, written by Horace, in honor of Apollo and Diana, which has been preserved to our day, was set to music and sung by two choirs, alternately — one composed of females, the other of young men from the best families in Rome. Under the succeeding Emperors, the art was cultivated with great care ; the instruments used were nearly the same as those of Greece, and it is probable that they were extremely good. One of them has been preserved uninjured, to our own time. This instrument, which is the origin of the trombone, one of the most important pieces in modern bands, was dug up recently in Pompeii, where it had been buried for nearly two thousand years, and was presented by the King of Naples to the Emperor of Austria : the lower part is of bronze, and the upper half, with the mouth-piece, of pure gold. The tones of this instrument are so fine, that modern art has never been able to equal them.

The Emperor Nero excelled in playing on the harp ; and his reign may be considered the golden age of classic music. But, the art was solemnly proscribed at Rome after his death, for it was too painfully associated with his crimes ; it reminded the people of a tyrant, who delighted in blood — the murderer of his venerable preceptor, of his brother and his mother and both his wives ; it reminded them of the monster, who set fire to the city, and, during the nine days' conflagration, sang to his harp of the burning of Troy. This epoch may be regarded as the close of 'Ancient Music.' It was received into the Christian church after this, and there developed with a power which was unknown to antiquity.

Two buildings, on distant and opposite hills, in Rome, seem to record these facts : on one hand, is seen a bleak, weather-worn tower, rising in lonely grandeur amid the ruins of the past. On this tower, Nero is said to have stood, enjoying the awful fire he had occasioned, and exulting, with harp and song, over

the scene of destruction and woe which was passing beneath. On the opposite side of the city, and beyond the Tiber, stands the magnificent temple of St Peter's — the most sublime and glorious monument ever reared — the work of ages — the wonder of earth. There, are heard those marvelous tones, never equaled and inimitable — the perfection of Christian music. These edifices may be regarded as the monuments of ancient and modern music ; each tells its own tale.

## LINES

*Suggested by a picture of Murat, taken a few moments after his execution.*

FAREWELL ! for the light of thy speaking eye  
Is dim with the shade of death ;  
And the ringlets around thy pale cheek lie  
Unstirred by the faintest breath.  
Ah ! who, that gazes upon thee now,  
As thou liest so stilly there,  
With thy chisel'd lip, and thy marble brow,  
And thy stirless folds of hair,  
Can recall the light of thy snowy plume,  
And the wave of thy red right hand,  
Or thy charger's rush, through the sulphury gloom,  
At the head of thy stern, wild band ?  
Didst thou seek for death in the battle-field,  
And perish ignobly here ?  
Yet thy prayer was heard, and the muskets pealed,  
And thine was a soldier's bier.  
Thy faithful bosom her portrait bore —  
Thy queen's — it was true to the last ;  
And thy face a smile of affection wore —  
A look of the happy past :  
The past ! when no royal name was thine,  
No diadem girt thy brow ;  
But the fealty was thine of the battled line,  
And thy splendor the red field's glow.  
Thou hast gone to a sleep that's long and deep,  
And dim is thy starlike eye ;  
The hand of a slave may rob thy grave —  
Not of fame — that can never die.



## CRITICAL NOTICES.

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*Mrs. Frances Anne Butler's Journal. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard.*

AMONG the recent publications of the day, this is one of the most attractive. It is, in some respects, rather an extraordinary book, but, withal, a very amusing one — the production of a writer of no *mediocre* talent. As it is easily abused, it has received from the press the most severe comments, while the author has been held up to public ridicule in a series of gross caricatures, in some of which the *mauvaise plaisanterie* of the artist (?) is pushed beyond the limits of decorum. An attempt to annihilate Mrs. B. has been made in a published review, declared to be from the pen of an English lady; but which, in fact, is, to say the least, a most deplorable specimen of bad taste, and a practical satire upon the American public, far more severe than anything to be found in 'the book.'

That there are very many things in the 'Journal,' which are gross and inexcusable, it is impossible to deny. Some of its language is, to say the least, very extraordinary, as coming from a lady; and the publication of so many trivial details, is in bad taste. But, in our estimation, it is quite as puerile to harp incessantly upon a peculiar phrase, and to hunt through the book, as some editors have done, to ascertain how many times 'dawdled' and 'pottered' occur; or how often Miss Kemble indulged in the luxury of a *siesta* — passing over whole pages of glowing, descriptive sketches, the tribute of a talented mind to the surpassing beauties of our country.

How much of the singular conduct complained of in Miss Kemble is the consequence of the treatment she experienced, remains to be seen. At a very early age, she entered upon the duties of an arduous profession, from the very best of motives. Her father had become involved in pecuniary difficulties, from which it seemed almost impossible to rescue him — quite impossible to all but his daughter. As she had a strong dislike to the profession, (as she avers — and we have no right to disbelieve her) she resolutely determined to sacrifice her inclinations, and make a bold attempt to save her family from ruin. Her reception by the London public was most enthusiastic. Young and inexperienced, she was, all at once, exposed to the intoxication of success and flattery. She received, not merely the vulgar, noisy applause of crowded theatres, but the homage of the most enlightened men of the age — men who had toiled years to obtain the laurel with which she was instantly crowned. Through the fiery ordeal of so general an enthusiasm, she can hardly be said to have passed unscathed. Yet she was not negligent of duties; but, in the study of parts, their rehearsal and performance, she went through an amount of mental and physical labor, during her first season, which may be justly called unparalleled. Nor did she confine herself to what may be termed, com-

paratively, the merely mechanical part of her profession ; for she produced a tragedy, (Francis the First) which is highly creditable to the youthful talent of the author.

It must not be supposed, that she was totally exempt from the influence of those jealousies, and breakings forth of envy, which are found in every profession, and particularly in the histrionic. She was assailed in a London paper, and invidious reports were daily circulated. These petty annoyances may have had a favorable effect, as contrasting with the overweening flattery of her admirers. On the whole, the reception of Miss Kemble, in England, contributed to strengthen all her early prejudices, to fix forever her love for the land of her birth, and for those institutions her ideas of which were inseparably connected with the members of the brilliant and aristocratic circles which had done her honor. With high tory principles, she came to this country, necessarily prepared to look upon it through a medium which would somewhat disguise the natural colors of the objects she beheld. In America, her public reception was warm and welcome ; but, admiration was not confined within its proper limits. There was a Kemble mania. The young lady could not appear, without having her dress, her every action noted. When she entered an evening-party, all eyes were at once riveted upon her. Caps and curls, *a la Kemble*, were immediately adopted. When she was found to ride our horses, notwithstanding 'their shuffling, rollicking, mongrel pace, half-trot, half-canter,' the multitude of female equestrians, that immediately took the road, is quite inconceivable. It is rather humiliating to be made a *lionness* ; certainly, there is nothing very flattering in it. Nine persons out of ten will revenge themselves by attempting something very singular, for the mere pleasure of observing the gaping astonishment, and half-hesitating admiration it excites. To rebuke a folly by committing a similar one, is certainly weak ; but Miss Kemble, like other persons of genius, has her *little weaknesses*. *Nemo omnibus horis, &c. Qui vive sans folie n'est pas si sage qu'il croit.*

Miss Kemble recorded in her 'Journal' her 'First Impressions.' Mrs. Butler acknowledges many of their errors in the notes. Whatever struck her, at first sight, as new, was hastily condemned as faulty ; but a second examination has led her, in many instances, to correct her mistakes. It may be said, that there still remain many unfounded charges, and many misrepresentations ; but the writer may frequently have been misinformed herself. In some cases her prejudices misled her ; but, in none has she betrayed any personal malignity, or deep-seated aversion to the country which has given her so warm a welcome. It is true, that the weak desire of criticism frequently betrays her into a little fault-finding ; and this reminds us of our own vocation, which cannot permit us to notice even a favorite author, without giving him a little advice, and pointing out a few defects. But, after all, the fair critic has been no more severe upon us than many of our own writers, of whose license, in this respect, a thousand instances might be given. The truth is, we are aware that we have not attained that perfectibility which is incompatible with mortality, and are willing to hear a little good-humored railery from compatriots ; but, wo to the foreigner who dares to show us up ! If Mrs. Butler were as grossly abusive as the Hamiltons, the Trollopes, the Fiddlers, the Schmidts, *et id genus omne*, we could cry *amen* ! to the denunciations of the press ; but we cannot class her with them, nor rebuke her in terms which are appropriate to them. We have too high an opinion of our country and our noble

selves, to fly into a passion with her because she finds or fancies blemishes among us ; and, above all, we cannot forget that she is a member of the *beau sexe*, young, talented, and fresh from the most intoxicating flattery and bewildering admiration.

For the literary reputation of the author, it would have been well if some severe critic had separated the wheat from the chaff, which is now so liberally sprinkled throughout the pages of the 'Journal.' But, as it stands, it is amusing, and abounds with striking passages. There is occasionally a flow of easy and graceful writing, which proves the author to possess great command of language. Take, for instance, the following passage, selected at random :— 'I like to linger around the sweet hourly and daily fulfilment of hope, which the slow progress of vegetation, in my own dear country, allows one full enjoyment of ; to watch the leaf from the bark, the blossom from the bud ; and the delicate, pale-white, peeping heads of the hawthorn, to the fragrant, snowy, delicious flush of flowering ; the downy green clusters of small round buds on the apple-trees, to the exquisite, rose-tinted clouds of soft blossoms, waving against an evening sky.'

By a few well-chosen words, a whole scene is placed distinctly before us, as in the following description of a view from the Battery, New-York :— 'The wind blew tempestuously ; the waters, all tumbled and rough, were of a yellow-green color, breaking into short, strong, angry waves, whose glittering white crests the wind carried away, as they sank to the level surface again. The shores were all cold, distinct, sharp-cut, and wintry-looking ; the sky was black and gloomy, with now and then a watery, wan sunlight running through it.'

The poetry, interspersed throughout the volumes, is far above mediocrity ; indeed, it bears the stamp of genius. If the author, as she hints, be indeed engaged upon a novel, we may expect a production of talent, and, as such, shall freely welcome it, provided the scene be not in America, nor the heroine Fanny Kemble.

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### *Outre-Mer ; a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea.*

It is unnecessary to state to our readers, that the author of these pleasing volumes is H. W. Longfellow, recently appointed Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres, in Harvard University, and now abroad for the purpose of gathering materials to illustrate the department of learning covered by his professorship. The writings of this gentleman show a rare union of the scholar and the poet. To a minute and laborious research, a well-arranged and copious fund of erudition, he adds a lively sense of the harmony of language, an artist-like power of delineation, and a ready humor, that peeps out, ever and anon, and is always greeted with a hearty welcome.

These volumes contain a series of sketches and tales, illustrative of the peculiarities of the European nations among whom Mr. L. was a sojourner. There is a vein of quiet and sober reflection running through the sketch of the village of Auteuil, that takes strong hold on the heart : 'the Valley of the Loire' is full of beautiful description : and 'the Trouveres' contains much agreeable information on a curious portion of the poetry of the middle ages. But the best thing in the first volume is 'the Baptism of Fire'—a story of martyrdom, told in a strain of high and moving eloquence.

The second volume begins with an essay on Spanish ballads. This is intrinsically one of the most interesting subjects within the range of modern literature.

Mr. Longfellow is deeply read in these, and enters, with the enthusiasm of a poet, into their marvelous grace, simplicity, and pathos. The translations he has given us, are done with singular beauty and truth to the originals. The 'Coplas de Don Jorge Manrique' is an extraordinary poem, and Mr. Longfellow's English version is wrought with remarkable felicity. Passages might be selected from the essay on the moral and devotional poetry of Spain, marked with the finest spirit of criticism, and a most delicate perception of the ancient shades in the coloring of national poetry. There are, also, exquisite passages in the Italian sketches, that breathe the very inspiration of Italian skies, and the myriad associations that clustre around every spot of that classic land. The 'Defence of Poetry' is, we believe, the substance of an article published some time since in the North American Review, and contains an able statement of the claims of poetry on our respect and love.

We think the readers of this work will welcome it as an agreeable and valuable addition to our literature. The style is pure and polished; the language flows with fullness, beauty and harmony. Many of the humorous sketches are drawn with a true and discriminating hand; while the serious portions are written in a noble spirit, adorned by well-sustained eloquence. But there are some points, of small importance, in which the work is open to criticism. A few pet words and phrases have crept into our author's style, and established themselves without his knowing it, such as 'merry,' 'merrimake,' 'holiday finery.' Mr. L. writes, too, sometimes in the character of an idler, who goes about with his eyes half shut, indulging in all sorts of day-dreams and vagaries; now, everybody knows that Mr. L. is the most wide-awake of mortal men—that he never idled away an hour in his life; and that, instead of wandering listlessly over the storied scenes of Europe, he contrived to gather an astonishing amount of information on all matters pertaining to literature, down to the provincial dialects of the various languages, of which he made himself thoroughly master. We should have been better pleased, had our author written more in his own character, though, it is true, he has Mr. Irving's authority for falling into reveries, whenever the humor takes him. Mr. L. has a way of picking up some odd, tatterdemalion ne'er do weel, and making a picture of him. He does this with a good degree of skill and graphic power; nevertheless, people will be reminded of Mr. Irving again. But, our author is no imitator; only these coincidences in manner, once in a while, bring up the author of the 'Sketch-Book' and 'Bracebridge-Hall.' A very few changes would have removed these traces of resemblance; for they are *traces*, and nothing more. But this picking flaws, in beautiful works of poetry and imagination, is an ungracious task, and we gladly bid it adieu.

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*The Infidel; or, the Fall of Mexico. By the Author of 'Calavar.'* Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

Dr. Bird has not abandoned the ground which he assumed in his first novel; neither does the present give any evidence of diminishing power, or a dearth of materials. Everything in the 'Infidel' is new, striking, and interesting. The opening of the tale finds the army of Don Hernan Cortes making preparations for an attack on the city of Mexico, by conveying to the shores of the lake, which surrounds it, the materials for building a fleet of brigantines. While Cortes, now holding a royal commission, and strengthened by the accession of a vast host of

Indian auxiliaries, is preparing to push the siege with vigor, the talents of the young emperor, Guatimozin, inspire the Mexicans with the hope of successful resistance. This is matter of history ; but, on the fortunes of Juan Lerma, a young cavalier, the main interest of the tale depends. Juan, after having basked in the smiles of Cortes, has incurred his deadly hatred, and been sent on an exploring and gold-hunting expedition, as to certain destruction. At the opening of the tale, he returns with two companions. He has survived all the perils which Cortes anticipated — the defection of his mutinous forces, the horrors of battle and captivity, and has accomplished the object of his mission, and discovered fertile lands, and wealthy provinces, washed by the waters of the Southern Sea. Cortes receives him with marked displeasure, but dares not proceed openly against so gallant and honorable a youth, who, meanwhile, does not suspect the cause of his former patron's anger. He resolves to remain with the Spaniards, although repeatedly warned to fly by *La Monjonaza*, or the Nun — a mysterious personage, young, beautiful, and talented, whose history is unknown. It is rumored, that she came to Isabella with a sisterhood, who were to establish a convent in the new world ; the vessel was wrecked, and all perished but herself. Still, she is believed to love Juan Lerma, notwithstanding her vows. Over Cortes, she exerts a powerful influence ; yet, it would seem, not powerful enough, to save the object of his hate. Magdalena (for this is her real name) is watched by Camarga — another mysterious character, who, though a soldier, occasionally wanders about in the garb of a Dominican friar. During a nocturnal commotion, the emperor, Guatimozin, lands at Tezcuco in disguise, and meets, in the garden of Cortes, with Juan, who has been his friend, and who loves Zelahualla, the sister of the king. Finding that the Mexican monarch has come to Tezcuco with no hostile intent, Juan resolves to conceal him, and effect his escape. In this, he fails — is attacked by the Spaniards, draws his sword upon Cortes, without knowing him, is overpowered and thrown into a dungeon. Guatimozin, whose person is unknown, assumes the character of a Mexican orator, and is dismissed by Cortes on an embassy to the emperor. On the day before that which is fixed for the execution of Lerma, an embassy from the emperor arrives, and the members of it are detained, until the next day, in the prison, although treated with lenity. Juan, although conscious of innocence, is informed that he must prepare for death on the ensuing day. He refuses to escape, although Villafana, his gaoler, promises him liberty, on condition of his joining in a conspiracy against the general ; although Guatimozin, who, disguised as one of the ambassadors, has entered the prison, volunteers to save his Castilian friend, and although Magdalena urges his escape with all the impetuosity of passion. Juan is deeply grateful for the kindness of Magdalena, but does not requite her love. At length, the friends of Lerma are compelled to leave him resolved to meet his fate, unless some way of honorable rescue offers. In the course of the night, the Spaniards are attacked by the Indians, the prison is burned, and Juan borne off senseless by his infidel friend, the Emperor of Mexico. Shortly afterwards, the mysterious Camarga reveals to Magdalena a dreadful secret — namely, that Juan is her brother. He learns, with wild joy, that the terrible passion of the Spanish maid has been unrequited ; but, while preparing an escape from the labyrinth of difficulties, in which circumstances have involved them, he is struck down by the hand of an Indian, and Magdalena hurried on board of a piragua, which bears her to the city of Mexico, where she meets Juan and confesses their consan-

guinity. Immediately after these events, the Indian city is attacked, and soon experiences all the horrors of drought and famine. Juan, resolutely refusing to fight against his countrymen, draws upon himself the hatred of the Mexicans, and the reproaches of Guatimozin. He is not permitted to see his sister, and the lovely Zelahualla, whom he has converted to Christianity; and his attempts at escape are frustrated. Meanwhile, Cortes begins to appreciate the character of Lerma. His hatred sprang from jealousy, caused by the friendly attentions which his wife, Dona Catalina, bestowed upon Juan. The Conquistador finds that his credulity has been abused by Velasquez and others, and longs for an opportunity to repair the injuries he has done. The various mysteries are at length unraveled by the confessions of Camaraga, or rather Gregorio. The sister of Cortes, a Spanish nun, proves the mother of Juan and Magdalena, by the brother of Gregorio. The intrigue has long been known, but Cortes now learns with joy that his sister was married to her lover, after obtaining a private dispensation of her vows. Notwithstanding this, Gregorio Castillejo (for he belonged to that noble family) procured, by diabolical means, the death of his brother—thus securing his estate. Juan was sent to Isabella, in the care of a ruffian; and Magdalena was placed in a convent. In due time, she came to the new world—was wrecked, rescued by her brother, sought to avoid the fulfilment of her vows, and thus laid the foundation of her misfortunes. Many of Gregorio's crimes were divulged after the death of his brother; and he sought the new world with the intention of restoring Juan and Magdalena their rightful inheritance. The city of Mexico is taken—Magdalena dies—and Juan, united to Zelahualla, the descendant of a thousand queens, bears his bride across the Atlantic, to his princely domain in Old Castile.

This is a brief and unsatisfactory outline of a tale abounding with striking descriptions and thrilling incidents. The execution of the traitor, Villafana, is described with fearful fidelity. There is a fine scene between Guatimozin and Juan Lerma, when the latter has resolved to leave his infidel friend by stratagem, and throw himself upon the mercy of Cortes. Juan is alone in his chamber:—

‘A heavy step rang in the passage, and the next moment the Indian monarch stood before the captive. He was singularly and sumptuously armed. From head to foot, his body was covered with a garment, perhaps of escaupil, fitting so tightly as to display his limbs to advantage; and over all was a coat of mail, consisting of copper spangles or scales, richly gilded, and stitched upon a shirt of dressed leather. His head was defended by a morion of the same metal, shaped not unlike to those of the Spaniards, and equally strong; and its ability to resist a violent blow was increased by the folds of a stout serpent, painted green, wreathing over its whole surface. A shield of tapir-skin, studded with copper nails, hung from his neck; and he bore a macana, which was stained with blood. He wore none of the emblems of royalty; and his appearance was only that of some highly-distinguished noble. His eye was bright and fiery; his step firm and proud; but his aspect was thin and haggard.

‘Has my brother heard the shouts of men near him, and does he yet say, ‘Let me sleep;’ were the words with which he saluted the captive.

‘Prince,’ said Juan, eyeing him anxiously and interrogatively, though speaking with positive emphasis, ‘as I told you before, so has it happened. The cannon were ready on the dike, the falconets were charged in the ships, and the men of Sandoval slept with swords and matches in their hands, and with their eyes open. Guatimozin does not come back a victor!’

‘He comes back with a prisoner,’ said the prince, proudly; ‘and, to-morrow, the lord with the red hair (Sandoval) will count the dead and weep; and Malintzin shall see the flames of sacrifice rising from the pyramid.’

'Alas !' exclaimed Juan ; ' in condemning captives to this horrible death, against your will, for I know your heart is not cruel, you harden the soul of Cortes against you ; and he will remember each sacrifice, when the day of surrender comes at last.'

'Let it be harder than it is, what cares the Mexican who dies?' replied the king. 'Does my brother think that I am weary, or that Malintzin can fight longer than I?'

'Think not to deceive me, prince ; I know that already your altars and palaces are within reach of the cannon-shot — nay, of the musket-ball ; you are hemmed in, like a wild-cat on a tree ; your enemies are all round you, and they look into your eyes. Are not the water-suburbs already taken?'

'Why should I lie?' replied Guatimozin. 'If you go to Tacuba, you will see the banks of the island — the city of the water is not there. If you look from Iztapalatan, the surges go rushing up towards the great temple — the houses are under the lake. If you look from the door of my dwelling, you will see the quarter of Tepejacac falling also into the lake. When Malintzin calls aloud in the morning, the lord of the red hair answers him, and Malintzin hears. Thus it is with Mexico ; yet my brother sleeps, while I die, saying to his soul, 'It is all very just, for I sleep and see not.''

'If I see not and help not, yet is my heart torn by your distresses,' replied Juan, earnestly. 'But why should I help? It would be a great sin upon my soul, and could do you no good. Listen to my counsel, Guatimozin : it is not yet too late. Cease to protract an unavailing resistance ; send to Cortes with offers of submission, and be assured of reigning still, a king, though not a vassal.'

'Does Guatimozin fight to be a king?' said the infidel, with dignity. 'He struck the Spaniard before he thought of a crown. He thinks not of palaces and fine garments, but says, 'Why should the people of Mexico be made slaves?' The king fights for Mexico.'

'He will fight best for Mexico with peace. The kings of Tezcucó and Iztapalatan pay tribute to Mexico — are their people slaves? Thus shall it be with Mexico : the king shall give gold, as the tributary of Spain, and Mexicans shall remain in freedom.'

'Will my brother prattle like Malintzin?' demanded the monarch, sternly.

'Where is the freedom of Zempoala, of Tlascala, of Cholula? The people talk of it, while a Spaniard strikes them with a lash. Where is the freedom of Tezcucó? The young king, who is a boy, sits on the throne ; but the Spaniard, whom my brother struck in the face with a sword, when he chased Olin-pili, is there with him, and he robs and abuses the people, so that they have sent their tears to Malintzin. What was the fate of Montezuma? He sat in the Spaniards' house in chains, and the soldiers murdered his nobles, who danced in peace in the court-yard. What was the fate of Montezuma? The Spaniard, who is lord of the king of Tezcucó, would have done violence to the captive maiden. — Does my brother remember?'

'Ay !' replied Juan, with the gleam of passion that visited his eyes only when he spoke of Guzman : 'I remember, and I hope yet to avenge. Sinner that I am, I cannot think it a crime, to covet the blood of this man. But, prince, let me know — my captivity is very hard — why should I not be allowed to speak with the princess? Why should my sister be hidden from me?'

The countenance of Guatimozin darkened.

'When my brother will fight for them, he shall be at liberty. My brother thinks again of the canoe at the bottom of the garden?'

Juan colored, and said,

'You keep me a prisoner — I strove to escape. The king mocks me, to call me his brother.'

'The warriors are very angry, yet the Great Eagle is alive. He cannot go among them in safety, unless as their friend.'

'And who,' said Juan, 'shall warrant me of safety, if I go even as a friend?'

He deemed it now the period to commence acting upon his scheme of escape, yet hesitated, stung with shame at the thought of the duplicity to which he was descending. 'It is better to die on the dikes than to pine in the dungeon.'

Guatimozin's eye gleamed with a sudden fire.

'Does my brother jest with me?' he said. 'If my brother think it wrong to strike a Spaniard, he shall not be called upon to fight. He can teach me the things it is needful to know; and be in no fear.'

'When did Guatimozin see me afraid?' cried Juan, stifling as well as he could the sense of humiliation and disgust, with which he began the office of a deceiver. 'To give you counsel how to resist or attack, will make me as much a renegade as to draw sword at once. If I do become an apostate, it shall be boldly, and with the sword. Prince, I have thought over this thing: my heart is grieved with your distress; and for my sister, and for Zelahualla, I will do what my conscience condemns. Does the king know what shall be my fate, if I am found fighting by the Spaniards?'

'Twenty chosen warriors shall circle my brother round about, and he shall keep aloof from the van of battle.'

'If I fight, it shall be in the van,' said Juan, his self-condemnation giving a character of sullenness to his tones. 'But what, if I fall — what shall become of my sister?'

'She shall be the sister of Guatimozin and of Zelahualla,' said Guatimozin, with energy, yet with doubt; for he could hardly believe that Juan was speaking seriously.

'Let the king say *this*, and I will go out with him to battle: — If I die, he will cause my sister and the princess to be delivered into the hands of Cortes.'

'The Spanish lady shall be sent to Malintzin; but the Centzontli shall remain with her brother the king. It is better she should die with him than dwell with the Spaniards. Why shouldst thou think it? Are there not more Guzmans than one?'

Juan muttered painfully to himself.

'Perhaps it is better. Heaven will protect her, for she has acknowledged her Redeemer. Will the king swear, then, if his brother falls, that Magdalena shall be sent to the Spaniards?'

'He will swear,' said Guatimozin, ardently. 'It is better for the Spanish lady; for she knows not our speech, and she pines away. And if the king prevails over his enemies, the king will remember what Juan says of her.'

'Now, then, let the king tell me the truth, and mislead me not. How much longer can he maintain the city?'

'Till he is dead! But he may soon die,' he added, confidently, for now he doubted no longer that he had gained his purpose. 'My brother shall first teach me how to get food. The ships move about at night, and no canoe can reach the shore. The king sits down to eat with the warriors, and he eats no more; but the warriors cry all night for food.'

'Good Heaven!' said Juan, surveying the wasted cheeks of the monarch; 'are you already so straitened? your garners already exhausted?'

'Who can reckon for so many mouths?' cried Guatimozin.

'I dreamed not of this. Sure, I have never been denied abundance!'

'My brother is a prisoner; and the women and children are feeble. Why should they want, when the warriors can endure hunger better?'

The communication of this painful intelligence nerved Juan more strongly in his purpose. He perceived the necessity of acting without delay, if he wished to protect the young infidel from the consequence of his own despairing fury, and the maiden of his love, and his sister, from a fate too dreadful to be imagined. His eagerness the more fully deluded the young monarch, not prone to suspicion where he loved, and he was soon made acquainted with the whole condition of the beleaguered city, and the situation of the Spaniards. He was also instructed in the particulars of a design of Guatimozin, to be practised upon the ensuing day, the boldness of which, as well as its strong probabilities of success, both astonished and dismayed him. He perceived that perhaps the fate of the entire Spanish army depended upon the course he might pursue, and his honor and feelings seemed all to call upon him for some exertion to arrest the impending destruction.

When he had been made acquainted with all that Guatimozin thought fit to divulge, and had again and again repeated his resolution to take arms and accompany the Mexicans against his countrymen, the king embraced him with great warmth,



promising to provide him with a good Spanish sword and helmet from among the spoils; but recommending that, in all respects, he should assume the guise of a Mexican.

When these arrangements were completed, he turned to depart, and yet seemed loath to go. Finally, he took Juan by the arm, and said,

'To-night, the king will sleep by the side of his brother: we will wake in the morning and go out together.'

'Why will not the king speak kind things to the queen? It will rejoice her to look upon the king.'

'Has she not a little sick babe by her side? and are they not very wretched?' said Guatimozin, exposing, without reserve, the miseries preying upon his own bosom, and abandoning himself to a grief that seemed to mock the greatness of his station. 'When I look upon them,' he said, 'I am no longer the king who thinks of Mexico and the people, but a man with a base heart, who cries, 'Why am I not a prisoner and a slave, that my little child may be saved, and his mother protected from the famine that is coming?' 'The king should not think these things; he should not look upon his household, but his country.'

'Go, notwithstanding,' said Juan, touched still further by the distresses of the infidel. 'Comfort them with your presence, and let their sufferings admonish you of the only way to end them. It is not too late to submit.'

'Is this the way my brother begins the duties of a Mexican?' said Guatimozin. 'The gods tell me to die, not yield. I fight for Mexico—not for the wife and child of Guatimozin.'

With these words, and having banished all traces of weakness and repining, he left Juan to slumber, or to weigh, in painful anticipation, the risks and uncertainties of his projected enterprise.'

The above extract contains passages of impassioned eloquence, and simple yet touching pathos. Of such, the work is full; and looking at the fidelity of the historical portraits, the highly poetical descriptions of natural objects, the interest of the story, and the *keeping* observed in the delineation of character, we cannot help feeling that American literature is to derive a new lustre from the exertions of an author, gifted with talent adequate to the production of such works as 'Calavar' and the 'Infidel.' And it is pleasant to perceive, that there is no flagging, no diminution of power. 'Calavar' was excellent, but the 'Infidel' is still better; and we have no reason to doubt that the author will improve upon us as he continues to write. A wide field is before him. He stands, moreover, upon a vantage-ground, and we know of no writer able to compete with him in the unexplored regions to which he has retired. We understand that he is now engaged upon a work, in which the characters and scenes are of our own country—and, in this new undertaking, we may look for the like eminent success.

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### *The Crayon Miscellany, No. II.*

We venture to say that this volume will be more eagerly read than anything sent from the press during the past year. The first number of the 'Miscellany' was fresh and fascinating. It depicted the pleasures of wandering over the prairies, the charms of buffalo-hunting, in such colors that we should gladly have joined an expedition to the far West, in full faith of enjoying the magnificent spectacle of prairie scenery, and of shooting a buffalo, could we have broken away from the Lilliputian ties of civilized life, and especially from the toils of reviewing. But, when we took up the present volume, our longings for savage scenes, half-broiled venison, and sleeping in the open air, went away, one by one, before the over-

whelming interest excited by these exquisite pictures of the greatest poet, and the greatest novelist of this age. Washington Irving visited Abbotsford many years before the death of its illustrious owner. He was received with Scott's characteristic kindness, and with the cordial greeting which his own genius richly merited. The incidents and impressions of a few days' residence under the same roof with Walter Scott, are related with singular beauty and grace. The family of the great author, and all the persons that surrounded him, appear in Irving's pages in the most graphic colors. The impression of Scott's character, which our countryman's description leaves on the mind, is in harmony with all that has been previously known from other sources. Its rare beauty comes out the brighter, the more it is scrutinized. With what eager impatience will the 'Life and Correspondence of Walter Scott' be hailed by the world.

The visit to Newstead Abbey was after Lord Byron had sold the seat of his ancestors to Colonel Wildman. The anecdotes of Byron, and the sketches of scenes which possess a melancholy interest from their connection with the early but abiding feelings of the poet, are given in Mr. Irving's happiest style. It is interesting, to know that Colonel Wildman has repaired the old abbey, with a most judicious regard to its former character and the memory of his predecessor. The story of 'The White Lady' is singularly interesting, and wild enough to belong to the veriest romance. It is told with the eloquence of a lively sympathy, and the narrative is varied with extracts from the writings of that strange being, both in prose and verse, which shed a mournful but interesting light on her unhappy character.

What a rich glow of imagination and poetry does Irving throw over all the productions of his pen! How humane and gentle the spirit that breathes from every page! How pure, graphic, and musical, the flow of his superb language! How delicate the turn of his thoughts! How magical the effect of his fitly-chosen epithets! It is honorable to the good taste of our age and country, that the beautiful creations of his genius are hailed with universal enthusiasm, and read with unbounded delight. Long may he continue to hold the high place assigned him in the world of letters, and to sway his mighty influence for the beneficent purpose of exalting the taste, enlivening the imagination, and awakening all the kindly sympathies of his countrymen.

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*Helon's Pilgrimage to Jerusalem: a Picture of Judaism in the century which preceded the Advent of our Saviour. From the German of Frederick Strauss. Boston: W. D. Ticknor. pp. 298. 12mo.*

The edition of this work now before us has been issued under the editorial care of the Rev. Baron Stow, of this city. It seems that the work appeared ten years since, in two volumes, and then enjoyed considerable popularity. The present editor has judiciously omitted many uninteresting portions of the work and the body of notes, which swells the bulk of the English copy, published in 1824, to an inconvenient size. The story is interesting, although perfectly artless — being, in fact, little more than a thread of narrative, whereon hang a series of descriptive sketches, many of which are uncommonly excellent, and all valuable for their accuracy. The view of Judaism, its imposing rites and ceremonies, its solemnity and splendor, is

at once comprehensive and impressive. The manner in which the various scenes are introduced, is very ingenious. Helon, a young Jew of Alexandria, whose opinions have been for a long time fluctuating, turns at length from the unsatisfactory study of other creeds, and from the Platonism of the Greek, to the observance of the law of his own nation. He resolves to accompany his uncle Elisama on a pilgrimage to the Holy City, and to visit, in his course, the tomb of his father, who, having died upon a similar journey, has been buried in the valley of Jehosaphat. The pilgrims set forth with a caravan, and on the way are joined by Myron, a young Greek, in whose company Helon had formerly pursued his theological researches. At the request of the Greek, Elisama relates the history of the Jewish nation, in a clear and interesting manner. The journey into the Holy Land is full of interest. The pilgrims arrive at Jerusalem. Helon is admitted into the priesthood, and marries Sulamith, the beautiful daughter of Selumiel. The description of the latter is a good specimen of the style of the translation: — 'The mother, though advanced in years, was active, and still handsome: but Sulamith, her daughter, who stood by her side, was glowing in all the freshness of youthful beauty, and united in herself every charm by which a daughter of Israel could fix the attention of the beholder. From beneath the large eyebrows, colored of a brilliant black, dark eyes, like those of a gazelle, sent forth their quiet brilliance, through the transparent veil which descended from the turban. Her tall and stately form was clad in a robe of fine cotton, which flowed down in folds, like a wide mantle; the sleeves hung loose, except where they were fastened with costly bracelets; the ears and the nose were adorned with rings of gold, in which rubies, emeralds, and topazes were set.' This alliance gives the author an opportunity to describe at length the ceremonies of the betrothment and the nuptials. Helon is happy, until, one fatal day, returning after a brief absence, he finds Myron at the door of his Armon, or house of the women. The indiscreet Greek, unused to the customs of the Jews, had sought the apartment of Sulamith, who, with horror in her countenance, had compelled him instantly to withdraw. But Helon arrived in time to meet him, and to become inflamed with a wild jealousy. Myron is driven forth with blows, and Sulamith shunned as a shameless adulteress, when she solemnly proclaimed her innocence. She is brought to the ordeal of the 'water of jealousy.' The scene in which this is administered, Sulamith's innocence proved, and Helon made to experience all the horrors of remorse, is absolutely thrilling, because there is no attempt at fine writing, but a chaste simplicity, throughout, which seems to bear the impress of truth. Then follow the 'Day of Atonement' and the 'Feast of the Tabernacles;' after which, Helon, his wife and family, with Myron, who has espoused the true religion, embark in a Phœnician vessel, to return for a season to Alexandria. They encounter a terrific storm, against which they vainly struggle. 'After an hour, the storm ceased. And the storms of this world, too, had ceased for those who had found death in the wave, and life in the bosom of their God.'

The editor recommends readers to peruse this work with the Bible before them, turning to the Scripture passages which are referred to in almost every page. Of the utility of this production, there can be no doubt. The author concludes a few modest remarks upon it, in the following words, which may throw some light upon his design: — 'It is well known, that the want of a lively and distinct picture of those local and national peculiarities which are presented in the Bible, revolts many

from a perusal of it, and exposes others to very erroneous conceptions. It is the author's prayer to him, from whom these precious records have proceeded, that the present work may serve, under his blessing, to make the perusal of the Scriptures more attractive and edifying; and he hopes those who shall drink with pleasure from his humble rill, will not be satisfied without going to the fountain of living waters.'

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*Blackbeard. A Page from the Colonial History of Philadelphia.*  
New-York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo.

This is one of those unfortunate books which make the duty of the critic a severe one. Here and there we find in it

'a dash of purity and brightness,  
Which speaks the man of taste and of politeness.'

But, alas! these occasional gleams of light only serve to reveal the obscurity and darkness with which they are surrounded, and make us regret sincerely, for the author's sake, that the work was given to the world — or rather, to that small portion of it which will be likely to peruse his pages. We ourselves labored through it, with a desperate benevolence, in the forlorn hope of finding an excuse for a tolerably favorable notice of the volumes. The author is doubtless a very clever fellow, and we have no doubt could write much better; and for this reason, we have no hesitation in condemning his present production, which is, in fact, rather the worst of the last batch of bad novels.

In the first chapter, we are introduced to the passengers on board the ship *Santaclaus*, a Dutch vessel, which left the port of Amsterdam July 4, 1732, bound for Philadelphia. Major Scheveling and his niece, Barbara, the heroine of the tale, are thus brought upon the scene, together with one Jephth Dobbs, a nondescript, whom the author appears to have intended for a Yankee, although we find nothing in his phraseology or conduct, to warrant the supposition. As a specimen of the wit of this character, take the following:

'This here calm is not so remarkable agreeable, though I should n't like to bet that, as being a female, you might n't naterally prefer squally weather.'

'Nay, Mr. Dobbs, I am well nigh tired of this part of the ocean: pray, when do you expect to see land?'

'Some time before we touch it,' answered Mr. Dobbs, breaking into a low chuckle, partly repressed through respect for the lady, yet sufficiently indicative of the delight he experienced from his own quaint jest.

'All snug, Mr. Dobbs?' inquired the captain, as a matter of course. Mr. Dobbs leisurely inserted a long, slim portion of pigtail into his nether jaw, ere he answered, in his usual shrill and monotonous manner. 'Everything but the little brown pig, that Flemish Peter has been catching all the morning.'

At length, the *Santaclaus* approaches land, to the delight of Barbara. 'Her uncle stood near her, regarding the new world with a melancholy gaze. Years had passed since his only son, a youth of twelve years, had fled the paternal home; certain particulars were gathered, which, added to the knowledge of his roving disposition, left no doubt that he had embarked for some distant country, and every inquiry had been set on foot, but in vain. Long abandoned as lost, and by others long forgotten, intrusive memory would oft times sadden the fath-

er's heart ; and still lingered that faint hope, that, year after year, yet awaited tidings from his long-lost child.'

The Major and Barbara establish themselves at Philadelphia, where, among other characters, they become acquainted with one Oxenstern, a gentleman given to alchemy, who is reputed to be several centuries old, and is considered a magician, because he shows a magic lanthorn and a skeleton. Next we are told all about Blackbeard, or Teach, the pirate, who has committed such depredations, that captain Solgard, of his Britanic majesty's man-of-war Greyhound, has been sent with orders to take him, dead or alive. The gallant captain, 'wi' a drappie in his ee,' stumbles upon Blackbeard and his crew one evening, at a house in the suburbs. He was drunk when he came among them, and found lying intoxicated after he had left them, having received no ill-treatment from the rovers. One of the pirates, Bill Jones, sings a song, in the carousing scene, which, to any admirer of Dibble, or of common sense, will seem stupid enough :

'I am none of your fresh-water sailors,  
But I am a real sea-dog ;  
And all that I ask of my betters,  
Is plenty of 'bacco and grog.  
If it comes to a fight, why, I'm ready  
To handle a pike or a gun ;  
For, whether they're cruisers or quakers,  
To old Billy Jones it's all one.  
So pass on the bottle, my hearties—  
Dick Jenkins has got it, I 'spy ;  
For, as for you flummux of poetry,  
That ere thing is all in my eye.'

Marx Scheveling, the long-lost son of major Scheveling, appears upon the scene in the person of a hunter, and is introduced to Barbara and her uncle, as Mr. Sylvan. In a scuffle with the buccaniers, this gallant gentleman gets wounded, and is affectionately nursed by Barbara, who falls in love with him—of course. He relates a tissue of improbabilities, called his adventures, to Oxenstern. Having run away from his father, he finds himself, at eighteen, master's mate, on board the Spanish brig *Lealdad*, but leaves her for a lieutenantcy, offered by captain Teach, then commander of the *Spitfire*, an armed brig, with a royal commission, cruising against the West-Indian pirates. After cruising for some time, Teach proposes to hoist the black flag, and Marx consents, provided the lives of all captives shall be spared. '*They had a very pleasant time,*' as Marx seriously observes—plundering vessels of all nations on the high seas, until Teach gets sanguinary, and Marx, refusing to obey orders, is cast adrift in an open boat, and carried upon the shores of Yucatan. Here he surprises one Senora Serafine, and her attendant Spanish maidens, much after the fashion that Actæon surprised Diana ; and he has the effrontery to dwell upon the accident with great complacency. Marx is hospitably received by the old gentleman, Don Raymon Vieyra, and the daughter falls in love with him—of course. But she is so proud, that she will not show her love—not she ; she would sooner die first ; and, in fact, she does die : but, in her last hour, confesses that she has bestowed her heart on Marx. The old gentleman soon followed his daughter to the grave, and left the whole of his property to young Scheveling. The monied youth now returns to Europe, over which he travels hastily, admiring all the *lions*, until he arrives in London, where he loses every sou to a certain lord George.

'Much to the surprise of the party, I believe, I politely congratulated lord George on his good fortune, took a parting glass of wine with him, requested a pinch of snuff, and set out for my own lodgings. Here I dressed myself in a most superb suit, perfumed and curled my locks, until my glass assured me that I never looked so irresistible; and getting into a sedan-chair, was briefly conveyed to the presence of lord George's mistress. More favored by fortune than by love, his lordship had despoiled me of my estate; but, as if to compensate for my late disaster, the charming 'maid of honor' looked upon me with a kinder and more tender gaze than she had ever done before. Before morning, lord George and I were quits.'

There's a fine moral youth for a hero! But he has not finished exhibiting himself yet. After recovering from his wound, he takes an extra bottle of Madeira, insults his pretty little cousin, and then marches off with Oxenstern, and takes Blackbeard. In the end, he discovers himself to his father, and marries the pretty Barbara—a reward for his manifold rascalities.

The tale is not without underplot: there are the loves of Madam Markham, Dr. Eastlake, and Bob Asterly; the villainies of Blackbeard—murder—moonlight—burglary—and a variety of other queer things, 'too numerous to mention.' Some of the subordinate personages exhibit a little spirit, and there are a few detached scenes in the book really worth reading; but, for the author's sake, we are very sorry that he was ever betrayed into print.

### *Indian Nullification.*

Two years ago, the Rev. William Apes paid a visit to the Marshpee tribe of Indians, in Barnstable county, and preached to them. He is himself a full-blooded Indian, one of the last of the Pequots, and makes his direct descent from one of the daughters of the heroic Metacom, a matter of boast. He had, consequently, a natural claim on the sympathies of the people he addressed, and they invited him to settle among and preach to them, which he has since done, with great effect—receiving nothing for his clerical services, but supporting himself by the labor of his hands, and by vending books. Shortly after Mr. Apes settled at Marshpee, discontents prevailed among the tribe, which were attributed, by the newspapers, to the influence of Mr. Apes. It was also published concerning him, that he was a knave, and a gambler in lottery tickets. About this time, the Indians thought fit to throw off the authority of their white overseers, by public proclamation, and to prevent them from carrying wood off the Marshpee plantation, by direct force. Whereupon, a criminal process was instituted against Mr. Apes, and a commissioner was sent to investigate the affairs of the tribe by the executive, who also intimated that, if necessary, a military force would be sent to quell the alleged sedition. But the Marshpees agreed to rescind their proclamation, and contented themselves with a petition for redress of grievances to the General Court, which, at its next session, granted all their demands.

The book before us contains a full though concise history of all these matters. All the statements, therein made, are supported by documentary evidence. There is much interesting matter, which we have not room to notice. It is written far better than could have been expected from an Indian, and is well worth reading. The only fault we find is, that the author has suffered himself to be exasperated by the persecution he has endured.

## MONTHLY RECORD.

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*Officers of the Massachusetts Medical Society, for the present year.* — John C. Warren, M. D., President; Nathaniel Miller, M. D., Vice-President; Enoch Hale, jr., M. D., Corresponding Secretary; John Homans, M. D., Recording Secretary; Walter Channing, M. D., Treasurer; David Osgood, M. D., Librarian. *Censors*, for the first medical district, and for the Society at large, — William J. Walker, John Homans, Abel L. Pierson, John Ware, Edward Reynolds; for the second medical district — John Green, Benjamin F. Heywood, Edward Flint, Charles Wilder, Benjamin Pond; for the third medical district, — Stephen W. Williams, Elisha Mather, Atherton Clark, David Bemis, Bela B. Jones; for the fourth medical district, — William H. Tyler, Orin Wright, Alfred Perry, Robert Worthington, Asa G. Welsh. *Counsellors*: first department, James Jackson, John C. Warren, Geo. C. Shattuck, Walter Channing, Jacob Bigelow, George Hayward, Enoch Hale, jr., John Ware, Zabdiel B. Adams, David Osgood, Edward Reynolds, John Homans, Woodbridge Strong, John Jeffries, Jerome V. C. Smith, George W. Otis, jr. J. Greely Stevenson, Joseph W. McKean. Second department, — Joseph Kittredge, Jeremiah Spofford, Abel L. Pierson, Andrew Nichols, Edward L. Coffin, Samuel Johnson, Thomas Manning, Richard S. Spofford, Calvin Briggs, Rufus Longsley, Dean Robinson; third department, — Rufus Wyman, Thomas Bucklin, John Walton, Abraham R. Thompson, Timothy Wellington, Zadoc Howe, William J. Walker, John C. Dalton, Ephraim Buck, Josiah Bartlett, Daniel Swan, John O. Green; fourth department — Stephen Bachelder, John Green, Edward Flint, Benj. F. Heywood, Charles W. Wilder, Amos Parker, George Willard, Gustavus D. Peck; fifth department — Joseph H. Flint, Alpheus F. Stone, Stephen W. Williams, Levi W. Humphries, Elisha

Mather, Bela B. Jones; sixth department — William H. Tyler, Henry H. Childs, Asa G. Welch, Royal Fowler, Robert Worthington, Alfred Perry, Robert Bartlett; seventh department, Nath'l Miller, John Bartlett, Lemuel Bugbee, Robert Thaxter, Jeremy Stimson, Ebenezer Alden, Noah Fifield; eighth department — Hector Orr, Nathan Hayward, Ezekiel Thaxter, Paul L. Nichols, Noah Whitman, Charles Macomber; ninth department — Alex'r Reed, William C. Whittredge, Andrew Machie, Caleb Swan, Menriel Randall; ninth department — Joseph Sampson, Anson Cornish, Paul Swift, Jona. Leonard, jr.

*Officers of the Massachusetts Bible Society, for the present year.* — Rev. John Pierce, D. D., President; Rev. Henry Ware, D. D., Vice-President; Rev. Francis Parkman, D. D., Corresponding Secretary; Rev. William Jenks, D. D., Recording Secretary. *Trustees* — Rev. Drs. Holmes, Jenks, Lowell, Codman, and Sharp; Rev. Messrs. Frothingham, Greenwood, and Hague; Messrs. Joseph May, Heman Lincoln, Samuel Hubbard, N. P. Russell, Jonathan Phillips, Samuel May, E. Tuckerman, William Worthington, Pliny Cutler, Robert Lash. *Executive Committee for the distribution of Bibles* — Rev. Dr. Parkman, Rev. Mr. Blagden, and Charles Tappan, Esq.

*Officers of the Pilgrim Society, 1835.* Alden Bradford, President; Z. Bartlett, Esq., Vice-President; B. M. Watson, Esq., Recording Sec'y; John B. Thomas, Esq., Corresponding Secretary; Israel L. Hedge, Esq., Treas'r; Jas. Thacher, Esq., Librarian and Cabinet Keeper; B. Hedge, N. M. Davis, William Sturgis, Isaac Winslow, Jadah Alden, John B. Thomas, Nathaniel Russell, E. G. Parker, William M. Jackson, Charles Bramhall and John Seaver, Esq's, *Trustees*.

THE  
NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

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AUGUST, 1835.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

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THE GARDEN.

And then becometh the ground so proude  
That it wol have a newe shroude,  
And make so queint his robe and fayre,  
That it had news an hundred payre,  
Of grape and flouris Inde and Pers,  
And many newis full divers,  
That is the robe I mene iwis  
Through which the ground to praisin is.

CHAUCER — *Romaunt of the Rose.*

THERE is no pursuit requiring corporeal labour unremittingly employed, which, for quiet amusement, and satisfactory results, can be compared with agriculture. The term is here used in its widest sense, and includes horticulture and arboriculture. *Nihil est agriculturâ melius, nihil uberius, nihil libero dignius.* The first employment of man, it was intended to occupy a large proportion of the species, and accordingly, we find the agricultural interest becoming daily more important and engrossing. It is not, however, agriculture, used in its widest sense, that is about to occupy our attention, for I wish rather to speak of the ornamental portion of the art.

From the very earliest ages, mankind have shown a fondness for forming places of repose and recreation, and storing them with trees and flowers. Man's first residence was a garden, and a garden seems the fitting spot for his last slumber. The luxurious nations of the east were adepts in the art of gardening, and among the refined and elegant ancients, flowers had a meaning and a use. The philosophy that flowed from the lips of Epicurus found at least as many auditors as that of his opponent, for the luxurious youth of Greece loved better to ramble in the Garden than to linger in the Portico. Without seeking to trace,



step by step, the struggles of the art, it is sufficient to observe that it progressed rapidly, and was successfully cultivated, as well by the inhabitants of Europe as by those of Africa and Asia :—the severe climates of northern regions were set at defiance by human skill, and artificial means rendered the soil of Russia, in certain seasons, as prolific as the more favored districts of the south.

Gardening excited, at quite an early period, considerable interest in England, and, in the age of Queen Anne, was quite a fashionable amusement. Earlier than that, Lord Bacon had spoken in its favor, and his eulogy is still preserved and quoted by the lovers of the peaceful labors of the garden. 'God Almighty first planted a garden; and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man, without which, buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks.' Sir Philip Sidney gives us the following account of an old English garden: 'The back side of the house was neither field, nor garden, nor orchard; or rather, it was both field, garden, and orchard, for as soone as the descending of the staires had delivered them downe, they came into a place cunningly set with trees of the most taste-pleasing fruits; but scarcely had they taken that into their consideration, but they were sodainely stept into a delicate greene; of each side of the greene a thicket, and behind the thickets againe new beds of flowers, which being under, the trees were to them a pavillion, and they to the trees a mosaicall floore, so that it seemed that arte therein must needs be delightfull, by counterfeiting his enemye error, and making order in confusion. In the midst of all the place was a faire pond, whose shaking chrystall was a perfect mirror to all the other beauties, so that it bear show of two gardens—one in deed, the other in shadows.' The last idea would seem, *par parenthèse*, to be the germ of Wordsworth's

'The swan on sweet St. Mary's lake,  
Floats double — swan and shadow.'

Bolingbroke, Pope, and the victorious Earl of Peterborough were enthusiastic gardeners, practically proving what Cicero says, *Agricultura proxima sapientiæ*. Do you wish, dear reader, for other authorities? Here they are—Shenstone, John Evelyn, Cowper. Shakspeare must have been very fond of gardening, else would he have written that fine passage about the 'sweet south,' or have placed Romeo in a garden to make love to Juliet?

I am not much of a botanist, but I love flowers, and, although an old man, seem to renew my youth, while treading the alleys of my little garden, and inquiring into the state of my pretty *protégées*. 'And because the breath of flowers is farre sweeter in

the aire, (where it comes and goes like the warbling of musicke) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight, than to know what be the flowers and plants, which doe best perfume the aire.\*

The flowers greet me, as I stoop to water them, like familiar beings, and each speaks an intelligent language, from 'the yellow cowslip and pale primrose,' to the dark, rich red rose of mid-summer. And foremost in the fragrant train comes the yellow violet.

'Of all her train, the hands of spring  
First plant thee in the watery mould ;  
And I have seen thee blossoming,  
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.'

But of all the beauties of the seasons, commend me to the rose, the flower that, according to Juliet, 'by any other name would smell as sweet.' Within the parterres of the fortunate possessors of gardens, in the flower-pots of more humble individuals, and in wreaths, twined around the heads of youth and beauty, it now appears profusely. The snug, Sunday-clad citizen, bears a rose in his button hole, and his comely dame, a more generous bouquet at her waist, while their worthy offspring, if they have any, bring up the rear, some with tremendous bunches of flowers, which seem to give evidence of their having taken by storm and devastated some delicious garden, as did the Visigoths fair Italy, the garden of all Europe. There are some indeed, circumstanced like Robert Faulconbridge, of whom the bastard says—

'In his ear he dare not stick a rose,  
Lest men should say look where three farthings goes.'

Roses have been used from time immemorial, by poets and lovers as the representatives of female beauty, and as among the most worthy objects in nature to which fair ladies might be justly compared : and it is fortunate for the credit of the complimentary system, that there is so great a variety. The dark African may, without falsehood, compare his dusky mate to the rose, since the 'coal black rose' is as noted as well as curious species of the flower. Old maids, in the last stages of a 'green and yellow melancholy,' may be likened to the yellow Chinese rose, the fading beauty to the white, and the buxom country damsel to the damask. Ladies themselves, however, after wavering in their predilections between the York and the Lancaster, are generally found to be in favour of the *Union to a man*.

Our early ideas of beauty and pleasure seem to be connected, in some degree, with roses ; the frequent mention made of them by the poets, the manner in which ladies use them in ornament-

\* Bacon.

ing their persons, impressing this association on the mind. Moore, who, by the way, introduces a rose into almost every one of his lyrics, makes one of the victims of the veiled Prophet of Khorassan express, with a sad and sweet earnestness, her kindred love for the flowers and the home of her childhood, in the beautiful song, beginning,

‘There’s a bower of roses by Bendemeer’s stream.’

I was charmed with the sentiments of a young Frenchman, who, having lost his mistress, carved with his own hands a rose upon her tombstone, beneath which he inscribed *C’est ainsi qu’elle fut!*

Ovid, in some beautiful verses, thus figuratively describes the day-breaking.

Dumque ea magnanimus Phaethon miratur opusque  
Perspicit ecce vigil nitido patefacit ab ortu  
Purpureas Aurora feres, et plena rosarum  
Atria

While the proud Phaeton admires the work,  
Aurora, watchful in the glooming east,  
Unfolds the purple doors and gives to view  
Halls full of ROSES.

Among the poets who have celebrated the rose, and made it a moral teacher, Goethe, in modern times, has been the most successful. What can be more exquisite than his

#### ROSE-BUD?

A Rose, that bloom’d the road-side by,  
Caught a young vagrant’s wanton eye;  
The child was gay, the morn was clear,  
The child would see the rose bud near:  
He saw the blooming flower.  
My little rose, my rose bud dear!  
My rose that blooms the road-side near!

The child exclaimed, ‘my hands shall dare,  
Thee, rose, from off thy stem to tear;’  
The rose replied, ‘If I have need,  
My thorns shall make thy fingers bleed—  
Thy rash design give o’er.’  
My little rose, my rose bud dear!  
My rose that blooms the road-side near!

Regardless of its thorny spray,  
The child would tear the rose away;  
The rose bewailed with sob and sigh,  
But all in vain, no help was nigh  
To quell the urchin’s power.  
My little rose, my rose bud dear!  
My rose that bloom’d the road-side near!

When roses were first introduced into England, they were exceedingly rare, and used principally in the decoration of churches;

and hence originated the phrase *sub rosa*, confession being made literally *under the rose*.

The general estimation in which this flower is held, has led us to bestow its name upon beauties, pointers, houses, race-horses and boats. Hardly a stage-chambermaid but bears the name of Rose; hardly a hero or heroine, in a fashionable play or novel, without the euphonious monosyllable forming some portion of his or her appellation. Thus we have 'Lady Rose-wood,' 'Captain Roseville,' 'Rosamond,' 'Lieut. Rosemore,' and 'Lord Rosefield'; and these worthies invariably reside at 'Rose Villa,' 'Rose Bank,' or 'Rosedale Hermitage.' Indeed, the world is something sick of roses upon paper, which article itself is frequently rose-colored, perfumed with otto of rose, and laid upon a rose-wood desk.

We have done with the sweets — come we to the thorns, without which, neither pleasures nor flowers are to be expected in this world; and this brings us to the moral of our essay. The thornless rose is a worthless thing. Caution is requisite in handling the true flower — since, surrounded by the bristling safeguards of its beauty, it seems to say, with the proud motto of Scotia's arms, '*Nemo me impune lacessit*.'

There is yet another drawback to my favorites. In some delicate constitutions, their fragrance, during the height of their reign, induces a disease very generally known by the name of the *rose-cold*. Persons afflicted with this malady, on the first appearance of the fatal flowers, fly to the rough rocks of the sea-shore, until this (to me) delightful season is over. Lord Byron, in the opening canto of the 'Bride of the Abydos,' speaks of the east as a clime

'Where the wings of the zephyr, oppressed with perfume,  
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in their bloom.'

I would advise the victims of the rose-cold not to waste any time in complaining to the rose, as the nightingale is said to do, but to escape, with all possible speed, to some sea-side retreat, unless, with the fortitude of martyrs, they have made up their minds to

'Die of a rose in aromatic pain.'

I have lingered too long, discoursing of my favorite flower, and it is time to bring this paper to a close. But, before quitting my pen, I would fain record my approbation of the taste which is rapidly banishing all the horrors of death from the external appearance of our grave-yards, and making the last resting-places of our race in the midst of flower-gardens. Looking for the moment of my dissolution with calmness, I would fain be assured that, when I have yielded up my spirit, this poor body shall repose in the scenes which I now haunt with an enthusiastic love

of nature. I would have the sweet, familiar flowers, that I love, planted on the turf that covers me, that I may not be separated, even in death, from the fair and fragile things I have reared.

'Mine be the breezy hill, that skirts the down,  
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave ;  
With here and there a violet bestrown,  
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave,  
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.'

How finely does Sir Walter Scott make Macgregor exclaim :  
'The heather, that I tread upon while living, shall bloom over me when dead !'

Alas ! what are we, even in the pride of manhood, that we should dare to call the flowers frail, standing, as we ever do, upon the brink of that dread passage to the 'ever-during dark.' Battle and pestilence come upon the face of the earth, and we fall by tens of thousands —

'Thick as autumnal leaves, that strew the brooks  
In Vallombrosa.'

The flower, that we rear to deck the grave, is but an emblem of ourselves :

'All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades,  
Like the fair flower dishevel'd in the wind ;  
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.'

To the moralist, the labors of the garden are full of instruction ; and, since Nature is the best teacher, surely he who holds daily communion with her, is best prepared for the journey to that land from which 'no traveler returns.' My own experience speaks strongly in favor of rural employments ; and if you, fair reader, would listen to my urging, I would address you in the language of a poet, who is greatly honored by the followers of Flora :

'Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori,  
Hic nemus, hic toto tecum consumerer ævo.' \*

'Come, see what pleasures in our plains abound —  
The woods, the fountains, and the flowery ground,  
Here could I live and love and die with only you.' †

\* Virg. Ecl. x. 42.

† Dryden's Translation.

## ARE GREAT MINDS PRONE TO SKEPTICISM?

The undiscovered country, from whose bourn  
No traveler returns, puzzles the will.

If a man were to have eyes sensitive to some of the objects in the prospect, but partially or totally blind to others, we should at once pronounce the organs of his vision to be defective ; because a good eye implies equal sensibility to whatever is revealed by the light of Heaven. Such a defect is known in those curious cases, in which some people are incapable of distinguishing some colors. Now, in all languages, knowledge has been expressed by a metaphor, or half-metaphor, borrowed from seeing ; which shews there is an analogy (perhaps the closest in nature) between the perception of the mind and the function of the eye. In some cases, they act together ; and it is impossible to separate them, though we may be able to distinguish. We may say, then, that a good mind should resemble a good eye, and be awake to all the proofs or arguments in the intellectual prospect, which God, the source of knowledge, has spread around it. It is natural to consider our perceptive faculties, intuition, reason, or whatever we choose to call it, as a kind of mental eye. All the possible arguments or proofs, which can be adduced on any side of any question, are a kind of complex landscape, lying around the investigating mind ; and, as a good eye discerns all the bright spots and dark corners in the literal horizon, and especially discerns what is the limit of its vision, and where are the boundaries between the clear and obscure ; so, I suppose, it is the office of a well-balanced mind, to take all considerations into view — to weigh the force of all proofs, and make its inward belief an exact picture of the external world. The field and the forest, the mountain and the meadow, are not more exactly pictured on the retina of the pleased spectator, than the parts of external truth are reflected in the cautious conclusions of a wise and impartial man.

But this exact balance, this clearness to discern all that is true, and willingness to be impressed by it, certainly implies that we know the weakness of our powers as well as their strength. A good eye discerns not the light alone ; it distinguishes the faintest shadow that passes beneath the sun. To see, implies that we clearly know when we do not see. If a man is walking around mountains and comes to a cave, if he have good eyes, he as clearly knows that the cave is dark, as he knows that the atmosphere above it is light. Hence, one of the first articles of knowledge, in a well-regulated mind, is to know its own ignorance. On this, Socrates valued himself ; and this part of

knowledge he carefully taught. The wisest and best men have always delighted to dwell on this theme. They have considered a conscious sense of our ignorance as the best motive to awaken that curiosity which leads to improvement. The man that never makes the negative discovery, will never make the positive. 'Creation,' says bishop Butler, 'is absolutely and entirely out of our depth, and beyond the extent of our utmost reach. \* \* \* It is, indeed, in general, no more than effects, that the most knowing are acquainted with ; for, as to causes, they are as entirely in the dark as the most ignorant. What are the laws by which matter acts upon matter, but certain effects ; which some, having observed to be frequently repeated, have reduced to general rules ? The real nature and essence of beings, likewise, is what we are altogether ignorant of. All these things are so entirely out of our reach, that we have not the least glimpse of them.\*' Such is the condition of man, with all his boasted powers ; the best penetration only leads him to discover their weakness.

Our knowledge, however, of the fallacy of any instrument we use, naturally leads us to distrust that instrument ; and all the objects it may assist us to accomplish. The mind is an instrument as well as an agent. It is the instrument by which we investigate and discover the truth. As the telescope is the instrument by which we look at the stars, and as the magic tool has converted their glittering points into worlds and systems, so reason—which is but the mind reasoning—is the instrument by which we have discovered the truths which lie in the remotest circle of our intellectual vision. But, if the instrument be so very fallacious, how can we help distrusting its results ? or, in other words, must not the known ignorance of man produce and justify a very large degree of skepticism ? It has always been pretended by infidels, that their doubts in religion were but the result of their superior discernment ; their skepticism was but the effect of self-knowledge. All men teach that man has very limited powers—that he reasons to be deceived, and asserts to be confuted. The best men have made it a motive of humility that we know so little. The ignorance of man is the universal theme ; even revelation itself tells us that we see through a glass darkly. Now, if man be ignorant, he ought to know his ignorance ; he ought to know it to the utmost extent. Self-knowledge, then, leads to a distrust of his powers ; and distrust of our own powers is but another name for skepticism.

It is obvious, too, that some of the finest minds have been remarkable for this suspending of the balance ; for this dubious, rather than settled, state of the intellect. Socrates made it his

glory. Cicero considered it the foundation of philosophy. We trace the fragments of it in the writings of Pascal, warm as he was in the cause of religion. Dryden tells us that, being inclined to skepticism in philosophy, he had no reason to impose his opinions on a subject which was above it — namely, religion. Franklin was inclined to the same state of mind ; and the most learned men, who have been without this latent skepticism — namely : sense of their own ignorance, sensibility to the force of an objection — have in this age lost much of their power over the human mind. I will adduce two examples, of men embracing opposite principles — Calvin and Hobbs. It is well known, that Hobbs has lost his power, as a philosopher, chiefly by his dogmatism. He is a very peculiar instance of a man, opposed to implicit faith, and yet demanding an implicit faith of his own. Of Calvin, I am free to say, that the chief impediment to profit in perusing his writings, is the want of sensibility to human ignorance. He seldom feels the force of an objection. Now, such a man we distrust. We feel as little inclined to allow the force of his conclusions, as we should be to weigh guineas in a pair of scales, which could only turn from an equilibrium on one side.

Such, then, is one of the essential elements of human nature. So is man constituted by God. His powers are weak and fallacious ; and it is his duty to know it ; knowing it, he becomes inclined to skepticism. The ignorant never doubt ; the intelligent must. And this broad propensity must be met some how by the claims of religion.

When we turn to the Bible, at first view it may seem to be very little calculated to meet this state of mind. It requires a confident belief in all its doctrines ; it even suspends salvation on the condition of that belief. It seems to be addressed to our fears more than to our reason. When we read the history of some notorious impostor — such, for example, as Matthias, in Luther's day, and Matthias, recently in New-York — we always find two ingredients in his delusion : one is implicit belief in what he says, and the other is, terror used as the chief argument to enforce that belief. In such cases, confidence is the great virtue, and incredulity is the only crime. Now, I apprehend, one of the greatest impediments to the general reception of the gospel, is an apprehended resemblance between its claims and the claims of all other impostors. This apprehension operates far wider than on avowed infidels. Many have felt it secretly checking their confidence in the gospel, who are far from the conclusion deliberately to reject it. They seem to half suspect, at least, that faith is the abandonment of reason ; that it is something which sets aside all the ordinary operations of the human powers ; something which mistakes the nature of man, and puts confidence and credulity in the place of those very arguments on



would conclude that history is false. So with regard to characters and motives, how little can be known ! how much painting is mixed with the best authenticated narratives ! I have noticed that some of the most experienced statesmen, who live to a period just after the important events in which they have been active, are extremely apt to represent the history of their own times as uncertain. 'O, tell not me of history,' said Sir Robert Walpole, 'for that I know to be false.' The late President Adams considered, in one of his letters to Mr. Niles, of Baltimore, the real cause and character of things in our revolutionary war, as buried in oblivion ; and Aaron Burr, according to Mr. Knapp's representation, has made a similar remark. Now, what a strong case ! Here are living witnesses, sagacious men, the very agents of the events, who represent history as uncertain. But a little reflection will shew us that even the wisest men, the Walpoles and Adamsses, are deceived by their partial views. They stand in the very spot to generate doubt. Truth is the daughter of time ; and the agitated water must settle a little before it can become so clear as to allow us to see to the bottom. The first historians are always mistaken ; they are not only misled by their prejudices, but they have not the full amount of materials ; for history is a hemisphere, where star after star rises to complete the fullness of the sky. I regard the proofs of history like the dead bodies, after some great naval battle ; at first, they seem to be buried forever in the secrets of the ocean ; but they arise continually, one after another, and it becomes possible almost to count the number and estimate the loss. Besides, the great events of history are as clear as the minuter ones are obscure. There appear to be general laws of probability—a level of evidence, into which all things settle. These laws are just as certain as any other laws of nature ; and produce as deep a conviction in the mind of him who knows them.

Skepticism in history has run through the same round it has in most other subjects. There are three states through which the mind commonly passes : first, we begin with a general confidence in all that is told—a blind credulity, often the parent of an equally blind uncertainty : secondly, comes the first period of discrimination, when the vision, knowing some things to be false, begins to doubt of all : then thirdly, follows the period of a more careful discrimination, when the mind, knowing what to receive and what to reject, settles into a rational doubt of some things, and equally rational confidence in others. This is the process of most inquiring minds. It has been the process, too, with regard to public opinion ; for public opinion, as well as individuals, has its childhood, its adolescence, and its maturity. There was a time when all writers, in Latin or Greek, were believed ; then, almost all were doubted ; and now, the current is

manifestly turning — applying severe laws of evidence to the witnesses of time. There can be no question, that the latter state is more clear from the proofs through which it has passed. No doubt that Niebuhr had a deeper conviction of the luminous points of Roman history from the dark spots he had detected, and the skill with which he had discriminated them ; and thus our position is true, that a rational doubt leads to a firmer belief.

But, in the third place, skepticism — that is, the doubts of minds which doubt because they are discerning ; that healthful skepticism, which springs from knowledge, and leads to knowledge's increase — must be regarded as the antithesis, not of revelation, but of reason ; it is opposed, not to what God has said, but to what man can discover by the legitimate use of his own faculties. I have already remarked, that man is ignorant, and that the wisest men have known this ; and, knowing this, they must feel a degree of skepticism. This was the foundation of Socrates' doubts ; this made Cicero an academician. But, if this be the origin of skepticism, where does it terminate ? Certainly not in weakening the dictates of revelation, but in weakening the conclusions of that human reason which is so often opposed to revelation. Respecting revelation, there are two questions : what proves it a revelation ? and next, what does the revelation prove ? Now, supposing our faculties competent to answer the first question, notwithstanding their weakness, skepticism is scarcely at all opposed to the second ; because a revelation is given, on the supposition that man is too weak, in any other way, to find out its truth. In other words, our distrust, in the fallacy of our own reason, does not touch upon a truth that we know comes from the reason of God. If I could prove that all the lamps in the world shed a feeble and fallacious light, it would be no evidence against the clearness of those beams which come from the sun.

Perhaps, however, it will be asked, ' will not the alleged feebleness of our powers affect the first question ? ' Have we power to see the evidence of revelation ? Now, be it remarked, that all that is said of the mysteries of religion, the incomprehensibility of its doctrines, the deep abyss of the divine essence, the whole subject being above reason, &c. does not affect this question in the slightest degree. Religion may be compared to the patriarch's ladder : if the height is lost in the clouds, the foot is on the ground. Only once allow that the evidences are on the level of human reason, and you have a succession of rounds to climb up to the other mysteries, which are settled on the authority of God. These two questions ought not to be confounded. The evidences of religion are of three kinds : first, the adaptation of its truths to our wants and consciences ; secondly, the prophecies and their fulfillment ; and thirdly, the miracles. The first of

these questions is certainly level to our faculties ; the word is *nigh thee in thy mouth and in thy heart*. The two second resolve themselves into the laws of historical probability ; and of these, we have already discovered that a sound and passing skepticism only leads to a closer result. Skepticism here means no more than that you should suspend your judgment until you have fully examined the cause.

Of the miracles, perhaps something more might be said. Two questions may be asked concerning the miracles : first, what proves the miracle ; and secondly, what does the miracle prove. The whole difficulty in proving Christianity, lies, I apprehend, in the first of these questions ; for I cannot think that any skeptic, if he had heard a preacher delivering such precepts as Jesus Christ delivered, would have doubted his divine authority, if he had actually seen him raise Lazarus from the dead. Metaphysical difficulties, perhaps, might be raised to the proof afforded by a miracle ; but practically there could be none. It is the first question, then, what proves the miracle ? at which modern skepticism labors. I would then say, if there be any certainty in the laws of historical probability — if the human mind be adequate to examine this subject — if impositions sink, and truth generally prevail — if what is false, as South says, is always in danger of being known — if supernatural events are not improbable, and, should they happen, are not necessitated to lie wrapt up in eternal darkness, — why, then I say that no skepticism, grounded on the inscrutable weakness of the human powers, (and this is the only just ground) need invalidate the proof of a miracle. For history has its laws ; and if the mind be adequate to anything, it is adequate to a knowledge of these laws. Or, in other words, the question\* is not peculiarly mysterious ; it lies within the circle of our intellectual vision ; and no darkness, which lies out of that circle, can pour the least uncertainty on an object which lies within it.

The truth is, we have more reason to adduce the uncertainties of skepticism to overthrow the philosophy of Newton, than we have to weaken or overthrow any article of Christian faith. For skepticism stands naturally opposed to philosophy, but not to religion. Philosophy is grounded on the free and independent use of the human powers ; and skepticism is grounded on the weakness of those powers ; and thus, the weakness of an instrument proves its inadequacy to accomplish its objects. But, the weakness of one instrument proves not the weakness of another. Certainly the mind is more competent to see the evidences of religion, than to follow the reasoning of a Newton. Yet, we seldom hear of skepticism as opposed to natural philosophy.

Thus far we have considered the operations of principles in

the abstract ; but if we look on them as actually incorporated with the human mind, we shall find they exhibit and justify the same conclusions.

I scarcely know of two men, who resembled each other, in the intellectual structure of their minds, more than Joseph Butler and David Hume. Both of them men of genius, fond of abstract discussion ; not very imaginative ; sagacious, acute, discriminating, and deeply impressed with the fallacy of human reason, and of course inclined to skepticism. Take their minds, as furnished by nature, and they are almost exactly alike. I hardly know which is the greatest doubter. But, to what different results did they come. Hume shewed the negative side, and stopped there. He shewed the weakness of reason ; he had no wish to proceed and shew its strength. He pointed out clearly that we must doubt ; he had no desire to shew when we must believe. Butler proved, as clearly as Hume could, the weakness of our reason ; but he went on and completed the whole circle. Hume, when he performed the process of skeptical subtraction, had no purpose of shewing that any quantity remained. Butler shewed that, after large subtractions, there was much remaining. Hume, in tracing his circle of philosophy, shewed us there was a hemisphere of darkness and night. Butler shewed as wide a circle, perhaps, of darkness as he ; but he shewed us, also, a hemisphere of day. The one gave us the half-truths of sophistry, and the other the *integrity*, or wholeness of true wisdom. There is a beautiful example of Butler's philosophy, in a single paragraph of his sermon on HUMAN IGNORANCE : ' Creation,' says he, ' is absolutely and entirely out of our depth, and beyond the extent of our utmost reach. And yet, it is as certain, that God made the world, as it is certain that effects must have a cause.' What a beautiful specimen of comprehensive truth ! Stop at the first paragraph, and you would suppose that the author was about to throw darkness over the creation, and blot out all proofs of the divine existence. But read the second, and you discover that the author fixes one of the fundamental truths of religion on its surest foundation. In short, as some generals begin the battle by a retreat, only to break the ranks of the enemy, and to prepare for a more terrible onset, so such doubters as Butler, state their objections only more firmly to establish their cause. In such pages, we pass through the night to enjoy the day.

One point more remains to be noticed ; and that is, how the Bible corresponds with these laws of the human mind.

It is certain, the Bible requires a strong faith in its truths ; and the question is, how such a requisition is consistent with the natural skepticism which all the reflecting must feel, and all, who are ingenuous as well as reflecting, must own.

Strong faith may mean, either the unhesitating assent we give to a presented proposition, or the strong effects or emotions which that proposition awakens in the heart. In the second sense, I apprehend there can be no difficulty. For, only once admit that the existence of God is proved, and no language can express the depths of conviction, the sense of his presence, the reverence, love, and humility, which ought to occupy our hearts. So, once admit that the Bible is the word of God, and the most implicit trust in its doctrines is the most natural result. In other words, the truths of the Bible are calculated to produce deep impressions; and, in this sense, strong faith is as much a legitimate result of revelation as deep grief at the sight of a pathetic tragedy. This is the philosophy of the sacred writer, when he said—*'I believe; therefore have I spoken.'* But, as to the first sense of strong faith: it seems to me, that if scrutiny, after subtracting doubtful points, leaves the remaining more certain, and if the proofs of revelation do remain after scrutiny, why, then it is natural that this skepticism should lead to a stronger faith. Accordingly, we find that no men have had a deeper conviction of religion than those who have at first questioned or denied its truths. It is exactly the process we should expect. It is as natural as sun-rising. **A RESOLVED DOUBT IS THE STRONGEST PROOF.** Paul began by opposing religion, and ended one of its strongest advocates; and I think, if we could have looked into the mind of Butler, we should have found an amount of faith then which a less scrutinizing mind could hardly comprehend.\* A blown-away fog leaves the ocean sparkling with the purest light.

All this is exactly laid down in the Bible. It completely meets the known laws of the mind. **WE SEE THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY.** There is a principle of skepticism in every man. The greatest dogmatists sometimes feel it. Some confident conclusions have been overthrown; and the boldest doubt. The Bible justifies this; we see through a glass *darkly*.

But, in all minds there is a principle of belief. The most skeptical sometimes feel it. It is so unnatural for a man always to hesitate, that he must sometimes conclude. Though the glass is dark, yet through it we **SEE**. And so, both arcs join, and the circle is complete.

\* I speak of faith, here, in the first sense; how strong Butler's emotions were, is another question.

# NAPOLEON'S EPITAPH.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

'THE moon of St. Helena shone out, and there we saw the face of Napoleon's sepulchre — characterless, uninscribed.'

AND *who shall write thine epitaph?* thou man  
Of mystery and might.

Shall orphan-hands  
Inscribe it with their fathers' broken swords?  
Or the warm trickling of the widows' tear  
Channel it slowly in the rugged rock,  
As the keen torture of the water-drop  
Doth wear the sentenced brain?

Shall countless ghosts  
Glide forth from Hades, and in lurid flame,  
With shadowy finger, trace thine effigy,  
Who sent them to their audit, unanneal'd,  
And with but that brief space for shrift or prayer  
Given at the cannon's mouth?

Thou, who didst sit,  
Like eagle on the apex of the globe,  
And hear the murmuring of its conquer'd tribes,  
As chirp the weak-voiced nations of the grass,  
Why art thou sepulchred in yon far isle,  
Yon misty speck, which scarce the mariner  
Descries, 'mid ocean's foam? — Thou, who didst hew  
A pathway, for thy host, above the cloud,  
Guiding their footsteps o'er the frost-work crown  
Of the thron'd Alps, — why dost thou sleep unmark'd,  
Even by such slight memorial as the hind  
Carves on his own coarse tomb-stone?

Bid the throng,  
Who pour'd thee incense, as Olympian Jove,  
And breath'd thy thunders on the battle-field,  
Return and rear thy monument. Those forms,  
O'er the wide vallies of red slaughter spread,  
From pole to tropic, and from zone to zone,  
Heed not thy clarion-call. But should they rise,  
As in the vision that the prophet saw,  
And each dry bone its sever'd fellow find,  
Piling their pillar'd dust, as erst they gave  
Their souls to thee, — the wondering stars might deem,  
A second time, the puny pride of man

*Napoleon's Epitaph.*

Did creep by stealth upon its Babel-stairs,  
 To dwell with them. — But here, unwept thou art,  
 Like a dead lion in his thicket-lair,  
 With neither living man, nor spirit condemn'd  
 To write thine epitaph.

Invoke the climes  
 Who served as playthings in thy desperate game  
 Of mad ambition, or their treasures strowed,  
 Till meagre famine on their vitals prey'd  
 To pay thy reckoning.

France! — who gave so free  
 Thy life-stream to his cup of wine, and saw  
 The purple vintage shed o'er half the earth —  
*Write the first line, if thou hast blood to spare.*  
 — Thou, too, whose pride did deck dead Cæsar's tomb,  
 And pour high requiem o'er the tyrant band,  
 Who had their birth with thee, — lend us thine arts  
 Of sculpture and of classic eloquence,  
 To grace his relics, at whose warrior-frown  
 Thine ancient spirit quail'd; and, to the list  
 Of mutilated kings, who glean'd their meat  
 'Neath Agag's table, *add the name of Rome.*  
 — Turn, Austria! — iron-brow'd and hard of heart —  
 And, on his monument, to whom thou gav'st,  
 In anger, battle, and, in craft, a bride, —  
 Grave 'Austerlitz:!' and fiercely turn away.  
 — As the ruin'd war-horse snuffs the trumpet-blast,  
 Rouse Prussia from her trance, with Jena's name,  
 And take her witness to that fame which soars  
 O'er him of Macedon, and shames the vaunt  
 Of Scandinavia's madman. — From the shades  
 Of letter'd ease, oh Germany come forth,  
 With pen of fire, and from thy troubled scroll,  
 Such as thou spread'st at Leipsic, gather tints  
 Of deeper character than bold Romance  
 Hath ever imaged in her wildest dream,  
 Or History trusted to her sybil leaves.  
 — Hail, lotus-crown'd! — in thy green childhood fed  
 By stiff-neck'd Pharaoh and the shepherd-kings;  
 Hast thou no tale of him, who drenched thy sands  
 At Jaffa and Aboukir, when the flight  
 Of rushing souls went up so fearfully  
 To the accusing Spirit? — Glorious Isle! —  
 Whose thrice-enwreathed chain, Promethean-like,  
 Did bind him to the fatal rock — we ask  
 Thy deep memento for this marble scroll.  
 — Ho, fur-clad Russia! — with thy spear of frost,

Or with the winter-mocking Cossack's lance —  
Stir the cold memories of thy vengeful brain,  
And give the last line of our epitaph.

But, there was silence ; for no sceptred hand  
Received the challenge.

From the misty deep,  
Rise, Island Spirits ! like those sisters three,  
Who spin and cut the trembling thread of life :  
Rise, on your coral pedestals, and write  
That eulogy, which haughtier climes deny.  
Come, — for ye lull'd him in your matron arms,  
And cheer'd his exile with a princely name,  
And spread that curtain'd couch which none disturbs ;  
Come — twine some trait of household tenderness,  
Some slender leaflet, nurs'd with Nature's tears,  
Around this urn. — But Corsica, who rock'd  
His cradle at Ajacia, turned away ;  
And tiny Elba, in the Tuscan wave,  
Hid her slight annal with the haste of fear ;  
And rude Helena, sickening still, and grey  
'Neath the Pacific's smiting, bade the moon,  
With silent finger, point the traveler's gaze  
To an unhonor'd tomb.

Then Earth arose —  
That blind, old Empress — on her crumbling throne ;  
And, — to the echoed question, '*Who shall write  
Napoleon's epitaph ?*' — as one who broods  
On unforgiven injuries, answered — '*NONE !*'

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## THE VISION OF THE FOUNTAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE GRAY CHAMPION.'

DEAR ladies, could I but look into your eyes, like a star-gazer, I might read secret intelligences. Will you read what I have written ? You love music and the dance, and are passionate for flowers ; you sometimes cherish singing-birds, and sometimes young kittens. You sigh by moonlight. Once or twice you have wept over a love-story in the annuals. Sleep falls upon you, like a lace veil, rich with gold-embroidered dreams, and is withdrawn as lightly, that you may see brighter dreams than them.



Maiden pursuits, and gentle meditations, the sunshine of maiden glee, and the summer-cloud of maiden sadness — these make up the tale of your happy years. You are in your spring, fair reader — are you not? I am scarce in my summer-time. Yet, I have wandered through the world, till its weary dust has settled on me; and when I meet a bright, young girl, a girl of sixteen, with her untouched heart, so sweetly proud, so softly glorious, so fresh among faded things, I fancy that the gate of Paradise has been left ajar, and she has stolen out. Then I give a sigh to the memory of Rachel.

Oh, Rachel! How pleasant is the sound to me! thy sweet, old scriptural name. As I repeat it, thoughts and feelings grow vivid again, which I deemed long ago forgotten. There they are, yet in my heart, like the initials and devices engraved by virgin fingers in the wood of a young tree, remaining deep and permanent, though concealed by the furrowed bark of after years. The boy of fifteen was handsome; though you would shake your heads, could you glance at the altered features of the man. And the boy had lofty, sweet, and tender thoughts, and dim, but glorious visions; he was a child of poetry.

Well; at fifteen, I became a resident in a country village, more than a hundred miles from my home. The morning after my arrival — a September morning, but warm and bright as any in July — I rambled into a wood of oaks, with a few walnut trees intermixed, forming the closest shade above our heads. The ground was rocky, uneven, overgrown with bushes and clumps of young saplings, and traversed only by cattle-paths. The track, which I chanced to follow, led me to a crystal spring, with a border of grass, as freshly green as on May morning, and overshadowed by the limb of a great oak. One solitary sunbeam found its way down, and played like a gold-fish in the water.

From my childhood, I have loved to gaze into a spring. The water filled a circular basin, small, but deep, and set round with stones, some of which were covered with slimy moss, the others naked, and of variegated hue, reddish, white, and brown. The bottom was covered with coarse sand, which sparkled in the lovely sunbeam, and seemed to illuminate the spring with an un-borrowed light. In one spot, the gush of the water violently agitated the sand, but without obscuring the fountain, or breaking the glassiness of its surface. It appeared as if some living creature were about to emerge, the Naiad of the spring, perhaps, in the shape of a beautiful young woman, with a gown of filmy water-moss, a belt of rainbow drops, and a cold, pure, passionless countenance. How would the beholder shiver, pleasantly, yet fearfully, to see her sitting on one of the stones, paddling her white feet in the ripples, and throwing up water, to sparkle in

the sun ! Wherever she laid her hands on grass and flowers, they would immediately be moist, as with morning dew. Then would she set about her labors, like a careful housewife, to clear the fountain of withered leaves, and bits of slimy wood, and old acorns from the oaks above, and grains of corn left by cattle in drinking, till the bright sand, in the bright water, were like a treasury of diamonds. But, should the intruder approach too near, he would find only the drops of a summer shower, glistening about the spot where he had seen her.

Reclining on the border of grass, where the dewy goddess should have been, I bent forward, and a pair of eyes met mine within the watery mirror. They were the reflection of my own. I looked again, and lo ! another face, deeper in the fountain than my own image, more distinct in all the features, yet faint as thought. The vision had the aspect of a fair young girl, with locks of paly gold. A mirthful expression laughed in the eyes and dimpled over the whole shadowy countenance, till it seemed just what a fountain would be, if, while dancing merrily into the sunshine, it should assume the shape of woman. Through the dim rosiness of the cheeks, I could see the brown leaves, the the slimy twigs, the acorns, and the sparkling sand. The solitary sunbeam was diffused among the golden hair, which melted into its faint brightness, and became a glory round that head so beautiful !

My description can give no idea how suddenly the fountain was thus tenanted, and how soon it was left desolate. I breathed ; and there was the face ! I held my breath ; and it was gone ! Had it passed away, or faded into nothing ? I doubted whether it had ever been.

My sweet readers, what a dreamy and delicious hour did I spend, where that vision found and left me ! For a long time, I sat perfectly still, waiting till it should reappear, and fearful that the slightest motion, or even the flutter of my breath, might frighten it away. Thus have I often started from a pleasant dream, and then kept quiet, in hopes to wile it back. Deep were my musings, as to the race and attributes of that ethereal being. Had I created her ? Was she the daughter of my fancy, akin to those strange shapes which peep under the lids of children's eyes ? And did her beauty gladden me, for that one moment, and then die ? Or was she a water-nymph within the fountain, or fairy, or woodland goddess peeping over my shoulder, or the ghost of some forsaken maid, who had drowned herself for love ? Or, in good-truth, had a lovely girl, with a warm heart, and lips that would bear pressure, stolen softly behind me, and thrown her image into the spring ?

I watched and waited, but no vision came again. I departed, but with a spell upon me, which drew me back, that same after-

noon, to the haunted spring. There was the water gushing, the sand sparkling, and the sunbeam glimmering. There the vision was not, but only a great frog, the hermit of that solitude, who immediately withdrew his speckled snout and made himself invisible, all except a pair of long legs, beneath a stone. Methought he had a devilish look ! I could have slain him as an enchanter, who kept the mysterious beauty imprisoned in the fountain.

Sad and heavy, I was returning to the village. Between me and the church-spire, rose a little hill, and on its summit a group of trees, insulated from all the rest of the wood, with their own share of radiance hovering on them from the west, and their own solitary shadow falling to the east. The afternoon being far declined, the sunshine was almost pensive, and the shade almost cheerful ; glory and gloom were mingled in the placid light ; as if the spirits of the day and evening had met in friendship under those trees, and found themselves akin. I was admiring the picture, when the shape of a young girl emerged from behind the clump of oaks. My heart knew her ; it was the Vision ; but, so distant and ethereal did she seem, so unmingled with earth, so imbued with the pensive glory of the spot where she was standing, that my spirit sunk within me, sadder than before. How could I ever reach her !

While I gazed, a sudden shower came pattering down upon the leaves. In a moment the air was full of brightness, each rain-drop catching a portion of sunlight as it fell, and the whole gentle shower appearing like a mist, just substantial enough to bear the burthen of radiance. A rainbow, vivid as Niagara's, was painted in the air. Its southern limb came down before the group of trees, and enveloped the fair Vision, as if the hues of Heaven were the only garment for her beauty. When the rainbow vanished, she, who had seemed a part of it, was no longer there. Was her existence absorbed in nature's loveliest phenomenon, and did her pure frame dissolve away in the varied light ? Yet, I would not despair of her return ; for, robed in the rainbow, she was the emblem of Hope.

Thus did the Vision leave me ; and many a doleful day succeeded to the parting moment. By the spring, and in the wood, and on the hill, and through the village ; at dewy sunrise, burning noon, and at that magic hour of sunset, when she had vanished from my sight, I sought her, but in vain. Weeks came and went, months rolled away, and she appeared not in them. I imparted my mystery to none, but wandered to-and-fro, or sat in solitude, like one that had caught a glimpse of Heaven, and could take no more joy on earth. I withdrew into an inner world, where my thoughts lived and breathed, and the Vision in the midst of them. Without intending it, I became at once the

author and hero of a romance, conjuring up rivals, imagining events, the actions of others and my own, and experiencing every change of passion, till jealousy and despair had their end in bliss. Oh, had I the burning fancy of my early youth, with manhood's colder gift, the power of expression, your hearts, sweet ladies, should flutter at my tale !

In the middle of January, I was summoned home. The day before my departure, visiting the spots which had been hallowed by the Vision, I found that the spring had a frozen bosom, and nothing but the snow, and a glare of winter sunshine on the hill of the rainbow. 'Let me hope,' thought I, 'or my heart will be as icy as the fountain, and the whole world as desolate as this snowy hill.' Most of the day was spent in preparing for the journey, which was to commence at four o'clock the next morning. About an hour after supper, when all was in readiness, I descended from my chamber to the sitting-room, to take leave of the old clergyman and his family, with whom I had been an inmate. A gust of wind blew out my lamp as I passed through the entry.

According to their invariable custom, so pleasant a one when the fire blazes cheerfully, the family were sitting in the parlor, with no other light than what came from the hearth. As the good clergyman's stipend compelled him to use all sorts of economy, the foundation of his fires was a large heap of tan, or ground bark, which would smoulder away, from morning till night, with a dull warmth and no flame. This evening, the heap of tan was newly put on, and surmounted with three sticks of red oak, full of moisture, and a few pieces of dry pine, that had not yet kindled. There was no light, except the little that came sullenly from two half-burnt brands, without even glimmering on the andirons. But I knew the position of the old minister's arm-chair, and also where his wife sat, with her knitting-work, and how to avoid his two daughters, one a stout country lass, and the other a consumptive girl. Groping through the gloom, I found my own place next to that of the son, a learned collegian, who had come home to keep school in the village, during the winter vacation. I noticed that there was less room than usual, to-night, between the collegian's chair and mine.

As people are always taciturn in the dark, not a word was said for some time after my entrance. Nothing broke the stillness but the regular click of the matron's knitting-needles. At times, the fire threw out a brief and dusky gleam, which twinkled on the old man's glasses, and hovered doubtfully round our circle, but was far too faint to portray the individuals who composed it. Were we not like ghosts ? Dreamy as the scene was, might it not be a type of the mode in which departed people, who had known and loved each other here, would hold communion in

eternity ? We were aware of each other's presence, not by sight, nor sound, nor touch, but by an inward consciousness. Would it not be so among the dead ?

The silence was interrupted by the consumptive daughter, addressing a remark to some one in the circle, whom she called Rachel. Her tremulous and decayed accents were answered by a single word, but in a voice that made me start, and bend towards the spot whence it had proceeded. Had I ever heard that sweet, low tone ? If not, why did it rouse up so many old recollections, or mockeries of such, the shadows of things familiar, yet unknown, and fill my mind with confused images of her features who had spoken, though buried in the gloom of the parlor ? Whom had my heart recognized, that it throbbed so ? I listened, to catch her gentle breathing, and strove, by the intensity of my gaze, to picture forth a shape where none was visible.

Suddenly, the dry pine caught ; the fire blazed up with a ruddy glow ; and where the darkness had been, there was she — the Vision of the Fountain ! A spirit of radiance only, she had vanished with the rainbow, and appeared again in the fire-light, perhaps to flicker with the blaze, and be gone. Yet, her cheek was rosy and life-like, and her features, in the bright warmth of the room, were even sweeter and tenderer than my recollection of them. She knew me ! The mirthful expression, that had laughed in her eyes and dimpled over her countenance, when I beheld her faint beauty in the fountain, was laughing and dimpling there now. One moment, our glance mingled — the next, down rolled the heap of tan upon the kindled wood — and darkness snatched away that daughter of the light, and gave her back to me no more !

That is all, fair ladies. There is nothing more to tell. For, why must the simple mystery be revealed, that Rachel was the daughter of the village 'Squire, and had left home for a boarding-school, the morning after I arrived, and returned the day before my departure ? If I transformed her to an angel, it is what every youthful lover does for his mistress. Therein consists the essence of my story. But, slight the change, sweet maids, to make angels of yourselves !

## I WILL REMEMBER THEE.

I WILL remember thee ; thy form will be  
 Mingled with lingering images of all  
 That gave those lost hours wings of bliss to me  
 When, arm in arm, we wandered where the fall  
 Of this thy river's radiant fountains made  
 The sunset-silence musical, under its fringing shade.

I will remember thee, with loveliest bloom  
 Of early roses, such as these thy hand  
 Culled for me in the grave-yard's flowery gloom,  
 (Where rest thy sister's ashes, in the land  
 Of dark and long oblivion ;) likest thee,  
 Their bursting, blushing charms, and therefore dear to me.

I will remember thee, when woods, as now,  
 O'ershadow me at noontide ; and the sweet  
 Breathings of virgin violets, as pure as thou,  
 Nor purer, from dim moss-banks of the hill-sides greet  
 Me in my weary wanderings, 'mid the trees  
 Of mine own father-clime — to 'mind me but of these.

I'll think of thee with streamlets ; and green leaves  
 Shall murmur of thee ; and the fairest star  
 That shines above me, as mild Evening weaves  
 Her round pavilion in its splendor — far,  
 But not forgotten — will I sadly choose  
 To link with thoughts of thee, when most I love to muse.

I will remember thee, in coming days,  
 When I may tread the stranger's lonely shore,  
 And ponder upon old temples in the haze  
 Of twilight — where the mighty are no more —  
 (Though still the soil teems richly with the pride  
 Of buried greatness, and the skies are dyed

With hues of gone-down glory :) even then,  
 And there, the memory of the loveliness  
 That cheered this solitude, may cheer again —  
 The echo of past pleasure — and thy grace  
 Bless me in all things ; lady, on the sea  
 Or land, in joy or anguish, I'll remember thee !

B. B. T.

*Georgia, May, 1835.*

## THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF MUSIC.

## NO. II.

MUSIC was now banished to the church ; and, proscribed like the Christians, it was heard, at the still hour of midnight, in the caverns and tombs, where they concealed themselves. It is probable that their hymns were much the same as the Roman songs ; and we may form a tolerably correct idea of the ancient vocal music, from some of the Catholic chants. As the Christians gave up the use of musical instruments, however, the art soon fell into great confusion, and was well-nigh lost, when St. Ambrose, of Milan, appeared. He reviewed it, and made great improvement in the science, by the introduction of rhythm, or equal division of time, instead of the irregular chant of the Romans. Pope Gregory, however, who lived in the fifth century, seems to have established the foundation of church music, as it now exists. He began by improving the manner of writing it ; the Romans had employed fifteen letters, to express the notes ; he reduced the number to seven, as they now stand : but, as the notes were not placed on lines, as at present, he used capital letters for the first octave, small ones for the second, and double letters for the third. He introduced the kind of music which is now common among us, and is called, from him, the Gregorian chant : it was borrowed from the ancient music. This pope also established singing-schools in Rome, in which orphan children were supported and instructed for his chapel. With the spread of Christianity, music was extended to Germany, France, and England ; and Gregory supplied performers for all these countries. In the ninth century, great improvement was made in the art, by placing marks over the letters to indicate whether they were to be sung loud or soft : the five lines were also introduced about this time, to mark more distinctly the intervals of sound, though the letters still continued to be used. Guido Aretino now appeared, and did much to improve the art. He was the first to make use of semitones ; he adopted the written notes, nearly as we have them, instead of letters ; he invented several instruments, and is thought to have discovered counter-point, or harmonic chords. From this time, music was written much as it is at the present day ; that is, with the parallel lines, the divisions of bars or measures, and the characters which represent letters. Notwithstanding the efforts of numerous composers, however, the art seems to have made little progress from the time of Guido down to the sixteenth century. A French writer observes, that, until the middle of the sixteenth century, ‘ music

was only a tissue of harmonious sounds, almost destitute of any perceptible melody. In the fifteenth, and the earlier part of the following century, the professors, in order to render their masses more agreeable, composed them upon the air of some popular song ;' (a practice not altogether abandoned in our day.) 'The studied singularity of the middle age,' (says the same writer) 'led other masters to write their sacred music according to the cast of dice ; each number thus obtained had musical passages which corresponded to it.'

At length, Palestrina appeared. This immortal genius, to whom we owe modern melody, shook off the fetters of barbarism ; he introduced into his composition an air, grave indeed, but continued and perceptible ; and his music is still performed in St. Peter's, at Rome. About the middle of the sixteenth century, the composers had taken such a fancy to fugues and canons, and collected these figures in such a singular manner, in their works for the church, that, during the greater part of that period, this pious music was extremely ridiculous. This abuse, after a length of time, excited the complaints of the devout ; and it was often proposed to banish music from the churches. In short, Marcellus II., who occupied the papal chair, in 1555, was on the point of issuing the decree of suppression, when Palestrina entreated his holiness to hear a mass which he had composed. The pope having consented, the young musician caused to be performed before him a mass for six voices, which appeared so beautiful and so full of dignity, that the pontiff, instead of putting his project into execution, ordered Palestrina to compose some works of the same kind for his chapel. The mass in question is still extant, and is known by the name of 'Pope Marcellus's Mass.'

The composers of church music in Italy, since the days of Palestrina, have followed nearly in his footsteps ; of all these, Gregorio Allegri is the most remarkable, having composed the celebrated *Miserere*, which is sung once every year in the pope's chapel, at Rome. This is, undoubtedly, the most powerful music ever composed. It is intended to commemorate the awful period which elapsed between the death and the resurrection of our Saviour — the earth wrapt in gloom, and man bereft of hope ! The *Miserere* is an agonized cry for mercy from a despairing world. It is sung at night ; and the chapel is dimly lighted by a few wax candles, which throw their glare upon the painting of the 'Last Judgement,' (by Michael Angelo) above the altar. 'As the service proceeds, the tapers are extinguished, one after the other ; and the impression produced by the figures of the damned, painted with terrific power, by Michael Angelo, is increased in awfulness, when they are dimly seen by the pale light of the last taper.' 'After a deep and most impressive pause of silence,'



(says a recent traveler) 'the solemn *Miserere* commenced ; and never, by mortal ear, was heard a strain of such powerful, such heart-moving pathos. The accordant tones of an hundred human voices — and one that seemed more than human — ascended together to Heaven, for mercy to mankind, for pardon to a guilty and sinning world. It had nothing in it of this earth — nothing that breathed the ordinary feelings of our nature. It seemed as if every sense and power had been concentrated into that plaintive expression of lamentation, of deep suffering and supplication, which possessed the soul. It was the strain that disembodied spirits might have used, who had just passed the boundaries of death, and sought relief from the mysterious weight of woe, and the tremblings of mortal agony, that they had suffered in the passage of the grave. It was the music of another state of being. It lasted till the shadows of evening fell deeper ; and the red, dusky glare, as it issued stronger from the concealed recess whence the singing proceeded, shed a partial but strong light upon the figures near it. It ceased. A priest, with a light, moved across the chapel, and carried a book to the officiating cardinal, who read a few words in an awful and impressive tone. Then again the light disappeared ; and the last, the most entrancing harmony arose, in a strain that might have moved Heaven itself — a deeper, more pathetic sound of lamentation than mortal voices ever breathed. Its effects, upon the minds of those that heard it, were almost too powerful to be borne ; and never — never can be forgotten.'

In speaking of sacred music, we must not omit to give some account of the oratorio, or spiritual drama. Its origin may be traced to the Christian pilgrims, who, returning from the holy land, used to celebrate, in songs and choruses, the life and sufferings of the Saviour. As early as the year 1243, a piece, of this nature, was performed at Padua. St. Philip, of Neri, however, is considered the founder of the oratorio. He was born in Florence, in the year 1515, and first established regular oratorios in 1540, with the design of directing the public taste to religious subjects. They were, at first, little more than a succession of hymns, unaccompanied by instruments. The *recitative* was invented some time afterwards ; but, at first, the actor related the story to the audience, singing only detached portions. In 1590, the *recitative* was first used in oratorios. Choruses were next introduced ; and the words and music continued to improve gradually, down to the eighteenth century, when Handel appeared, and, devoting all his powers to this branch of music, carried it to a degree of perfection which has hardly been surpassed. The great characteristic of Handel's style, is sublimity ; he is the Pindar of musicians ; and his lyric flights are unequalled.

His choruses, to borrow the language of Milton, are like

‘ the sound,  
Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tuned  
Angelic harmonies.’

All things considered, however, Haydn’s ‘Creation’ is probably the most remarkable and perfect oratorio, that was ever composed. In this wonderful piece, the composer has attempted to represent, by music, the creation of the world and its inhabitants, as described in Genesis. The overture portrays the wildness of chaos. ‘The earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.’ The music is perfectly wild and mournful, and destitute of harmony or melody; and expresses, by its strange discords, the painfulness of chaotic confusion. It falls upon the ear, a dull, frightful mass, which we in vain endeavor to throw off. The tones seem lifeless, but vast and terrific. At length, the whole mighty mass seems to heave from the very bottom; the spirit is moving upon the face of the deep. Rapid passages dart, like flashes of lightning, through the scale, and occasional gleams of harmony are caught, but quickly overpowered by the prevailing confusion. The sounds picture to us, most forcibly,

‘ the vast immeasurable abyss,  
Outrageous as a sea — dark, wasteful, wild.  
Up from the bottom turned, by furious winds  
And surging waves, as mountains to assault  
Heaven’s height, and with the centre mix the poles.’

The closing notes are in the same wild strain as the commencement. The author of a life of Haydn analyzes the piece in these words: ‘Music reappears, in all her charms, when the angels begin to relate the great work of creation.’ We soon come to the passage which describes the creation of light. ‘And God said let there be light, and there was light.’ It must be confessed, that nothing can have a grander effect. Before this fiat of the Creator, the musician has gradually diminished the chords; he introduces the unison, and the piano still growing softer, as the suspended cadence approaches; at last, this cadence bursts forth in the most sonorous manner, at the words, ‘and there was light.’ This burst of the whole orchestra, in the resounding key of *c*, accompanied with all the harmony possible, and prepared by the gradual fading of the sounds, actually produces upon us, at a first representation, the effect of a thousand torches suddenly flashing light into a dark cavern. The faithful angels afterwards describe, in a fugued passage, the rage of Satan and his accomplices, precipitated into an abyss of torments, by the hand of him whom

they hate. Here, Milton has a rival. Haydn employs profusely all that is disagreeable in the enharmonic genus ; horrible discords, strange modulations, and chords of the diminished seventh. The harshness of the words further increases the horrors of this chorus. We shudder ; but the music begins to describe the beauties of the new-created earth, the celestial freshness of the first verdure which adorned the world ; and our minds are at length tranquillized. You next pass to the rising of the sun, which appears, for the first time, in all the pomp of the most magnificent spectacle which the eye of man can contemplate. It is followed by the rising of the moon, which silently advances through the clouds, and illumines the night with her silver radiance.

The second part opens, with an air, majestic in the beginning, afterwards gay, and tender towards the conclusion, describing the creation of the birds. The different characters of this air well represent the audacious eagle, which, just created, seems to spurn the earth and dart towards the sun ; the gaiety of the lark, the amorous doves, and lastly, the plaintive nightingale. The accents of the songstress of night are imitated as near to nature as possible. A beautiful trio represents the effect produced by the immense whale, as he agitates the waves. A well-executed *recitative* shows us the generous courser, proudly neighing amidst vast meadows ; the active and ferocious tiger, rapidly traversing the forests and gliding between the trees ; the fierce lion roars at a distance, while the gentle sheep, fearless of danger, are peacefully feeding. An air, full of power and dignity, announces the creation of man. The movement of the harmony corresponds with the words —

‘Behold ! a man he stands — the king and lord of all.’

The music increases, in force and elevation, at each of these last words, and makes a superb cadence on the ‘king and lord of all.’ It is impossible not to be struck with it. The second part of this air describes the creation of the charming Eve, and gives us an idea of Adam’s happiness. It is universally esteemed the finest part of the ‘Creation.’

The third part of the ‘Creation’ is the shortest. It is a beautiful translation of the most pleasing part of Milton’s poem. Haydn paints the transports of the first and most innocent attachments, the tender converse of the first pair, and their pure and dreadless gratitude towards the infinite goodness which created them, and which seems to have created for them all nature. The most ardent joy breathes in every line of the allegro. There is also apparent, in this part, a devotion, of a more than ordinary kind, mingled with terror. Lastly, a chorus (partly fugued and

partly ideal) terminates this astonishing production, with the same fire and majesty with which it commenced.

We shall now proceed to give some account of the opera. The literal signification of the word is, *a work*; and the name is not ill-chosen to express the combination of arts, which appears in the musical drama. It is a perfect work, and addresses itself to the entire capacities of our nature. It is founded upon the principle, that there is an harmony between the fine arts; that painting, sculpture, music and poetry, address themselves, with a kindred power, to the better feelings, and though each takes a different path, all arrive at the same result, all produce the same effect on the mind. The opera is the union of all these; combining music, poetry, acting, and scenic decoration; and offers more, to delight the senses and interest the mind, than any other representation. The origin of the opera, like that of the oratorio, may be found in the religious feeling prevalent in the time of the crusades. The passion of Christ, the adoration of the Virgin and the angels, and sometimes of the martyrs, were the subjects of these representations. We learn from Tiraboschi, that the monks of the city of Treves were required to furnish, annually, two clergymen, well-skilled in music, to represent the annunciation, by personating the angel and the Virgin; and we have already seen that a religious drama was performed at Padua, in the thirteenth century. From religious subjects, others, of a less spiritual nature, were undertaken. In 1475, Politian produced a sort of musical drama, upon the story of Orpheus; and, in 1555, Alonzo Viola composed a pastoral play, called 'the Sacrifice,' which was performed, with great applause, before king Henry III., of France, when he visited Venice, in 1574. Thus far, however, the music consisted entirely of sacred songs, or the common ballads of the country. No composer had as yet written expressly for the opera.

In the year 1594, three young noblemen, of Florence, made the attempt to revive the chanting declamation of the Greek drama, and employed Rinuccini, the poet, to write a piece on the story of Daphne, which was set to music by Peri, the most distinguished composer of the day, and performed by the three young men, and one or two friends, in the Corsi palace. The orchestra consisted only of a lute, harpsichord, viol de Gamba, and harp; no airs were introduced, but the piece consisted entirely of the *recitative*. Though such a play, at this day, would be considered intolerably dull, it nevertheless produced a great sensation at the time, and was very much admired. The same poet composed, four years afterwards, a drama for music, called 'Euridice,' which was represented in the theatre of Florence, in honor of the marriage of Henry IV., of France, with Mary de Medici. In 1606, the first musical drama was acted at

Rome, by Quagliatœ, who, with four or five companions, performed, during the carnival, in a wagon, drawn about the streets. About nine years afterwards, the opera first appeared in Naples.

For the next half century, little attention was paid to the music of the opera, which degenerated, rather than improved ; the scenery, however, was made very magnificent. The opera was now carried into other countries. Cardinal Mazarin established it in France, in the year 1646 ; yet, it is probable that the French paid more attention to the decoration of the stage than to the music, down to a late period ; for Goldoni, who visited Paris, in 1761, declares that the French opera, though a paradise for the eyes, is hell for the ears. In Germany, carnival-plays had been chanted as early as 1567 ; but the first regular opera, in that country, was performed in 1678 ; the subject was Adam and Eve. The Italian opera was introduced into England in the seventeenth century, and greatly improved by Handel. The birth of this distinguished man forms an era in the history of music. Haydn said of him, 'he is the father of us all ;' and indeed, succeeding composers, though they may have improved the art, have not made any material changes.

We have said that an opera is an entire work, combining more attractions than any other kind of representation. To illustrate this, we shall give an analysis of one of the most perfect operas ever composed, as performed in Paris. It is called 'Robert le Diable,' or, Robert the Devil ; and the story is as follows. Robert is the son of a princess of Burgundy, who, being knighted, sets off in quest of adventures, accompanied by Bertram, who appears as his friend and brother in arms. Bertram is, in reality, a friend, and the father of Robert : he is permitted to wander on the earth for a certain number of years, at the expiration of which, if he cannot persuade some mortal to covenant his soul to the infernal powers, he is doomed to return to his torment. Robert, his own son, is the individual whom he has fixed upon to substitute instead of himself in his infernal abode ; and the play turns upon his attempts to induce Robert to make a covenant with the devil.

The music of the overture is majestic, wild, and mournful ; and the drop-scene, which covers a stage large enough to contain almost any other theatre, represents a confused and frightful mass of precipitous rocks ; a vast and impenetrable abyss yawns open in the midst, over which a dusky fiend hovers, with outspread wings. All seems to announce the sublime and awful scenes which are to ensue.

Robert has fallen desperately in love with the princess Isabella, of Sicily, who is to be the prize of the conqueror, in a tournament about to be held at Palermo. The first scene represents a large number of knights, carousing in front of their tents, near

the city, among whom are Robert and Bertram. A young girl is presently brought in by their pages, and is rescued from violence by Robert, who recognizes her as his adopted sister. She has come to announce to him the death of his mother, and brings him a letter containing her last advice. He is overcome with affliction at the news, and cannot bear to read the letter, which he entreats his sister, Alice, to preserve for him. Bertram tries to console him, and, under pretence of diverting his mind, engages him in gaming, with the other knights. Robert loses, and Bertram advises him to double the stake; still he loses, and again doubles; the fiend is at his elbow, and governs the chances, so that they are constantly against him. Still encouraged to go on, he continues to lose — his bags of money, his ingots of gold, his jewels, the diamond chain about his neck, and finally, his horse and armor, and his golden-hilted sword, with the rich sheath. He is thus left destitute, and, instead of the wealthy knight, is an insignificant beggar. The fiend now expects to seduce him by the promise of wealth; but the princess, who is in love with him, provides him with a horse and armor, that he may fight for her.

Meantime, a different scene takes place. The stage represents a wild and mountainous country; on the right hand are seen the ruins of a classic temple; all appears desolate and lonely; and a rude cross, erected among the rocks, indicates that some hapless traveler has been murdered on the spot. The lover of Alice appears, having promised to meet her here; but Bertram presently comes in, and, wishing to be alone, persuades the young man to go to a distant part of the mountain, in the hope of finding a treasure. Bertram comes to meet the spirits, with whom he is associated, and to do homage to the infernal king. He hears their shouts in the caverns under the earth, and they call upon him to descend. Trembling, he obeys, and disappears amidst the ruins of the temple. In the meantime, Alice arrives, and is greatly disappointed at not finding her lover. All is stillness; she calls him by name, but no answer is returned; nothing is heard but her own voice, long echoed among the mountains. The sky now becomes overcast; the distant roar of the storm, and the low mutter of thunder are heard from mountain to mountain. Alice listens in dismay; she is distressed at the absence of her lover, and frightened at the loneliness and gloom of the place. While she stands thus perplexed, the silence is broken by a shout from under the earth, so loud and terrific, that it seems as if all the spirits of darkness had been let loose. It is the rioting of the fiends, to whom Bertram has descended. No words can adequately describe this infernal music; it is a strange mixture of utter remorse and agony with wild and reckless joy.

A thousand voices appear to join in the frightful chorus, that they may dim the sense of wo, in the uncouth riot. The awful sound is heard but a moment, and again all is silent. Alice is horror-struck, but can hardly believe her senses. Again the terrible chorus bursts forth from the earth, and she, all trembling, approaches the mouth of a cavern, in the ruins, whence the sound issues. At that moment, flames blaze forth, and Bertram rushes out, pale and terrified by the fury of his kindred spirits. Alice screams at the sight of him, and swoons at the foot of the cross. Bertram rouses her; he is now betrayed; she knows his true character. By threatening to destroy her lover, he obliges her to take an oath, not to reveal to Robert what she has seen. Meantime, Robert approaches; he has been defeated in the tournament by a friend, whom Bertram sent in the place of his rival, and is now in utter despair; he believes that his mistress is lost to him forever. Bertram confronts him, and still promises him aid. He wishes to strengthen his power over him, by involving him in crime; for he has been told that, if he cannot induce Robert to sign the covenant before midnight, he must himself return to his sufferings.

The scene now changes, and the theatre represents the ruins of a convent. On one side is a long cloister, the arches of which open in a roofless and ruinous church, which is filled with graves. Various tombs are seen in the cloister. Their form, according to the fashion of the times, is square; and on a slab, raised two or three feet from the ground, reposes a marble statue of the person buried, shrouded in the grave-clothes, the hands folded in prayer; on one of these, is the statue of St. Rosalia, bearing in the hand a magic branch. It is night, and the soft light of the moon is poured on the broken walls and columns of the church, and streams through the arches of the cloister. Heavy denunciations are pronounced against the sacrilegious person who shall pluck the branch from the hand of the saint. Bertram, therefore, wishes to make Robert to do it. He has already told him, that the possession of the branch will ensure him success; and he is now going to summon the spirits of the nuns from purgatory, that they may persuade Robert to commit the crime. Bertram appears at the extreme end of the cloister; the music is slow, soft, and very solemn, and the trumpet is heard summoning the spirits from their graves. The enchanter commands them to appear. Slowly, the marble slabs, on which the statues repose, rise up, and the forms, shrouded in their winding-sheets, step from their resting-place — at first, almost inanimate, as awaking from the slumber of ages, then becoming more instinct with life, and finally advancing, with slow and measured step, towards the master-spirit who has awakened them. Still the trumpet pours forth its

solemn notes, and hosts of spirits come flitting through the arches ; every grave yields up its tenant, and all bow before the enchanter and receive his commands.

The slow and solemn music is now changed to a livelier strain ; the nuns fling off their shrouds and appear as beautiful girls. Some of them set up an altar to their master, and offer incense to him ; others, in reckless mirth, throw dice, and gamble in their own tombs. Robert appears in the midst, and a bevy of them dance round him, lead him to the tomb of St. Rosalia, and endeavor to persuade him to pluck the branch. He starts — for the statue reminds him of his mother ; he is horror-struck, and retires from the tomb ; but the false spirits again gather round him, and lead him towards it, till at length, overcome by their blandishments, and blinded by passion, he plucks the branch. At that moment, the wild shout of the demons is heard, with the clanking of chains, and the nuns sink lifeless into their graves, above which the most hideous monsters hover, and seem to exult over their victims. Robert has now possession of the branch, and bears it into the court of Sicily, where the king, with all his nobles, and the rival of Robert, are assembled. He waves the branch over them, and all, save the princess, fall into a magic sleep, from which they can only be awakened by his breaking the branch. The princess persuades him to do this, for she will never be won by such arts ; in despair he breaks it, and the sleepers are roused from their lethargy.

The next scene represents the vestibule of the cathedral of Palermo. Bertram meets Robert there. The hour of midnight is approaching, and he knows, that if the league is not signed before that, his doom is sealed. He promises wealth, power, honor, everything, if he will but comply. Robert is almost persuaded, when a strain of soft and delicious music comes stealing on his ear, and seems to recall him to virtue. It is the organ of the cathedral, and the vesper-chant. Again Bertram renews his agonized entreaties ; he reveals the sacred name of father ; he kneels, he weeps, he drags his victim away from the influence of the holy music. At this moment, Alice rushes in ; she implores Robert to read his mother's letter before he yields ; he is hardly willing, but at length complies with her entreaties. He there reads, that Bertram is a fiend, who had ruined her, and who is plotting his own destruction. He is saved ; the cathedral bell is heard slowly tolling twelve, and Bertram sinks into the yawning earth in a shroud of fire.

At the close of this act, the drop-scene indicates that the frightful passages are terminated. It represents the Holy City, in all its gorgeous magnificence, with palace and tower, church and square, and lengthened colonades, stretching away as far as the eye can reach. A rainbow spans it, from the right hand to



the left, with its glittering arch, on whose summit stands the angel of mercy, crowned with a diadem of stars. The closing-scene represents the wedding procession. The story of Robert's temptation and dangers has reached the king, and he has betrothed his daughter to him. The gorgeous train is seen entering the cathedral ; a thousand wax-lights shed their glare upon the scene ; boys, in robes of white, are swinging their censers, from which rises the smoke of incense ; and the loud organ is heard, with the full choir chanting hymns of praise for victory over the wiles of the enemy.

We have thus endeavored to give a sketch, imperfect though it be, of the developement of this art. There is one consideration, which appears to invest the subject with additional interest for us ; it is, that music has probably arrived at its perfection in our day. The barrenness and commonplace reality of the present age are proverbial. We are constantly reminded of the great poets and artists of by-gone times ; and their works are contrasted with the degenerate efforts of modern days. True, poetry, architecture, painting, and sculpture, reached their zenith ages since ; but it has been reserved to our time to witness the perfection of one of the fine arts, which ranks with the highest. *We* live in the golden age of music ; it will probably never be advanced farther ; and even now, perhaps, the symptoms of decline in the art, may be discerned. Handel and Mozart and Haydn and Beethoven are gone ; and, though their halo still hovers round us, we know that it must finally depart. In another century, their works will be held up as inimitable models. But, while we are yet lingering within the verge of the magic circle, from which the irresistible sweep of time is hurrying us, we may be pardoned if we occasionally turn back,

‘ With wandering step and slow,’

and contemplate the scene of glory we are leaving.

HENRY R. CLEVELAND.

## SUMMER PHILOSOPHY.

## A COLLOQUIAL LECTURE.

'Live pleasant!' Such was Edmund Burke's exhortation to an anxious and repining gentleman, who resorted to him for comfort and advice. It should be every one's summer motto. James, be it yours. Live pleasant. 'Tis an art. Learn it. We speak of the fine arts and the useful ones. This combines their claims.

*Ariston men 'udor*, says Pindar; no doubt, as a lotion, if not as a potion. Let Amphitrite, or some nymph of her's, fold you daily in her chaste and renovating embrace. Be sure there is sovereign good in it. Intimacy with the salt bosom of the bracing element is the all-compensating, magnificent luxury of the season. What were summer-life without it?

And, James, look to it, that you be not one of the busy block-heads, who do away, in half an hour, the kind influences of a bath, by insane activity and self-exposure. Never hurry, nor be hurried. Walk slow, talk slow, think slow, feed, read, write, dress, undress — in short, live — with studied and exquisite deliberation. Let nothing tempt you to fuss, or bustle, or lose your temper, or make a noise. Keep your watch in perfect order; and never fail to set out so long before an appointed hour, that you may proceed purely at your ease, with full leisure to make fastidious selection of shaded sidewalks — ever and anon, stopping, without scruple, to adjust your cravat, or uncover your head, or whisk a handkerchief about it, and smile gently, and in your sleeve, at casual ridicules, or make languid salutations, or put up (inwardly, or, peradventure, in a murmur) small petitions and thanksgivings to the powers above, — and, after all, be punctually (or, perchance, a few minutes better than punctually) on the spot: then, shortly afterwards, while an irrepressible smile softens your composed and complacent features, to salute the unfortunates who arrive hot and belated — panting, it may be, and just too late! Oh, 'tis a virtuous triumph!

But to ensure it, one must be resolutely unimitative. Hurry is contagious. It is not because they have much to do, but merely perforce of a foolish, fidgety habit, that many people in our streets heat and tire themselves; and the others, for the most part, do the like, from unconscious sympathy and mechanical imitation. Be on your guard, James, against the infection of example. Let bad company never fool your wise, young feet into a bootless race against time.

Look out of the window, James. Observe the two gentlemen, in beaver hats and suits of broadcloth, passing at the rate of

four miles an hour. Mark their dripping brows and burning cheeks ! How unwise, to be so pinched for time ; how absurd, if they be not ! But, their costume ! James, be it known to you, that, in these little matters (so called) of personal comfort and taste, we are a servile people — servile conformists to fashion, and an arbitrary system of stupid uniformity. But, be not you conformed ! Bow not your neck ! Exercise, personally and hourly, that independence, which our good people commonly reserve to quarrel about, at elections, and glorify on anniversaries.

Dress after your own heart. If you be so odd as not to realize that a coat, which was comfortable when mercury froze, must be equally so (and the only proper coat) under these tropical fervors — fear not to array yourself, cap-a-pie, in nankin, linen or silk ! Why be uncomfortable, because other people choose to be ? Live pleasant.

Gratefully careful, as I know you to be, James, of the precious organ cinctured by the nether part of your waistcoat, you will, of course, eschew the mean absurdities of Grahamism, equally with the sottishness and excess, to which you never were given. Ripe fruit, James, in the morning ; seldom after. The old dogma, you know, makes it gold in the morning, silver at noon, and lead at night. With your dinner, of a single excellent viand, let me recommend a good deal of good bread ; and, for the most part, nothing thereafter, until the next morning. Prize him, or her, that can furnish you a pure decoction of the sober berry ; and, if you affect not Pochon and Peccho, make its acquaintance ; a daintier and more ethereal spirit, even than Hyson, informs it. You are seasonable in addicting yourself to the ‘thin potations’ of Bourdeaux and the Rhine : *me judice*, your temperate glass will never anticipate dinner. Here, indeed, cosmopolites differ ; and I would not rashly proscribe a tumbler of claret, *au déjeuner*. But, be all spirituous concentrations abjured. They irritate.

So does much speaking : be chary of your words. Take time to select them, lazily, yet well. Let them be few, simple, and significant. Study (so far as may be, without too much mental application) a terse and elegant plainness of speech. ‘Amplification is the spinning-wheel of the Bathos,’ saith the immortal Scribblerus ; and verily, in summer, it consumeth patience and comfort with its hot hum. ’Tis a cruelly stupid practice. Study monosyllables ; and be not timid in respect of long pauses. None, but a silly chatterbox, thinks them crusty, or finds them dull. A select few of them, well disposed, go farther, with a discreet man, (or woman either ?) of a hot day, than a troop of polysyllables. Indeed, James, when, on such a day, you see two or three friends lounging quietly in the shadiest and airiest

place within reach, amusing themselves, perhaps, with a glass or cigar, hardly moving a finger unnecessarily, and exchanging curt colloquy at capricious intervals—the cool syllables dropping, one by one, from thin lips—every pregnant word or two conveying the hint of a speech, fructifying, during an after-pause, in the ear, and acknowledged, happily, or commented upon, by the slightest of nods, or smiles,—set them down, James, for gentlemen and philosophers. Without fatigue of tongues or ears, there is more real communion, often, in such quiet intercourse, than in the wordiest and hottest conversations.

But, if the loquacious take you by the button, or imprison you in a carriage, and you cannot escape, submit, James, with a good grace; and study your precious art of attending with looks, while your suffering soul takes leave of absence. Do not fret, on any account; for impatience and ill-humor are very heating. What livelier image of ridiculous discomfort, than a fussy, choleric gentleman, in dog-days, drenched with perspiration, or scorched with sunshine, hearing ill-news, or being bored or affronted, or repenting, or persecuted of mosquitos, and impotently thumping his face and breaking his nails—or barked at by puppies, and soiling his hand with throwing stones at them, and hitting a lady, and having his voice drowned, while attempting an apology, by the stunning passage of a load of iron—or, at an evening lecture, ‘grinning horrible a ghastly smile’ of gallantry, as he resigns his seat to a robustious serving-wench, and takes his stand in the aisle. ‘Oh misery!’ ‘What damned minutes tells he o’er!’

James, fail you not to maintain, till October at least, a sweet, imperturbable serenity: entertain your senses and your soul with harmonious, patient, minute attentions. Dear, perspiring summer! She is the alma mater, and the tender nurse, of the gentlest virtues; she makes goodness its own exceeding great reward. Pure sentiments, gentle sympathies, and little exercises of forbearance, modesty and good nature, are the moral zephyrs, shower-baths, ice-creams, and scented white handkerchiefs of the soul!

Therefore, James, keep an eye and heart open to all the beautiful and good that is abroad in the body or soul of the world, within your ken. Dress your thoughts in a habit of wise, indulgent charity, and let them wear it, till it ‘cleaves to its mould, with the aid of use.’ Have a kind word ready for the abashed maiden; and, for the grandsire, manly deference. If a child stumble, in your walk, pick it (deliberately) up: if a lady stoop to tie her shoe-string, help her, or look away. Practice ‘the soft answer that turneth away wrath.’ If one dispute you hastily, smile and forgive him; if he talk nonsense, or pompous tru-

isms, listen with mute civility: in either case, 'take no note of him, but let him go — and thank God you are rid of a' fool.

Beware of talking politics with a radical; or, longer than five minutes with any man. You will almost certainly strike fire by concussion, if you differ, or kindle, by smooth attrition, if you agree. Read no more than half a column, at once, in any political newspaper; and wax not indignant, over the capitals and notes of exclamation, either at the writer, or at those he abuses. They probably are used to it; and 'tis for bread that he (poor fellow) sours his heart and dips his daily pen in acids and gall.

Read such books as you like, James — so they be good of their kind. If you find a volume full of twaddle and egotism, or tainted with malignity or meanness, let it go at once; and speak of it, if need be, with brief contempt. But, why grow splenetic over a book, merely because it does not hit your personal fancy or taste? Go to. Was it written for you? — and may it not edify another? Pass on. The paper world is all before you; and a world, thank Heaven, it is — though deformed with barrenness and mire — yet boasting its skyey heights, its mystic deeps, and thousand living fountains, and Elysian vales.

Then, be not impatient with Mr. Van Artevelde Taylor's preface or poem, or the critiques thereon: and if still, haply, you linger, with admiring gratitude, over the volumes of Byron, deeming him neither shallow nor trite, but 'a very pretty poet,' who often weaves into one rainbow-stanza the gorgeous expression of more newly-combined thought, than is spread over any blank verse page of the said poem. Yet, will you allow the author to have his own opinion; nor, though you find his book pretty hard reading, will you dispute its being very clever for a young clerk? — 'a little heavy — but no less divine.'\*

If you have not read Charles Lamb's 'Elia' two or three times, (why does not somebody here print a decent edition of those essays†) nay, if you have it not by heart, let me commend you to it, as a perfect pink of summer reading. 'Tis soda; 'tis a glass of hock; 'tis a customary after-dinner nap, with visions, in the garden; 'tis a dewy jessamine, and chat with good girls under it. The last image seduces me to a very oblique transition.

\* We disagree with the Summer-Philosopher, entirely, in his opinion of Van Artevelde. Don't believe him, James! Mr. Taylor's dramatic poem is most placid reading, of a warm summer-afternoon, by yourself, recumbent on a sofa — if you have not been made stupid by a two-o'clock dinner — or, beneath the soft light of a shaded lamp, in the evening, to one dear enough to be interesting, and intelligent enough to exclaim, 'beautiful!' as she will, at six passages in a page, if she knows how to appreciate high-souled thought and poetical sentiment. — Ed.

† A very neat edition of Elia's essays has lately appeared in that best of all cheap re-publications, 'The Republic of Letters;' and the philosopher, or James, can get them for a York shilling of J. Hancock, 127, Washington street, Boston.

James, beware bad women. Nay, blush not, boy, but understand me. She, who, of a sultry afternoon, exercises you with discussion of fossil-remains, and comparison of German and Italian tragedies ; or, in the evening, sultrier still, tempts you to walk on a Turkey carpet, and play the battle of Prague, (you might as well fight it, and have done) on an untuned piano ; or makes you go to church with her, and sit in a crowded pew, and then and there filches your handkerchief, and for a while wont lend you her fan ; or whispers scandal in your ear, during all the long, nasal, damnatory sermon, and the ' ear-piercing ' harmonies of a choir of fifty-three singing-school children, accompanied by violins and clarionets ; — a woman capable of these enormities, or any of them, is too dangerous and cruel to be encountered at this season. If you can mollify her, at any cost, but that of heating yourself, do it. Sketch for her, all the morning ; submit to carry her billet-doux to your rival, (if he live in the same square ;) let her feed your spaniel with cake ; even go with her on a water-party, and catch her fish, she holding the end of the rod ; — but, if not all your submission and service will bring her to reason, or soften her to compassion ; if she persist in enticing and compelling you to violate the first principles of summer philosophy — abandon her ! She is a naughty woman, James ; and were summer long enough, would be the death of you.

But, with the *fair* sex proper, pass as many of your summer hours as Heaven pleases. I am sure, James, you need not be urged. There is no season when we could spare the precious creatures so ill. How refreshing, how cool, their company ! How select their influences ! A girl, that loves out-doors, and an ambling palfrey at dawn, and the salt waves ; who is so bent on drawing a natural breath, that she wears a girdle almost loose and unfashionable enough to clasp the waist of the Medicean Venus ; a girl, who never combines blue and green in a dress, or pink and purple ; who walks as well as she dances ; who hears you out, says what she means, and then stops ; putting ' fit words in fit places,' and speaking them in a voice ' gentle and low — an excellent thing in woman ' ; who likes her mother-tongue better than all others ; sings nothing that she can't sing right, and does that without urging ; lets you hear every word ; plays piano more than forte, and likes good old tunes better than silly new ones ; never screams or faints, and is too proud and loving, to be, for a moment, vain, envious or insincere ; — find such a girl, James, and make her the tutelary, fresh-winged angel of your summer life ! With a sentiment, delicately cool, however transporting, you may love and worship her, like the crescent-moon, or a Pleiad, or a virgin fountain. Her presence, her voice, her foot-fall, the thought or dream of her, will come upon you, amid the

fervid noon, 'like breath of vernal air from snowy Alp'; and,  
at night,

'Like the gentle South  
That steals along a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odors !'

Thus, James, may your chaste love fan and freshen you—  
bidding defiance to the dog-star ; while every entertainer of  
wanton and violent passions, pants, glows, and swelters in their  
heat—the mutual inflammation of body and soul.

COSMO.

### PARTING.

A MYSTIC sadness oft I feel  
O'er my rapt spirit steal,  
When tints Elysian fade from evening skies,  
Or an Orphean note, in lingering sweetness dies.  
O, 'tis a mournful thing,  
In a world of sorrowing,  
To part with beauty, wheresoe'er it be,  
Or break one bond of congeniality !  
But deeper, holier is the grief—  
Known only to the heart  
Of the lone one, who, after commune brief,  
Is forced to part  
With beings knit to him by spirit-ties—  
Whose presence is delight,  
Shedding a soothing light,  
Before whose radiance pure, each phantom sorrow flies !  
Methinks there must a deep aim be  
In this mysterious destiny,  
That, when we seem the gate of Heaven to gain,  
And hear the echo of the seraph strain,—  
The golden chord is riven,  
And baffled love back to its yearnings driven !  
Not thus, for aye, shall we aspire ;  
This human love,  
Instinct with celestial fire,  
Borne to its pristine home above,  
Shall, in the freedom of the spirit be,  
Give and be given through eternity !

H. T. T.

## CHURCH REMINISCENCES.

IN former numbers of this Magazine, (vol. vi. p. 25 and 105) there are two articles, embracing some account of the first introduction of the organ into our Congregational churches, and of those individuals who commenced the building of organs in this part of the country. The perusal of those sketches induced a highly respectable gentleman, possessing a very extensive personal knowledge of the subject, and of the ecclesiastical occurrences, for nearly half a century past, connected with Boston and its vicinity, to commit to paper a few hasty notes, which he afterwards communicated to the writer of those articles, for his further information. Such corrections, facts, and anecdotes, as are deemed suitable for publication, have been selected, and will be found in the following pages. They will not only be interesting to the antiquary, but some of them may, perhaps, afford amusement to the general reader.

In the Magazine, (vol. vi. p. 36) it is intimated, that the Roman Catholics had no church in New-England till the present Catholic church in Franklin street was built. The writer was well aware, that a few Catholics had previously occupied an old meeting-house in School street, which they hired for some time ; but he did not consider this as really 'having a church.' The remark, however, has given occasion for the relation of an anecdote connected with the old church, and for some account of the early history of the Catholics in Boston, which are here given, in the following extract from the notes that have been mentioned.

There stood formerly, on the spot now occupied, in School street, Boston, by the Universalist church, (Mr. Ballou's) a small chapel, with one gallery in front, and another on the left side of the pulpit, which was semicircular, built by some of the Hugonots, who fled from France at the time of the repeal of the edict of Nantz, with their minister, Mr. La Massa ; and by them it was occupied for many years. With some of their descendants, I am personally intimate. One after another died ; and their children gave up their worship, and mixed with other societies. The doors were, of course, closed for a long time. At length, Mr. William Croswell, a blind man, (whom I well recollect, and who has, at this moment, a son bearing the same name, and a daughter, likewise, residing in the same house with him, somewhere at the south part of the city) who was called, in those days, a *New-light preacher*, was there for a long time within my remembrance. At length, there came along the late Mr. John Murray, the Universalist, (Croswell being dead) and he preached there, for a time, to any audience he could collect. He was



earnestly opposed by all the ministers in and about Boston, amongst whom, the Rev. Mr. Bacon, then minister of the Old South church, distinguished himself. It having been given out, that Murray was to preach one evening, in Father Croswell's meeting-house, Mr. Bacon, in his zeal, went to hear him, in order to answer him after his sermon. As soon as Murray had finished, Bacon stepped up two or three stairs of the pulpit, and called out — 'All that Mr. Murray has said is a delusion. I beg the people to stop, and I will prove it to them.' Among the audience, there were several of Mr. Bacon's parish, who attended in order to hear him 'put down Murray.' Murray instantly stepped to the pulpit-door, opened it, and begged him to walk in, which he peremptorily declined; not willing even to stand in the same desk with him. Murray, however, earnestly repeated his request, saying — 'The people can hear you much better, Mr. Bacon, from the pulpit, than they can from that stair.' Bacon, however, still declined. After he had finished, Murray rejoined, and excited great laughter, (for he was a great wit) at Mr. Bacon's expense, who grew angry, and attempted a second reply; to which, Murray instantly rejoined, producing increased laughter at Bacon. Bacon's friends were irritated, and ran to an old woman's huxter-shop — who occupied the next building — bought all her eggs, carried them into the church, and threw them at Murray, as he stood in the pulpit. He humorously replied — 'Well, my dear friends, these are moving arguments; but, I must own, at the same time, I have never been so fully treated with Bacon and eggs before, in all my life' — at the same time, retiring from the pulpit. This brought a roar of laughter on Mr. Bacon, who left the church, and never afterwards interfered with Mr. Murray. So went the story in my youthful days.

Soon after this, there came along the Rev. Mr. Rausselett, a chaplain on board a French vessel, who commenced, for the first time, the Catholic worship, in that church. His character, I remember, was not respected. Soon afterwards succeeded to him the Abbé Patterie, another French Catholic; then John Thayer, who *was*, or *pretended* to have been, converted to the Catholic faith in Rome. He was formerly a Congregational preacher, but never ordained as such. He has relations now living in Boston. I knew him well; considered a very eccentric man. He was ordained in Rome. After continuing a while in that church, he left it, and went south, where he died. After him, came Dr. Matignon; and in 1794, I think, or 1795, came Mr. (afterwards bishop) Chevereux. Whilst they officiated in the old church, in School street, the Doctor applied to the writer of these notes to sell them a small organ, for their church, which he then had in his possession, and had advertised for sale; and the church were prevented from having it, merely by the

sudden death of the man who was to have played, whose name I cannot at this moment recall, though I knew him well ; and having no other person among them, who could play it as that man had proposed, *gratuitously*, and being too small in numbers, and too poor in pence, to hire an organist, the matter was altogether relinquished. About the year 1805, the present Catholic church was built, where it now stands, and the old one was sold to the Universalists, who built upon the ground the present brick church, that is now there.

It is said, in the Magazine, (vol. vi. p. 37) speaking of the organ in Brattle street church — ‘ This was the first organ erected in any Congregational church in Boston, and was undoubtedly the only one then contained in any church, not Episcopal, in New-England.’ This, it appears, is not strictly correct. A small organ had previously been used in the Old Brick church, that is now there. An account of the circumstances, attending its introduction, is thus related in the notes :—

The first introduction of organs into our Congregational churches, though the Catholics and Episcopalians have used them so long, is of recent date, and perfectly within my recollection. Our fathers thought they savored of Popery and Episcopacy, and therefore excluded them from their places of worship. They thought the same, likewise, of wearing the black gown and cassock ; and they were never worn, in any of our New-England churches, until they came into use, and were worn, for the *first time*, on the *very* same day, and in the *very* same house of worship, where the first organ had ever sounded in an American Congregational church. That church has long since been removed to Chauncy place, in Boston ; and the spot it occupied is converted into stores and offices. After the Old Brick meeting-house, as it was then called, had undergone very extensive alterations, internally, as well as repairs without, in the year 1785 — forty-nine years since, two of its most influential members, (the late Dr. John Joy, and Joseph Woodward, who is still living at South Boston — one of whom is gone, we trust, to worship in a higher church) feeling a deep interest in the welfare, respect, ability, and success of the society, and desiring to render it more attractive, proposed an organ, and contributed generally to its purchase. They first placed a very small one, of two stops only, in the loft. This was, ten years since, in the possession of Mr. John Mycall, at Cambridgeport. It was a miserable instrument, and was removed the day or two after it was tried, but was never used there on any Sunday. The society then purchased, of Nathan Frazer, senior, a large, English chamber-organ, which he had imported for his own use. This instrument remained in that church till the house was taken down, when it was sold to the Rev. Dr. Codman’s society, in

Dorchester, whence it has recently been transferred to the Dedham Episcopal church, where it now is. It has one row of keys, and contains eight stops, including sesquialter and hautboy. The same persons, who were leading men in procuring the organ, presented both Dr. Chauncy and Mr. Clarke, from subscriptions of various persons, which they set on foot, a black gown and cassock each, with a request that they might be worn, on the day of their return to their newly-repaired church, when the organ would, also, for the first time, be played. The senior pastor, Dr. Chauncy, who had recently been engaged in a theological controversy with the late Bishop of Landoff, and some other distinguished clergymen of the Episcopal church in England, objected, saying — ‘It looked too Episcopal.’ They replied — ‘All your people, sir, would be gratified by your doing so.’ ‘What! black gown and organ both?’ said the old gentleman. ‘Yes, sir,’ they rejoined. ‘Well,’ he replied, ‘I suppose, then, it will be well enough to let them have their own way. Children are always pleased with fine clothes and baubles and whistles, and so they shall have them all at once, and they will be soon tired of them.’ The black gowns were worn accordingly, both by Dr. Chauncy and Mr. Clarke; and the *organ* was played, *for the first time*, in the *first* Congregational society that was established in the town of Boston. This was seven years previous to the introduction of the organ into Brattle street church, in 1792, at which church I was present on the Sunday immediately preceding the one on which it was first played. It was then putting up, but the work was not entirely finished.

I was, (continues the writer) from my earliest recollection, extravagantly fond of music, particularly of sacred music; and of the solemn, deep tones of the organ, above every other instrument. This led me to take a peculiar interest in such things, to notice, more particularly, the introduction and building of church organs, and to impress more strongly upon my memory the time and circumstances connected with their history in this part of the country. I always feared to indulge my taste to its full extent this way, lest it might interfere with my duties, and with more important pursuits. But, to this hour, I hear no organ, without being immediately arrested in my walks; and I find it difficult to quit the all-absorbing melody it emits.

The order of time, in which organs were introduced into our Congregational churches, in Boston and the vicinity, was, as the writer of these notes well recollects, as follows. 1. The Congregational church, in which an organ was first placed, was the ‘*Old Brick Meeting-house*,’ so called, then situated where ‘Joy’s buildings’ now stand. This was in 1785. The organ has been already described. 2. An organ was next placed in the first Universalist church, at the north-end, about the year 1791 or

1792, where the Rev. John Murray was then, or soon afterwards, the settled minister. It was built by Dr. Leavitt, of Boston. 3. The third organ was the fine English instrument, which was put up in Brattle street church, in 1792. It was played by Hans Gram, a German, of some celebrity in his day. 4. The fourth organ was placed in the Rev. Dr. Kirkland's church, in Summer street, (Church Green.) It was stated in the Magazine, (vol. vi. p. 38) on the authority of Monsieur Mallet, who was the first organist, that it was a very large chamber-organ, with two rows of keys. This is a mistake. It had but one row of keys, and only five stops, namely: stopt diapason, dulciana, principal, fifteenth, and flute. It was afterwards in the Episcopal church at South Boston. 5. The fifth organ was introduced into the first congregational church in Charlestown, of which, the Rev. Dr. Morse was the minister. This was an English chamber-organ, imported by James Cutler, Esq. (brother of the widow of the late Bishop Parker) for his own use. It has recently been taken down, and disposed of to Mr. Appleton, organ builder, in part payment for a larger one; and it has since been purchased of him for the mariners' church, on Fort hill. Its tone is excellent. It has one row of keys, and six stops, namely: stopt diapason, dulciana, principal, fifteenth, flute, and hautboy; the latter in a *swell*. 6. A small organ, of four stops, built by Dr. Leavitt, in 1799, then living in Portland, was next introduced at the Rev. Dr. Gray's church, Jamaica Plain, Roxbury. It was played by barrels, on which was set a large number of the psalm tunes then in use. Manual keys were afterwards added, and the bass extended. It was subsequently sold to an Episcopal church in Connecticut, where the proceeds of two concerts upon it paid its cost. 7. An organ, built by Dr. Leavitt, was next placed in the old Congregational church, in Newburyport, of which, the Rev. Messrs. Carey and Andrews were then ministers. 8. An English organ was next put up in the church of the Rev. Dr. John Prince, of Salem. 9. A large organ, built by Geib, of New-York, was soon after erected in the late Dr. Barnard's church, in Salem. Not long afterwards, organs were gradually introduced into a great number of our principal churches, of all denominations.

The late James Swan, Esq., who died in France some time since, offered, many years ago, an organ to the first Congregational church, in Dorchester, (now Dr. Harris's) of which, the Rev. Moses Everett was then minister. The offer was refused. Either the present Nicholas Brown, Esq., of Providence, or his father or uncle, (I am uncertain which) offered, likewise, an organ to the Baptist church, in Providence, which was also refused.

The circumstances and incidents, which have been stated in these notes, are not mere *heresay*; they are entirely within my

own personal *knowledge*. And how soon are facts forgotten ! I will relate a remarkable case of forgetfulness. Immediately after the Cadets, from West-Point, had visited Boston, and encamped a day or two on the common, it was purposed to adopt a uniform dress for the students at the University at Cambridge. A gentleman, now living, (one of the Overseers) attended a meeting of the board, when a student was introduced, dressed in the uniform proposed. He alluded to the fact, of a former uniform worn at the college. Not a person present, except himself, had the least recollection of such a circumstance. It was doubted, even by the president himself, who was one of the earliest that wore it. The gentleman insisted on the fact, and described the uniform, in every particular. He was still doubted ; for, strange to tell, no one could recall the memory of a uniform, which he must have worn if it were true. Reference was made to the college laws, and in them was found a full confirmation of all that had been stated. The gentleman, when a student, had worn the dress himself, and recollected it perfectly well ; yet, he could never meet one of his college mates, who remembered the existence of this uniform. So soon pass away the recollections of our youthful scenes and days !

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## SONNET.

DEAR love, I think of thee, with deep delight —  
The busy moments of the day fleet on,  
And slowly roll the solemn hours of night :  
To me, scarce conscious how they all are gone,  
A spell of pleasant thought is woven bright,  
And, in the changeful pictures of my dream,  
Thy sweet form rises to my charmed sight ;  
With gentle tenderness, thy blue eyes gleam ;  
And, like faint music, through the woods at eve,  
Or the melodious murmur of a stream,  
Thy seraph voice floats to me ; and I grieve  
That this is all unreal — and that thou  
Art never constant with me — save in thought — as now !

## LITERARY HUMBUG.\*

READER, are you acquainted with the system of humbug (to use a vulgar, though expressive, term) and imposition used, to palm works, not American, though written by American authors, upon an American public? If not, we will strive to enlighten you, without meaning any especial reference to the volumes upon our table. In the first place, the author has, of course, a great many personal friends, who do their utmost to force the nauseous pill, he is about to compound, down the general throat. Then, also of course, he has written sundry communications, it may be, editorials, for some of the popular news-prints, which are therefore bound, in gratitude, to do their best to make his volumes yield him a solid return. 'Caw me, caw thee,' is a proverb, all the world over. Then comes a tremendous flourish of penny trumpets. American literature has been too long neglected at home, and abused abroad. Foreign works have been too much encouraged and patronized. It is our duty to fling our own pearls before our own swine. The spirit of national vanity, or national patriotism, is fooled to the top of its bent. Our distinguished countryman is about to publish a work, of which we have been honored with a perusal of the proof-sheets, and which, we are of opinion, will stand forth a proud trophy of our country's genius, and will put the writings of such inferior wittings as Scott, Byron, and Bulwer, to shame. We have read it, and know that it is strictly national—strikingly describes American manners and American scenery; it is graphic in its descriptions, correct in its details, powerful in its incidents; and it is the bounden duty of every true lover of his country, to ornament his shelves with a copy. Thus the eagles are gathered to the prey, and all the *cognoscenti* are eager to purchase.

In the meanwhile, some great publisher has stereotyped the books. This publisher sends a copy of each of his seventy thousand volumes a year to some ten thousand editors of newspapers and periodicals, and advertises with at least half of them. They are, in duty, obliged to praise, or they lose his patronage; and they do so. Puff! puff! puff! The deceived public buy, stare, yawn, and admire. Here are, certainly, beauties, though they cannot be seen by the unassisted eye. Enough copies are sold, by retail, to secure the publisher; the world yawns, and the book is neglected and forgotten. The stereotype plates,

\*PAULDING'S WORKS, Vols. 1 and 2. *Salmagundi*: or, the Whim-whams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq., and others. New-York: Harper and Brothers.

however, remain. New copies can be struck off, and sold at auction at twenty-five cents per tome, while the cost of them is but twelve and a half. Five hundred thousand are sent among the principal cities and towns, distributed in this way, and disposed of for the benefit of the publisher and author—generally of the former, who literally lives by eating and drinking out of the skulls of his bond-slaves; that is to say, his hackney scribblers. In this way, the vilest English re-publications, and the most stupid miscreations of American stupidity, are puffed and forced upon the American people. Is the book utterly worthless?—no matter; the plates will strike off five hundred thousand copies before they are worn out, and that number must and will be sold. Is the book good, or bad?—no matter. Unless it be fortunate enough to reach a second edition, the result is precisely the same. Funds, sufficient to stereotype, and a book-selling correspondence, sufficiently extensive to force a sale, are all that are necessary. If the author have an established, though factitious, reputation, it is well; if he hath managed to fall in with a temporary current of popular prejudice, it is also well. Horse-shoe Robinson and the Monikins are likely to have the same fate; though one is as good and the other as bad a book, of its kind, as can well be written. Stereotype, stereotype, and your book is sure to sell. Witness the latter absurdities of that conceit-monopolized, idea-exhausted Cooper, who imagines that the Holy Alliance are in a conspiracy against him, and that his *advice* is of consequence to his country-folk. Whose books sell better than his? Thus is the whole country flooded with a worthless literature, a disgrace to the land we live in, and likely to exercise a permanent evil influence upon after-generations. No matter; stereotype—stereotype! He does best who writes most, though worst; at least, he gets most money.

We are led to these remarks by the fact, that a new stereotype edition of the works of that literary incubus, Paulding, is being published in New-York, in the style of the Waverly and Pelham novels. The first two volumes are already out; and a more barefaced imposition was never practiced in any community. They contain 'Salmagundi,' which is really an excellent work. How the author has dared to present it as a specimen of *his savoir faire*, is more than we can conceive, since only a part of it is his, and that, we believe, is a very small part. Look into it, and if you find a good paper, be sure it is Washington Irving's; if you find a dull one, do not fail to ascribe it to Paulding. We are warranted in this assertion, by all his subsequent works. As a whole, 'Salmagundi' is an admirable production; as a part of the writings of Paulding, it is a downright cheat. We advise our readers to buy it, not as a part of a series, but as a separate work. As for the rest of the series, he will be wisest who has

least to do with it. We have not room to follow out the entire catalogue of Paulding's demerits, in detail ; but we intend to do him more ample justice hereafter. We shall analyze his trash, piece by piece, as it comes out. A hack scribbler, whose abominations have been tolerated, puffed, and suffered to die, one after the other, for these twenty years, unwept, unhonored, and unsung, and whose corpses have only been preserved in existence by the stereotype system, has not the claim due to the first efforts of modest merit, or to the brotherhood of nationality. We say nothing against the man ; we suppose he thinks he must eat ; though, for our part, we see no necessity for it. But really, to encourage, or even to tolerate such nuisances as his poems and novels, would, it appears to us, be high-treason against our country's fame, and an injury to our truly meritorious writers, whose efforts he impedes, and whose market he injures. What signifies it, that a writer is personally a clever fellow ? Must we therefore buy a bad book from him ? Let him sharpen saws, or saw wood, for which his intellect qualifies him. It were the more honorable calling. Shall we subscribe to a periodical because the editress has children to support ?\* Let her betake herself to the washing-tub, or take in sewing ; or let her ask that as an alms, which, as such, shall be freely bestowed, but which will be withheld as an encouragement to false pretensions, or as a salvo to vain pride, and an injury to the lawful claims of others. We are weary of the pitiful cant of the day : this writer is an American, a good fellow, an unfortunate man, and therefore you ought to buy his book. Let the American—the good fellow, and the unfortunate person—produce a really good work, and we will buy it, and pay for it twice over. He who avails himself of such pretences is, in our opinion, precisely on a footing with the genteel beggar, who seeks charity on the score of the respectability of his family, rather than betake himself to honest labor, or go to the almshouse.

'The value of a thing,' says keen-witted, honest Butler, 'is just the money it will bring.' So it is. A thing is worth just its market value, provided the article is well-known, and there is no fraud or force practiced in the sale. How stands the case with Paulding ? His works are known and read by not one in twenty—no, not one in a hundred who has bought them. They are imposed on the credulity of the ignorant, by 'the bought suffrage of a venal press.' Just so are the copper shop-bills forced into currency, as cents, by those who manufacture them by wholesale, while they are not worth half a cent. Rahab Marchael might just as well attempt to make the dead resume their vitality and exercise their functions, in good earnest, as any printer to

\* *Vide* John Neal's gentle comments, in the *New-England Galaxy*, headed 'Sumner Lincoln Fairfield.'



give Paulding a permanent rank among American authors. One might as well go into a church-yard, and cry — ‘Arise! ye dry bones!’ The dry bones might, indeed, be disinterred, and knife-handles might be made of them; but the vital current would never reinvigorate them: and just so may Paulding’s defunct works be resuscitated, to serve the temporary purposes of himself and booksellers; but live they never can. Let us try to remember as many of them as we can.

The first we can think of was, ‘the Lay of the Scotch Fiddle,’ which cannot be said to be forgotten, because it was never known. It was a vulgar, stupid parody upon one of Scott’s early lyrical poems, and perished, we believe, by the agency of mildew, on the bookseller’s shelves. The next was ‘the Backwoodsman,’ a prose poem, which was read and praised by Major Noah, and by few, if any, else. Then came ‘John Bull in America,’ an extravaganza, a burlesque upon certain English travelers in America, much in the manner of the popular ballad, ‘Jim Crow,’ and of about the same merit. ‘The Dutchman’s Fireside’ had nothing Dutch in it but the name; was tame in incident, weak in conception, and anything but pleasing in style. ‘The Lion of the West’ was a play, particularly acceptable to the galleries of the minor theatres, which is making its eulogium in a word. A viler farce was never tolerated on any boards. Add to these, some stories and essays, in magazines and newspapers, and what else our author hath done or suffered, at present we wot not. We shall give due notice thereof, as the re-publication refresheth our memory.

Whom want, hunger, or the devil driveth, must needs go on; and if our hero hath no other means of filling his stomach, and covering his back, let him continue to publish. But, if the care of his fame, and the dread of reproach, be of paramount importance, in his estimation, we implore him to give over for his own sake.

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#### SMOKING.

I HAVE an affection for a habit — not the piece of raiment so called, but a veritable custom, worn like a garment, indeed, ‘from time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary,’ and becoming so assimilated to the wearer, that, without it, he seems not himself. I have seen men, who were as free from habits as a comet. They are no friends for me. Give me

a man on whom I can depend — one who will feel to-morrow as he feels to-day — who does everything by habit, and nothing by impulse, and I can take him to my heart. But, your innovators I shun, as I would a viper.

When I contracted my most inveterate habit — smoking — I cannot determine. The earliest event of my life, of which I have any distinct recollection, is — stealing my grandfather's segars. I was scarcely older than Mercury when he stole Appollo's cattle; and from that moment, I have been a consistent smoker. I am a devotee of no particular sect — I smoke a pipe or a segar, indiscriminately; though, with regard to my tobacco, I confess I belong to the 'anti-American party.' Speaking of the anties, since the formation of the anti tobacco society, they are my utter detestation, from anti-christ to antimasonry. What a wreck have they made of ancient customs! Many an old friend of mine, whose integrity I thought never could be shaken, has apostatized since the commencement of the unholy crusade against the intellectual luxury of smoking. Has it indeed come to this? 'Because we are virtuous,' and have joined the temperance society, are we to have 'no more cakes and ale'? Must we throw away our segars, and betake ourselves to chamomile-flowers? No, by Saint George!

What a pity, that the old poets were unacquainted with tobacco. What an ode might we not have had, from Horace, or Anacreon, 'To my Pipe'! What a delightful smoker would have been Virgil! Not in vain would he then have sung —

'Incipe Menalios mecum, mea tibia, versus.'

Or as old Davidson, with unaccustomed elegance, has translated it —

'Begin with me, my pipe, Menalian strains.'

Plato, too, and Socrates! What accomplished and intellectual smokers had they been, sitting at their ease, *inter sylvas Academi*, looking even more profoundly wise, amid the dim cloud of enveloping smoke. And Cicero! how gracefully and slowly would he have exhaled the fragrant incense, in clouds as full and swelling as his own magnificent periods! Not so, Tacitus and Salust. They could never have attained the skill of an artist. They would have consumed you a dozen Havanas, in as many fitful whiffs. It was ever their fault to strive to say too much in a sentence; and they would have smoked as they wrote — briefly and sentimentally.

But, the luxury of tobacco was reserved for a happier age. I can find no trace of anything like a segar, in the writings of the ancients. Horace, it is true, does say —

'Rectius Albanam fumo duraveris rivam;'

but, the *smoke*, with which his wine was seasoned, was quite another affair ; and Virgil's oaten *pipe* would have stood fire but poorly.

Of all systems of idolatry — supposing, what is impossible, that I could renounce my own religion — I should prefer the Persian. My *segar* should be my altar ; and if its fire ever went out, my Promethean sun-glass should bring me down a fresh supply, from the fire-fountain in the sky. I fancy, sometimes, that a *segar* is more fragrant and delicious when lighted from the sun. It is a whim of mine, perhaps ; but I procure my fire, as much as possible, from above.

There is an art in smoking, as in everything else ; but it can never be acquired. The snuffer and chewer is made, but the smoker is born. I have never seen but one, beside myself. He was a raw mountaineer, who had had no advantages, and whose wildest visions of happiness never extended beyond an American *segar*. He was a wonderful illustration of the power of native genius. I met him in the woods of Vermont, where I chanced to be wandering, on a trouting excursion, and the grace and ease, with which he managed his dingy, oak-leaf *segar*, quite won my heart. I gave him a dozen of my best, for his skill. I shall never forget his raptures, as the wreathing smoke curled, like an incense, around his head. He would have followed me forever, as Caliban did Stephano. I have not heard from him since ; but a genius like his can never be repressed. I have not a doubt, that he will become distinguished.

There is a foppery, too, in smoking ; indeed, what department of art or science is free from it ? My heart bleeds, daily, at sight of the thousand apish tricks of the thousand would-be-smokers, who infest our public places of resort. I can bear foppery in dress — foppery in manners — foppery in conversation or writing ; but foppery, in smoking, is too much. Besides, smoking is a habit which should never be indulged in, at all, in public. Delightful amusement as it is, for a leisure hour, there are some, undoubtedly, who most unaffectedly detest it, in all its shapes. Common decency should deter us from outraging the feelings of such, by an unnecessary and wanton display of our independence, and contempt of public opinion. A gentleman should as soon be seen eating his dinner in the public streets, as smoking a *segar*. Both are proper in their places ; and both may become, in some situations, worse than ridiculous. The true place for smoking, is in your own private apartment — alone, if such is your mood ; or, if you please, with a bosom friend ; but, never with one to whom you are indifferent. Like the bread and salt of the Mahometan, a *segar* should be the emblem and the assurance of friendship. Sitting thus, half reclining, in what delightful reveries may you indulge ; — if alone, reading, perhaps,

with half-closed eyes, some pleasing book — Wordsworth, it may be, or the Sketch-Book, or that sweetest of all earthly books, the *Elia* of Charles Lamb ! Byron may not thus be read, nor Shelley. They agree not with the quiet mood which your segar induces. They will awake you, in spite of yourself, from your dreamy, half-sleeping reverie.

I can fancy, at such a time, that a beautiful and benevolent spirit is concealed within that blue cloud of wreathing smoke — too heavenly to linger long on earth, yet moving slowly on its upward course ; at first, as if it would dwell longer with the mortals it has blessed, and then darting away, by a fresh impulse, to the very highest Heaven of glory. But, my segar is out.

J. D.

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AN APOLOGY.

Too oft I came — too late I staid —  
These were offences, dearest maid —  
    'T was very wrong, I own ;  
But, who could gaze on thy blue eye  
And feel its tender witchery,  
    And mark how time had flown ?

When other scenes no pleasure gave,  
When earlier hopes were in the grave,  
    And earlier friends had flown, —  
Oh, then 't was sweet to fly to thee —  
Sweet the delusive dream, to me,  
    Of one friend still my own.

'T was but a dream — alas, how soon  
The vision fled — again the gloom,  
    That dimm'd my soul erewhile,  
Returns to its deserted shrine —  
And misery alone is mine,  
    Whose wealth was in thy smile.

Oh, then, this first, last sin, forgive —  
And let thine early friendship live —  
    Oh, smile away my fears :  
Nor dream I may intrude again.  
By word or look, to give thee pain —  
    Fear not — there's truth in tears !

N.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

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*The Monikins. Edited by the Author of 'The Spy.' 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard.*

There is no living author who has been treated uniformly with more kindness and forbearance, than J. Fenimore Cooper, the author of the 'Spy.' For his grand and original conceptions—for the 'Spy,' 'Pilot,' 'Pioneers,' 'Red Rover,' 'Water-Witch,' &c., although deformed by various unsightly defects, he has received ample praise, from critics and the public. They have generously overlooked a clumsy and forced style, a disregard of probability in the construction of plots, and a vast quantity of colloquial stupidity and twaddle, in consideration of certain beauties which serve to diversify the pages of these works. But, of late, the powers of our author appear to have been rapidly declining. The 'Bravo' was worse than any of its predecessors; and the 'Heidenmauer,' and 'Headman,' baffled the exertions of many a professed novel-reader. Now comes the 'Monikins.' It is worse, incredible as this may seem, than Cooper's 'Letter to his Countrymen.'

The story, if it can be called such, is briefly this. The son of a vulgar Englishman, John Goldencalf, inherits an immense property, without a particle of common sense to enable him to enjoy it. He thinks it will be idolatry to wed the girl he loves, and therefore avoids her, while he purchases estates, and embarks in speculations in various parts of the world, that he may enlarge his views, and multiply the ties which connect his interests with those of his fellow-creatures. In Paris, where he makes the acquaintance of Captain Noah Poke, of Stonington, (Conn.) he rescues four monkeys from the hands of a Savoyard, and discovers that they can speak French, and are a learned doctor, an old duenna, lord Chatterino and lady Chatterissa, (two noble lovers) belonging to the kingdom of Leaphigh. Thither, the Englishman, now Sir John Goldencalf, departs with the 'Monikins,' and with Captain Noah Poke arrives safely at the monkey kingdom, after encountering a multitude of dangers. Some hundreds of pages are taken up with describing the men, manners, and institutions of the kingdom of Leaphigh, and the adjacent republic of Leaplow—or, in other words, with satirizing, or attempting to satirize mankind. The author, in following the *trait* of Swift, probably forgot that, although he possessed an abundance of dull malignity, he had neither the sparkling wit, the keen sarcasm, nor the polished style of the English satirist. But, having once embarked in his hazardous speculation, our author blunders on, pell-mell, striking prodigious blows to the right and left, but, unfortunately, never hitting anything but himself. Although his piece never carries to the mark, it wounds him with the recoil.

But, we forget that we are endeavoring to trace an outline of the story. After various adventures, Sir John Goldenclaw returns to Paris — or rather, he has never left — Leaphigh and Leaplow, with their inhabitants, being the creations of a delirious brain. Sir John gets a glimpse of the truth, namely — that he was crazy when he wrote his account of the monkey-land. And truly, it is just such an affair as any Bedlamite might produce, except that it lacks the vivacity and excitement of the mad-house. In conclusion, we cannot help expressing the opinion, that no one — who has, like ourselves, read the five hundred pages of the 'Monikins,' struggling throughout with the drowsiness and disgust, which cannot fail to influence the reader — will ever be tempted to take up any future work bearing 'the author of the Spy' on the title-page — that misguided and mistaken personage (we understand that he is not old enough to be superannuated) having made a complete wreck of what reputation he possessed in the two volumes which our duty compelled us to peruse.

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*The New Practical Translator ; or, an Easy Method to learn how to translate French into English. By Mons. B. F. Burgard. Boston: Munroe & Francis. 1835.*

Books of instruction are growing rapidly upon our hands ; the world is full of books ; indeed, they crowd so fast upon us, that we almost despair, at times, of our ability to pay that attention to them, which is necessary, in order to discriminate between the good and the bad. The above work is one that we most cordially recommend, not only to pupils in the French language, but to scholars who are desirous of keeping up the knowledge which they have already acquired upon the subject. Its design is to facilitate students in translating French into English, and is, we understand, to be followed by another work, upon the same plan, designed to familiarize the scholar in translating English into French ; or, in other words, to give a correct habit of speaking the latter tongue. Its principal merits may be thus briefly enumerated. Those who have but a common knowledge of the English grammar, may, without the aid of an instructor, learn to translate French into English with ease. It supplies the use of three books to the student, being divided into three parts, namely : the grammar, the exercises, and a vocabulary, or dictionary, of the words used. The grammar being especially framed for the purpose of teaching *translation*, all the rules, necessary to the learner in speaking with facility, are discarded — making the steps of the learner more easy and intelligible to him. The excellent arrangement of the exercises, and their interesting and moral character united, are of great advantage, to the younger classes of pupils especially. The notes, attached to the exercises, are exceedingly well adapted to explain difficulties, which meet every student of this language ; and the means taken to render the student familiar with the variations and different meanings of the parts of speech, and especially with the verbs, are particularly deserving of notice. And lastly : the lively comedy of Moliere — 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme' — at the end of the book, carefully expurgated and refined, is worth, of itself, the price of the whole work.

*Popular Cyclopaedia of History. By F. A. Durivage.*

This valuable work, which was announced as being in the press some months since, has at length appeared. It is a quarto volume, containing more than seven hundred pages, printed in a fine type, and embracing an immense amount of matter. It is, what it professes to be, 'a copious Historical Dictionary of celebrated institutions, persons, places, and things; with notices of the present state of the principal cities, countries, and kingdoms of the world, and a chronological view of memorable events.'

Although intended particularly for young persons, it may safely be consulted by readers of any class, for occasional reference, as it is distinguished by a scrupulous and scholar-like accuracy. The opening words of the preface give some insight into the editor's design. 'Every general reader,' he says, 'has frequent occasion to consult some authority for historical and biographical dates and facts. The only works suitable for such a purpose are the Encyclopedia of Lieber, Rees, Brewster, and others of a similar kind. These are costly and extensive works, and are therefore in the hands of comparatively few persons; besides, they are too cumbersome for easy and frequent reference. The importance, then, of a volume like the present, that may lie familiarly upon the table, or the shelf, ready at call to answer the thousand questions that arise on historical points, is too plain to require discussion. Its utility, at all events, its convenience, even to those who possess ample libraries, and whose minds are stored with historical data, appears to the writer to be great. But, it is more especially designed for family use, and for the young.'

The compilation appears to have been made with great judgement and care, while the numerous original articles are written in an easy and engaging style. The relation of facts is enlivened by the introduction of characteristic anecdotes; and the biographies, particularly of those personages who are ever objects of interest to young readers, are highly interesting.

The work is printed on fine paper, and illustrated with numerous engravings, some of which, in point of execution, vie with those splendid specimens of the xylographic art, which have adorned the London publications, of late years. Mr. E. R. Broadens, of this city, receives subscriptions for the work.

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*Erato. By William D. Gallagher.*

This is a duodecimo pamphlet, of thirty-six pages, purporting to be the first of a series, which will be published should the author meet with due encouragement. It is a collection of the author's fugitive pieces, many of which we have seen in the corners of newspapers before, and some of them we have liked. Mr. Gallagher tells us, in his preface, that his works may be likened to gold, silver, and brass, and that, though this first number may be found to contain nothing but brass, still, he has gold on hand, and will produce it in good time. Now we think he has shewn some gold already, but so mixed with base metal, that we doubt if it is worth our while to separate it.

Without a metaphor, it does appear to us that Mr. Gallagher is a man of decided talent, lively fancy, and ardent temperament; one, in short, who, with proper care and cultivation, may one day do honor to American literature. At the same time, it is plain to us, that few, who have hitherto ventured into print, have had more need of care and study. Judging solely from his lines, we will venture to affirm

that he has not had the advantages of education, or of any instructor, to direct his studies or form his taste. What he is, he has made himself. He has read, but he has not read wisely ; he has written, and he has produced some good lines, but they are seen in bad company. He has no knowledge of the rules of rhythm, and his taste is wretched. His metre is, at times, abominable. Still, there is that in him, which, if it passeth not shew, at least exempts him from an unqualified sentence of condemnation. We hope he will continue to publish his poems ; and we also hope that, before he resolves upon letting any one of them pass to the public, he will take the file in both hands, and do his very best to polish it ; not only that, but that he will submit his MSS. to the inspection of some candid and competent critic, and follow his advice implicitly. Especially do we recommend to him, when he undertakes a poem of some length, on a serious subject, not to break it into five or six different measures — pentameters, trochees, iambics, and the hop-skip-and-jump versification of Sir Walter Scott. Such is the case with ‘The Penitent,’ a work which we could praise, with a safe conscience, were it only purged of its prose, and arranged in good taste. We do not despair of Mr. Gallagher. We have another rhymers in our eye, who began in the same way — writing from impulse, producing trash and beauty in much-to-be-admired confusion, and betraying his ignorance in every second line. By degrees, he educated himself, and has since produced some of the most beautiful things in the English language. We say to Mr. G., ‘Go thou and do likewise ;’ and he must take this advice in good part ; for, if we did not see great charity in him, we would not take the trouble to give it. Who shall say, that one capable of such lines as the following, cannot write well, if he will ?

‘And there she stood — unshrinking — grand —  
 A being of a moment’s birth :  
 The stars were bright, the air was bland —  
 A silvery glory robed the earth ;  
 And silence, deep as that which dwells  
 In hermit caves and sainted cells,  
 Or, deeper still, like that which reigns  
 In chambers where the hand of Death  
 Is icing the last stirring veins  
 The dying body still retains,  
 And the suppressed and struggling breath  
 Of those who stand around the bed,  
 With swollen eye and drooping head,  
 Alone is heard — such silence dwelt  
 Around us in that lonely wood ;  
 Where, powerless still, on earth I knelt,  
 And where, all withering still, she stood.’

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*The Horticultural Register and Gardener’s Magazine. Conducted by T. G. Fessenden and T. E. Teschemacher. Boston : George C. Barrett.*

A strong impulse has been recently given to the elegant art of horticulture ; and one of its effects is the establishment of periodicals designed to convey the latest botanical intelligence, and embodying information highly important to the cultivator of fruits and flowers. Of American works of this nature, we have no hesitation in pronouncing the ‘Horticultural Register’ the best. The reputation of the editors is well-earned ; and we are happy to hear that their periodical has received



a sufficient support to ensure its continuance. We have before us the numbers for June and July. The former contains a beautiful colored lithograph, representing a splendid seedling *Camellia Japonica*, of a new variety, raised by Mr. Edward Kurtz, a member of the Maryland Horticultural Society. By a vote of the Society, the plant has been named *Camellia Japonica wauatah Kurtzii*. There are excellent original articles, on various departments of horticulture, and interesting extracts from foreign publications. Regarding the rearing of flowers as an elegant and interesting occupation, we would willingly encourage all well-directed efforts to facilitate the art, and render its results certain. The 'Horticultural Register' is a work that we can conscientiously recommend.

### *Six Months in a House of Correction.*

This is the title of an excellent, unpretending little book, lately published in this city. It has excited no small degree of curiosity, and has been abused and commended, by the gentlemen of the press, according to the particular taste and political or religious prejudices of each. Some have ascribed it to Mr. W. J. Snelling, well known as a fabricator of satires and lampoons; others have given the credit of it to Mr. Benjamin F. Hallet; and others have charged it to the pen of George Pepper, Esq., editor of the Catholic Sentinel. We do not pretend to settle the claims of authorship among these gentlemen.

The book purports to be the narrative of Mrs. Dorothy Mahoney, a native of the Emerald Isle, who was committed to the House of Correction on the testimony of false witnesses, and is a plain, unaffected narrative of the facts in the case. When she arrived in this country, she fell in love with a Protestant Irishman, and, through his influence, or rather that of her passion, fell into the company of the reverend and celebrated Ephraim K. Avery, and other clergymen of various Protestant denominations, by whom she was nigh being dissuaded from the Catholic faith. Coming to Boston, to marry her heretical lover, she had the misfortune to be apprehended by the police, through whose instrumentality she was thrown into prison, where she remained four months and three days. She apologizes for calling her book 'Six Months,' by pleading the example of Miss Reed, and, we think, with great propriety, as that lady does the same. The rest of the book is the narrative of Miss Mahoney's sufferings in the House of Correction, and her escape from it — related with a minuteness of detail and a simplicity of style, which are, in themselves, conclusive evidence of its authenticity. Tears involuntarily roll down our cheeks, as we peruse the account of Miss Mahoney's sufferings. The skeptical may scoff, and the bigoted may scold; but we are firm in the opinion, that a poor Catholic girl, perverted from the principles of her religion, by hypocrites, and abandoned by them when their aid was most needed, is as worthy of our compassion and sympathy as any inmate of a nunnery. Miss Reed never suffered half so much, in the convent at Mount Benedict, as Miss Mahoney did in the House of Correction. We think her book just as much entitled to regard as Miss Reed's.

Respecting the authorship, a word or two. Mr. Snelling is entirely out of the question. He is, indeed, known to be a hack writer; but it is equally sure, that he knows nothing of religious creeds, of which this volume shews a profound knowledge. Therefore, whatever might have been his love of gain, he could not have written this book. Of the editor of the Boston Advocate, we have our doubts.

He may have put forth such a work in order to attract attention to his other production — ‘Six Months in a Convent.’ Such a proceeding is possible and probable; but it is mere supposition. There are sundry sly hits at Catholicism, in the body of the work, which seem to favor the belief. Among others, is a cut at himself, which looks more like evidence than anything it contains. But, Mr. Pepper seems the prominent candidate for the honor of the authorship, by which we do not mean that the book is a work of mere invention, but that he had the task of jointing and dovetailing the materials, just as Mr. Hallet did those of Miss Reed. The style is evidently *peppery*; the preliminary remarks and the apologetic ‘Letter to Irish Catholics,’ purport to come from him. The arguments are in his manner, as much as that of Mr. Hallet. Add to this, it is rumored abroad that he entertains a Platonic friendship for Miss Mahoney, such as he charges the Advocate with cherishing for Miss Reed. We do not, however, believe a word of these stories, and feel ourselves authorized, by what we have heard of the characters of both the gentlemen, to deny, in the most positive terms, that the Advocate ever professed any regard for Miss Reed, or the Sentinel for Miss Mahoney, beyond what propriety would justify. But, there is another and more serious charge against them, which we would fain have them contradict. If they were not the authors of the book in question, why do they array themselves in borrowed plumes? Why do they not give Miss Mahoney credit for her own, and let her amanuensis have the honor of his work? There are several Hibernicisms in the volume, which have slipped the notice of the editor, but which shew, conclusively, that it must have been dictated, or written by an Irishman. It is unworthy of gentlemen, so distinguished in the world of letters as the editors of the Advocate and Sentinel, to glorify themselves with laurels which ought to be on the crest of another.

‘Six Months in a House of Correction’ contains many lessons of morality and policy. It shews, that it is dangerous to offer witnesses a premium for perjury. It proves that it is dangerous to quit old paths for new ones, though they may seem more fair and pleasant. It demonstrates the impropriety of delegating irresponsible authority to dignitaries, such as sheriffs and jailors. We hope that the author, whoever he may be, will give us something further and more conclusive on this last head, for we look upon this little book as his *coup d’essai* merely, in the world of municipal politics. Above all, we do hope that the publisher of ‘Six Months in a House of Correction’ has set apart a four-pence-ha’-penny, for every copy that he sells, for the benefit of the unfortunate Miss Mahoney, as those of ‘Six Months in a Convent’ have done for that of Miss Reed. Whether we have been correct, or not, in our conjecture, as to the author of it, we do insist upon knowing the names of the ‘Committee of Publication;’ and the rather, as our inquiries brought out the publication committee of ‘Six Months in a Convent.’

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### *The Italian Sketch-Book.*

A most charming little work, to be read of a summer afternoon — written in a gentle, gentlemanly and scholar-like style; a work that will make you think and think and dream and dream of Italy! Dear Italy! when shall we behold thee, and thy many places of beauty, so pleasantly described by the author of this volume — who can be no other than our friend and correspondent, H. T. Tuckerman, Esq., just returned to the clouded sky of his native land, with his heart running over with the love of the beautiful and the grand.

Reader, if you would pass a quiet and cool day — if you are a little unwell and dispirited — send instantly for the ‘Italian Sketch-Book. Your head-ache will be gone; and when you sink to sleep, (not till you have read the book) you will dream of those distant and fairy climes, where

‘A wind, ever soft, from the blue Heaven blows,  
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose.’

We have no patience with a critic who has the heart to sit down and deliberately analyze such an unpretending volume as this — when the whole has given him much pleasure. This work is happily named. It is composed of sketches — like those which an amateur-artist may collect together, during a solitary tour, in his portfolio — not pretending to any studied excellence, or exactitude in the drawing or perfection of finish; but easy, free and striking; reviving many agreeable recollections in the minds of those who have visited the scenes, and conveying, to those who have not, a very happy idea of their picturesqueness and beauty. ‘The Florentine’ strikes us as a harmonious and admirable picture.

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*An Oration, pronounced before the Inhabitants of Boston, July the fourth, 1835, in Commemoration of American Independence. By George S. Hillard. Boston: J. H. Eastburn.*

This is a beautiful production. The thoughts are appropriate, instructive and pointed; the language is finished, imaginative, and rich with all the graces of the accomplished writer; the spirit of the oration is of the highest and purest order — breathing the strongest devotion to the cause of religion, morals, and our country. We most heartily commend it to the perusal of all our readers, not omitting those who were of the numerous audience that listened, with such unprecedented rapture, to the ‘young man eloquent,’ on the occasion of its delivery, and who, we doubt not, like ourselves, will read it with an additional pleasure. We feel a satisfaction, which we hardly know how to express, that the great day of commemoration in our country was devoted, in Boston, to sentiments like those uttered by Mr. Hillard, adorned with all the attractions of scholarship and literature. The duties of patriotism are never so holy, in our view, as when the graces of composition, like the richest ointment, are employed to hallow them. Mr. Hillard’s oration is truly national. ‘Let not rivers and mountains and geographical divisions,’ he eloquently says, ‘bound our sympathies. In all domestic institutions and family jars, we must cherish that feeling, which, in a foreign land, thrills the frame and suffuses the eyes of the American citizen, as he sees the well-known stars and stripes floating upon the breeze — not the symbol of a State — not the badge of a section — but with the dignity and honor and power of the whole country reposing in its ample folds.’ Admirably said! We almost see, in palpable presence, the ensign of the republic (our country — Mexico has gone to the fainting ranks of monarchy) playing and dallying with the foreign winds, and inviting the absorbed and affectionate gaze of every true American. The oration is full of passages of the highest eloquence, couched in language of a Tyrian dye, which we should be pleased to extract; but we must forbear.

*The Life of Aaron Burr. By Samuel L. Knapp. New-York : Wiley & Long.*

So long a time has elapsed, since the publication of this book, as almost to take it out of our critical cognizance. We, however, have thought it best to do what we deem our duty, even though it be out of season — fearing lest our silence, according to the construction of consent which is sometimes put upon that equivocal conduct, should be accounted an admission of merit, or, at least, freedom from defect, in the present book — an implication, which, by this notice, we intend utterly to extinguish.

Col. Knapp is a literary hack, ever ready to run before the public, whether for the sake of literary notoriety — surely, not for an honorable fame — or as a means of earning his bread, we cannot tell. All his works, from his volume of 'New-England Biography' — as empty a book as was ever printed — down to the 'Life of Col. Burr,' are written in the style of the worst kind of fourth of July orations, 'besmeared' with a showy coloring and false lustre, in which a Sophomore, of the better sort, would hardly indulge. Classical allusions are thrown out as freely as the peltings of a Roman Carnival. The introduction of the present volume opens with a long allegorical allusion to 'Osapho, a Lybian king,' the point of which we have not been able readily to divine. With Col. Knapp, imagination is all-in-all. Such common, every-day matters as facts, he passes by, to reach after some gaudy butterfly, whose wings have brushed over his mind. His life of Burr contains only those incidents in the life of that extraordinary man, which were most accessible, and with which, indeed, the whole public were already familiar. We hardly looked for anything new, when we turned over its pages, and, little as we expected, we must confess our disappointment. The duel with Hamilton occupies not a little space; the correspondence is given, with the addition of a letter never before published, written by Burr, after the mournful issue of the meeting, to Dr. Hosack, inquiring with regard to the hopes which were entertained of the recovery of his victim. This fact, and letter, Col. Knapp has paraded as 'lately discovered.' The volume is stuffed with a tedious account, taken from the published trial of Burr, of all the 'long drawn out' proceedings of that occasion. Biographical notices are introduced, mostly at random, of many of the distinguished men, who flourished contemporaneous with the principal hero. The volume should be entitled, 'The life of Aaron Burr and others.' One object of the author seems to have been, to obtain a re-hearing, from the public, on the character and conduct of the great condemned — and, if possible, a reversal of that calm judgment against him, which has been pronounced by no common tribunal of justice, but by the unbroken voice of a whole people. One of the most noble objects in our history, and most striking illustrations of the operation of our institutions — which gives us promise of their security — is the fate of this man: untouched by any formal bill of pains and penalties, and unattainted by any course of law, yet, by the operation of the moral feelings of his fellow-countrymen, degraded from the lofty station his talents had acquired, and excluded, by no other ostracism than public opinion, from the honors and offices, which his intellectual abilities would have adorned.

## LITERARY ANNOTANDA.

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**THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.** — The form of this highly valuable re-publication of the most approved works in the English language, has been judiciously changed from quarto to octavo. The number before us, very handsomely printed on fair paper, presents the celebrated essays of Elia, by Charles Lamb. We shall attempt no criticism upon this charming production; but simply wish to turn the attention of the lovers of good literature to the happy selection made for the publication, by the lady to whose taste the choice has been committed. She is to be guided hereafter by the valuable suggestions of Washington Irving, Gulian C. Verplanck, E. Everett, and Charles F. Hoffman; and 'The Republic of Letters' will undoubtedly present a series of valuable and highly interesting works. We are, in general, no favorers of cheap copies of those productions of the first masters, which have been, of late days, so profusely multiplied; but, when a book, even though it appear periodically, claims the public favor, so truly deserving it as this, we do not hesitate to pronounce upon its true merits.

Several works lie upon our table, for future notice; among which are 'HORSESHOE ROBINSON;' a novel worthy of the school of its immortal founder. 'PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION;' a useful treatise, ably translated from the French, by Mesdames Willard and Phelps, from the French of Madam de Saussure. The 'RECORD OF A SCHOOL;' the original little work of a philosophical mind, and calculated to effect much good. Its author is Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody — a lady already known, in the most favorable manner, by her works on history, and as the translator of Degerando on Self-Education. It seems written in a perspicuous style, and should be highly recommended to parents, teachers, and all who feel an interest in the mental improvement of children. 'TODD'S STUDENT'S MANUAL,' is the title of a third work on education, which lies before us; but we have only space, this month, to present to the publishers and authors of these, as well as of the other books sent to the Magazine, our acknowledgements.

James Munroe & Co., of this city, and booksellers to the University in Cambridge, have in press, and will shortly publish, 'THE MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS, LITERARY, CRITICAL AND JURIDICAL, OF THE HON. JOSEPH STORY, L. L. D.' now first collected. This collection will include several articles which have never as yet appeared in print. The whole to constitute an octavo volume of five hundred pages.

An admirable work, by Mrs. Child, entitled 'THE HISTORY AND CONDITION OF WOMEN,' to be published by John Allen & Co., we shall take occasion shortly to notice, in an extended review of that lady's works.

## Obituary.

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DIED, at Dennysville, (Me.) twenty-sixth of February, 1835, BENJAMIN LINCOLN, M. D., aged thirty-two years.

When a man dies, whose character was ennobled by great virtues, and whose attainments were all that industry and talents of a high order could accomplish, but whose career, though an honorable one, was too short to extend his fame beyond a comparatively narrow circle, we feel an interest in his life very different, and in its moral effects far better, from that with which we regard those who have made a place for themselves in the pages of history ; and the example comes home to us with peculiar force and efficacy. Need we offer any farther reason for dwelling a few moments on the memory of one who presented a rare combination of moral and intellectual excellence, and created in the minds of his acquaintance some new conceptions of the worth and dignity of our nature.

Dr. Lincoln was born at Dennysville, (Me.) in October, 1802, and was the son of the Hon. Theodore Lincoln, of that place, and grandson of Major-General Benjamin Lincoln, of the Revolution. He was graduated respectfully, at Bowdoin College, in 1822, and soon afterwards commenced the study of medicine. Having studied the requisite time with Dr. Shattuck, and received his medical degree at Brunswick, he entered upon the practice of his profession in this city, in the autumn of 1827. During the summer of the ensuing year, he was invited to deliver the course on astronomy and physiology, in the College at Burlington, (Vt.) The manner in which he succeeded in this duty, — for which he had probably as little special preparation as any man who ever undertook it, — may be inferred from the fact, that the next year he was elected to the professorship — an office which he continued to hold, with increasing satisfaction, until the last year of his life.\* At Burlington, which he immediately made his place of residence, he again, about three years since, entered into practice, and was rapidly advancing in business and reputation. The failing health of the late Dr. Wells, in 1830, compelling him to abandon his duties as lecturer on anatomy, at Bowdoin College, Dr. Lincoln consented to supply his place for the season, and also succeeded this gentleman the next year, in the same office in the University of Maryland, at Baltimore. Though strongly urged to stand as candidate for the professorship, to which he would undoubtedly have been elected, considerations, not necessary to mention here, led him to decline, and he returned to Burlington, to pursue his studies with renewed spirit, and to mature plans for future action. In the spring of last year, he took a violent cold, which rapidly reduced a constitution, already enfeebled by disease and over-exertion, to a state of debility, from which he never recovered, and it was soon followed by the too evident symptoms of pulmonary consumption. He succeeded, however, in reaching the residence of his family ; and there, amid the attentions of his friends, with the cares and promises of life behind, and the haven of eternal rest before him, he spent some of the happiest moments of his existence.

The events of his life were few indeed, and of no extraordinary kind ; but what they especially impress upon our notice, is the ardor of disposition and severity of industry, seldom if ever equalled, that enabled him to triumph over every obstacle in his course, and carried him through, with credit to himself and satisfaction to all with whom he was connected. Until a few months before his first course of lectures, anatomy was far from having been a prominent object of his attention, and he was by no means a skilful dissector ; (chemistry and music were his familiar pursuits,) yet, within six years, he became second to few men in the country in the accuracy and extent of his anatomical attainments. He found the college destitute of preparations and other means of illustrating lectures ; and with a little assistance from his

pupils, he enriched it with an anatomical cabinet of more than one hundred pieces,—many of which, in the accuracy and minuteness of dissection, have not been often surpassed,—besides a great number of moulds and drawings, chiefly the work of his own hands. All this was done to while away his time, much of which was occupied in the business of private instruction, private practice, in lecturing at other institutions, and in visits to his friends at a distance. An idle moment was a thing unknown to the last eight years of his life; every minute had its duties, and he was never happier than while he was engaged in the severest labor of body and mind. Even while visiting his friends, which was ostensibly for the purpose of relaxation, his industry never ceased; and no sooner were the greetings of his acquaintances over, than his head and hands found something to do. During one of these visits, of a few weeks, he delivered two courses of lectures, on anatomy and physiology, to popular audiences—the preparation for each of which, in making drawings, models, &c., occupied one or more hours, besides engaging in some anatomical labors, and expending considerable time in reading and writing. If such industry constrains our admiration, what shall we think of it, when told that he, of whom we are speaking, was a martyr to rheumatism and neuralgia?—that, from his twentieth year, he scarcely knew what it was to be an hour without pain? and very often it was excruciating. From the time we mention, his back became so bent that he never afterwards was able to assume the erect position; and frequently, for weeks together, it was two or three minutes' work for him to rise from his bed in the morning.

The distinguishing trait in Dr. Lincoln's character—that which endeared him to as large a circle of warm, personal friends as a man of his age could leave behind him—was active benevolence. Its spirit was manifested in every thought and action; it pervaded and animated his whole being. It was witnessed in all his opinions; for, whatever measures or principles were presented to his attention, they were viewed through the medium of an all-embracing philanthropy. In his relations with his friends, this disposition, of course, was particularly active. For them, it is incredible how much he was in the habit of doing. Their concerns were, to a certain extent, his concerns; their happiness was identical with his own; and no exertions, on his part, were too great to promote their interests. With a sacrifice of time and convenience, no one but himself could adequately appreciate, we once saw him quitting his studies, during his pupilage, to accompany a friend on a voyage to a distant part of the country, for the purpose of affording him counsel and aid, through a long and harassing sickness. He was no more attached to this person than to many others; but he saw him about to depart into a land of strangers, unable to help himself and poorly provided with the attendance his condition required, and it was enough for him to know, that his presence would be materially conducive to his comfort. Even in his last sickness, when, if at any time, a man will be engrossed with his own concerns, it was impossible to discover any diminution of his usual solicitude for the happiness of those around him.

But his philanthropy was by no means of that narrow kind, which finds its objects exclusively at home; it embraced the whole range of human affairs, and was the strong and abiding incentive to action. When satisfied that a measure was calculated to do good, his best efforts were always ready to further its success; for it was not a habit with him to wish well to a cause without giving it the benefit of his own assistance. No man ever lived more for others and less for himself; had it been otherwise, we should not now be mourning his loss. To this disposition, must be attributed the fatal error of overtasking his powers—the only error, of any consequence, he ever committed. Selfishness, in the ordinary meaning of the word, was foreign to his nature; the sight of others' happiness kindled a warmer glow of delight in his bosom than any mere personal considerations ever could. Like other men, he was sensible to the favor of the world; but his ambition was a lofty and an honorable one, and completely subjected to the supremacy of the higher sentiments. The essential condition of every measure that engaged his service, was its tendency to do good; and just in proportion to this tendency did he estimate its importance, and the degree of consideration it deserved.

In the practice of his profession, his benevolent spirit found ample scope for its exercise; and here it was displayed in some of its noblest and most engaging forms. His time and counsel were at the service of whoever chose to ask for

them ; while the idea of remuneration was, of all others, the most remote from his thoughts. The poor and friendless found in him an unfailing friend, who not only applied his skill to the cure of their diseases, but relieved their wants to the utmost extent of his means, and cheered their spirits with words of consolation and encouragement. The more destitute and helpless they were, the more strongly did they seem entitled to his personal attentions and to all the resources of his art. Many a time, when he found such an one suffering from the want of suitable attendance, has he bid adieu to professional dignity for a while, and cheerfully employed himself in the humbler duties of nursing. On one occasion, after riding several miles to visit a patient of this description, and with whom he had passed the whole previous night, we saw him spend an hour in repairing the windows, putting fastenings on the doors, and performing other little services, in order to make him warm and comfortable. The relations between physician and patient, were always on his part of the highest and most interesting kind. His intercourse with those who came under his care, was characterized by the utmost urbanity and kindness of manner, which was prompted by no view to popularity, but because he really sympathised in their sufferings, and felt an interest in all that concerned their welfare. From that besetting disposition, which long-continued practice engenders in the mind of almost every physician, to view his patients as furnishing cases of physiological investigation merely, he was remarkably free. In him, the philanthropist and physician were beautifully combined ; he never forgot that his patient was also a member of the human family ; and after he had prescribed for the former, he always found occasion for the exercise of the best feelings of his heart upon the latter. Little as he had of that repulsive hauteur, which seems to grudge an extra word or look in the sick room, he had still less, if possible, of that silly or swaggering affectation of good-humor assumed by vulgar minds ; but ever preserved his native dignity of manner, gracefully tempered by an air of ease and mildness, which won the affections as well as the respect of his patients.

Though benevolence was a prominent, it was by no means the sole characteristic of a nature in which all the moral sentiments were manifested with extraordinary strength and activity. Every one, much acquainted with Dr. Lincoln, must have been struck with a certain purity and elevation of character, and a strict, unwavering conscientiousness displayed in all his dealings with mankind. Perfectly upright and honorable himself, he was little inclined to look with indulgence on the absence of these qualities in others. With him, right and wrong were positive terms, the force and signification of which never varied with changes of circumstances or persons. He was unable to gloss over the slightest deviation from the straight forward path of fair and honorable conduct, with any of those palliative excuses and forms of phraseology, that pass current with the possessors of an easier virtue. He called things by their right names, and was determined, wherever he was concerned, that they should go by no other. This integrity of principle and purpose was admirably supported by an unflinching, unaffected independence of character, that added tenfold to the force and prominence of his example. He made no compromise with vice, for, in whatever guise it appeared, it incurred his thorough reprobation, and no human power could deter him from the faithful expression of his opinions. There was a moral atmosphere around him, the salutary effect of which was clearly perceptible on those who came within its influence. Even in his younger days, he was never guilty of that confusion of moral distinctions which looks on the perpetration of mischief for the sake of amusement, as a species merely of innocent amusement. Yet no one was more beloved by his associates, and no one was freer from the suspicion of meanness and duplicity. With the indulgence of a warm-hearted philanthropist, towards the follies and weaknesses of his fellow-men, no scruple of delicacy ever induced him to spare the voice of censure and admonition, whenever it was likely to do good. True, his plainness of speech sometimes gave offence, and made him the only enemies he had ; but, accompanied as it was by his peculiar ingenuoussness of manner, and an irresistible air of sincerity, it generally left an impression, both salutary and durable. In the discharge of his public duties, he was guided by the same spirit of conscientiousness—ever acting with the utmost fidelity to his trust, and coming up to the very spirit and letter of his engagements. Whatever might be his duties, he devoted all the powers of his mind and body to their performance, till the superabundance of his



zeal and exertion became a matter of astonishment and admiration. To spend and be spent, in the most literal signification of the terms, seemed to be the principle on which he always acted.

Another very important trait in his character, which, as we are writing for the living, it would be unpardonable not to notice here, was a fixedness of resolution and an indomitable perseverance, under every form of difficulty and discouragement. Whatever he undertook, he accomplished; and obstacles which would have effectually deterred most other men, served only to increase his energies and strengthen his resolution. Animated by high hopes and noble purposes, with his object distinctly in view, and confident in his ample resources, he proceeded steadily and cheerfully on his course; and neither difficulty nor disaster could make him swerve from his path. Charged with a trust of the highest responsibility, for which he had received the slightest possible preparation, and suffering constantly from a harassing disease, nothing, indeed, but the most remarkable firmness, could have carried him through to the successful and brilliant result of his exertions. No task seemed too great for his powers, no object too distant for his comprehension, when the voice of duty called, or the prospect of doing good was before him.

All who were intimately acquainted with Dr. Lincoln, must have observed the buoyancy of his spirits, the unclouded happiness he seemed to enjoy, and that content of disposition, which neither pain nor disappointment could disturb. The goods of life he enjoyed with a keen relish; its ills he considered as matters of course, and bore them without fretfulness or repining, as if, apparently, they were unworthy of a thought. Nothing, in short, seemed to render him conscious of their presence, but the check they sometimes imposed on his labors in the cause to which he was devoted. While suffering an attack of his disease, which affected his neck and back with unusual severity, though it appeared to be scarcely noticed by him; engrossed in comparative anatomy, he replied to the commiserations of friends, that, 'so long as it left him hands to work and eyes to see, he should have no reason to complain.' His mind was seldom clouded by disquietude and anxiety; and the numerous annoyances of life, which seriously affect the temper of most men, and, for the time, incapacitate them from exertion, were never permitted by him to diminish, in the slightest degree, his accustomed activity and cheerfulness. Calumny even, while it excited a momentary indignation, could not plant a thorn in his bosom, or scarcely ruffle the ordinary tranquillity of his character. How essential this equanimity was to his happiness, he was well aware; and, unless urged by a sense of duty, was careful to abstain from participating in party conflicts and other matters of temporary interest, in which it would be liable to be sacrificed. Peace and independence of mind, he prized above all earthly treasures. The world had nothing of honor or profit, for which he would give up one particle of his natural portion. This disposition was particularly manifested during his last sickness; and dull must he have been to one of the noblest exhibitions of human fortitude, who could observe him then without being filled with emotions of pleasing yet melancholy interest. He was just beginning to reap the fruits of his labors, when he was snatched at once and forever from their fruition. He had attained an elevation, from which he could perceive as bright a prospect before him as his most sanguine wishes could desire; his attainments in science, great as they were, served chiefly to acquaint him with the still greater that remained for him to make; the vigor of his mind, once so fresh and elastic, was decaying; pain was harassing many of his hours, and the extinction of his earthly career, he well knew, was near at hand; yet no word of repining or discontent was ever heard to escape his lips. Everything relative to his profession interested him to the last, and his conversation was as animated and intellectual as ever. 'You have no idea,' he said repeatedly to the writer, 'how many happy hours I enjoy.'

Dr. Lincoln's talents were naturally of the highest order, and their power was greatly increased by a rigid system of mental discipline. His reading was comparatively limited — though no man made more of what he did read, for he never finished a book without making himself master of its ideas; but, to his penetrating intellect and keen observation, he was indebted for the most valuable part of his knowledge. The most striking characteristic of his mind, was the strength and clearness of his conceptions, accompanied with remarkable precision of language in conveying his

ideas to others. Hence, there was nothing vague or indefinite in his notions ; what he knew, he knew thoroughly ; it was always distinctly in view, and ready to be appropriated at a moment's warning. His knowledge was positive in its nature, and such was the caution with which it was received, and the admirable arrangement given to it, that seldom were any reductions to be made from it, on the score of mistake or misapprehension. Not only was his intellect clear, but it had a strong and comprehensive grasp, which could rise from the study of the minutest detail, till it reached and embraced the highest and most important relations. Though exceedingly minute and faithful in his inquiries, he never forgot that their results were almost valueless without those enlarged general views, which mark the investigations of the philosophical mind. He was a deep thinker, and his mind was one of that far-reaching kind that shuns the beaten routes, and find their proper element only when contemplating the most profound and original truths. His observation was uncommonly acute and extensive ; everything that came before him, he viewed in all its lights, and carefully marked its bearings upon the various subjects of his inquiries. Facts, apparently of the most trivial nature, and unnoticed by less scrutinizing observers, came to him pregnant with important results. The consequence was, that his knowledge was exceedingly practical in its nature ; and it is wonderful how much he would make out of the simplest and fewest data, and that, too, by the powers of a sound induction. Indeed, it was rare for him to advance any prominent idea which he could not substantiate by facts and observations of his own.

No one could see much of Dr. Lincoln, and not be struck with his ardent, unwavering, scrupulous love of truth. It was the animating principle of his intellectual nature ; and the end and aim of all his inquiries, was to obtain it unsophisticated by the carelessness or additions of men. He was willing to take facts for what they were worth ; but he wanted to receive them pure from the hands of nature ; and if he once suspected a writer of giving them a false coloring, for the purpose of favoring his peculiar notions, he was apt to withdraw from him his confidence altogether. Nothing incurred his heartiest reprobation so much as that tampering with nature's truths, to which some people are addicted, with the design of establishing their own views, or magnifying their importance. He was cautious in the admission of new facts, and it was not till after they had been subjected to repeated examination, that he considered them entitled to belief ; and when thus tested, it was his habit to receive them, whatever bearing they might have on his previous notions. He often declared, that false facts were more to be dreaded than false theories. Like everybody else, he was liable to errors ; but no one more cheerfully abandoned them, on the production of satisfactory evidence.

The strong perception and love of the beautiful, as well as the true, was a no less striking trait in his intellectual character. The contemplation of the forms of natural objects, and the operations of their glorious mechanism, always exerted in him feelings of intense delight, and filled his soul with a sense of the majesty and beauty of nature. No lover ever gazed with more rapture on the charms of his mistress, than he did on each new form and structure, that his studies in comparative anatomy and natural history, constantly brought to view. To this trait, we may attribute much of his well-known enthusiasm in the pursuit of natural science, and the elevating, purifying influence on his character.

As an anatomist, Dr. Lincoln's attainments were profound and extensive. From the time of his appointment at Burlington, he devoted his best energies to the vocation to which he was called, and a few more years would have given him a reputation second to that of no other man in the country. The labors of the dissecting-room were always pleasing to him ; and he had the mechanical skill requisite to give his dissections an air of unusual finish and neatness. He studied anatomy like a philosopher, not as a surgeon ; and never measured the degree of attention to be devoted to a part, by the importance of its surgical relations. Since man is but one link in the immense chain of organized being, he felt convinced, that, to be studied understandingly, human anatomy must be studied in connection with the structure of the inferior animals — and that, by itself, and for itself alone, it is entitled to but a low rank in the natural sciences. The study of comparative anatomy, therefore, he considered as essential to the anatomical scholar, without which, all other attainments were of inferior worth ; and he pursued it with an ardor and diligence, which showed that his whole soul was in the subject. He introduced much

of it into his lectures, with the satisfaction of seeing it awaken fresh interest in the minds of his pupils, and impress them with the conviction, that anatomy, instead of being a lifeless collection of insulated facts, is a science of the most comprehensive, numerous, and wonderful relations. Natural history, in all its departments, received much of his attention; and his love of botany, in the last year or two of his life, had attained all the strength of a passion.

As a lecturer, he had all the qualities necessary to confer on him great and undisputed excellence. The clearness and order of his views enabled him to present them clearly to others; while his fine elocution, and command of simple and precise language, invested them with a degree of interest, that enchaind the attention of the most indifferent hearer, and impressed them strongly and deeply on the mind. He had the faculty, so essential to a good lecturer, of knowing exactly how far to presume on the understandings of his hearers, without rendering himself tedious by falling below their range, nor unintelligible by rising above it; and, having once used the words best suited to express his meaning, he never sought to simplify by repetition. His style of lecturing was plain and forcible, without being coarse or boisterous, and had the rare merit of being equally satisfactory to the least, as well as the most unphilosophical minds. He believed that nearly all the difficulties, experienced by medical students in understanding some subjects, particularly in surgical anatomy, result from the practice of *over-explanation*, to which writers and lecturers are too much addicted. Accordingly, it was always a great point with him to disabuse his pupils of impressions on such subjects derived from books; and, having unlearned all they had waded through so much obscurity to learn, they came away, surprised and delighted to find how things, before so dark, could be simplified and cleared up by his lucid instructions. In proof of the success of his manner, it may be mentioned, that, after his lectures on the nervous system, in his course at Baltimore, his class, in full meeting, paid him the unusual compliment of presenting him a vote of thanks, for the clearness and general ability with which he had treated that subject. In his popular courses, which he was frequently in the habit of delivering, he was equally happy; and certainly, no man, within our knowledge, ever discoursed on scientific subjects, to a miscellaneous audience, with more acceptance than did Dr. Lincoln. So well arranged, and entirely at command, were his ideas, that he made no use of manuscripts in his lectures, for he complained that they embarrassed him.

After what has been said, need we add that, as a physician, Dr. Lincoln enjoyed, in a very high degree, the confidence of his employers; that he was indefatigable in the investigation of his cases, and met with a corresponding success in their treatment. He very early began to distrust the efficacy so largely attributed to remedial agents in modern practice, and to rely, with increasing confidence, on the powers of nature. If he erred, in following the expectant method too closely, he avoided the still greater and more fashionable error of lavishing medicines on the sickly, without the authority of rule or reason. He was a judicious and skilful operator; and, guided by the strong light of anatomy, he saw his way clearly through a path of which he had, comparatively, small experience.

The cause of medical education he had much at heart; and he had pledged to his own sense of duty all the weight of his talents and influence, to effect a reform in the medical schools of our country, which should place it on a higher and firmer basis than it has ever yet possessed. Two years since, he published an able pamphlet on the subject, and was engaged in preparing another at the time of the attack of his last sickness. His familiar intercourse with pupils, and his habit of conversing with them freely on the subject of his instructions, made him intimately acquainted with the kind and degree of deficiency under which they labored, and convinced him of the necessity of applying the only remedy of which the case admits. It was idle, to use his own strong expression, to try to teach people a science, the very language of which they are incapable of understanding, from a want of previous education. It is this preliminary education that he was anxious to raise, and the low state of which, he, in common with most intelligent members of the profession, believed to be an inseparable bar to the respectability of the healing art.

Mathematics, he was in the habit of studying, as a recreation from his more laborious duties; and his attainments in this science were greater than are often met

with among well-educated men. \* Of music, Dr. Lincoln was, all his life, a passionate admirer. Until he entered on the active labors of his profession, he studied it more than anything else; and probably no person in the country was better acquainted with its principles. †

Here we must close this article, which has greatly exceeded the limits we had designed. But, when one will think of the circumstances of the case, the surprise will be, not that we have occupied so much space, but, that we could have answered our purpose with so little. We have endeavored to give no false coloring to what we mean for a plain, unvarnished statement; but, on the contrary, have been careful to keep far within the limits of strict truth—for the whole truth would have sounded more like the language of overweening, indiscriminate admiration.

### CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL

THIS great and good man expired at Philadelphia on the thirteenth of July, at six o'clock in the evening. We subjoin an obituary notice, from the columns of the *Boston Daily Advertiser*—as better than any we could prepare in such a short space—and as expressive of the sentiments which pervade the hearts of all lovers of their country, in contemplating the departure of so illustrious a patriot.

THE eminent public services of this great man, the deep and universal confidence reposed in his ability and worth, and the sentiment of veneration entertained for his private virtues, render this loss one of the most afflicting that our country could sustain. His health had been for some time declining, and there was little hope that the term of his existence could be extended for a much longer period; but, no period could occur, when the loss would not have been felt, throughout the country, as that of one of its greatest benefactors.

Chief Justice Marshall was born in Fauquier county, in Virginia, on the twenty-fourth of September, 1755. He was the son of Col. Thomas Marshall, a man of talent and education, but of limited fortune, whose ability was always spoken of with admiration by his son. His early instruction was of a very imperfect character: he was indebted to his father for that which related to the English language, but principally to his own efforts for his classical attainments. In his opening manhood, he engaged, with zeal and ardor, in the patriotic cause: in 1775, he received the appointment of lieutenant, in a company of minute-men, and subsequently rose to the rank of captain. At the beginning of the war, he fought against lord Dunmore, at the battle of the Great Bridge, and some time later, in those of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth. In 1781, there being a redundancy of officers in the Virginia line, he resigned his commission, and devoted himself to the practice of the law. He had been admitted to the bar during the previous year, a part of which he had spent in Virginia. It is hardly necessary to add, that, notwithstanding his youth, his military career was distinguished by the same intelligence and excellent qualities, that shed such lustre on the course of his after-life.

Immediately after the capitulation of lord Cornwallis, Mr. Marshall began to pursue, with assiduity, the practice of the law, and soon arose to eminent distinction. In the spring of 1782, he was elected a member of the State Legislature, and, before its close, a member of the Executive Council. He was married, in 1783, to

\* It is a curious fact, that after his mind had become so enfeebled by disease, that he was fatigued by reading the simplest paragraph in the newspaper, and had abandoned all books relative to his profession, he was in the habit of spending hours at a time in studying the most difficult parts of Analytic Geometry—a fact, which affords another confirmation of the correctness of the phrenological division of the intellectual faculties.

† During the year that he was settled in Boston, he wrote a work on the Elements of Music, but was prevented from entirely finishing it till a short time before his death. Knowing his happy talent for instruction, we doubt not that this must be a most valuable work, and we trust his friends will soon make some arrangements for its publication.

Miss Ambler, a daughter of the Treasurer of State. This lady, after a long term of sickness and suffering, descended a few years ago to the grave. In 1781, he resigned his place at the executive board, and resumed his professional pursuits; but, immediately afterwards, and again in 1787, he was re-elected to the Legislature, and took an active and efficient part in the momentous controversies of the time. He was also a member of the Convention, called together in Virginia, for the ratification of the Federal Constitution. In this remarkable assembly, in which the most commanding eloquence and talent were displayed, no man exhibited greater power of reasoning, or patriotic ardor, than Mr. Marshall.

Mr. Marshall continued in public life, as a member of the Legislature of Virginia, till the close of its session, in 1791. He then retired for three years, but was returned again in 1795, and distinguished himself by an argument, of remarkable ability, on the power of the Federal Executive to conclude a commercial treaty. This was at the time when the country was agitated by the controversies growing out of the treaty negotiated with Great Britain, by Mr. Jay. In the following year, he was invited by Washington to accept the office of Attorney-General, but declined it, on the ground, that it would interfere with his extensive practice in Virginia. When Mr. Monroe was recalled from France, Mr. Marshall was urged, by Washington, to accept an appointment as his successor. This, also, he was compelled, by urgent private considerations, to decline. But, when Mr. Adams, who had, in the meantime, succeeded to the presidency, appointed him an envoy to that country, in connexion with Mr. Gerry and General Pinckney, he accepted the appointment. The envoys were, however, not accredited by the French government; and, in the summer of 1798, Mr. Marshall returned to this country.

On his return, he was solicited, by General Washington, to become a candidate for a seat in Congress. He yielded with reluctance; and being elected, after a severe contest, took his seat in December, 1799. While he was a candidate for this station, he declined a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, which became vacant by the death of Judge Iredell, and was offered him by President Adams. The session of Congress, in the winter of 1799-1800, was a very memorable one. In the debate on the resolutions offered by Mr. Livingston, relative to the case of Thomas Nash, alias Jonathan Robbins—a case too long to be here detailed, and doubtless fresh in the recollection of many readers—Mr. Marshall spoke, in opposition to them, with admirable force and talent. His speech on that occasion, is preserved; it is regarded as one of the most remarkable arguments of its author; and a higher estimate of its merit could not easily be made.

In May, 1800, Mr. Marshall was nominated, by President Adams, to the office of Secretary of War. He desired that the nomination might be withdrawn; but, his request was disregarded, and it was confirmed by the Senate. Shortly afterwards, he was called to succeed Mr. Pickering, as Secretary of State. On the resignation of Chief Justice Ellsworth, the President advised with Mr. Marshall respecting the appointment of his successor, who at once recommended Judge Patterson. This was an appointment which the President was reluctant to make, from an unwillingness to wound the feelings of Judge Cushing, who was the senior of Mr. Patterson on the bench. The office was then offered to Mr. Jay, who declined it; and the President immediately nominated Mr. Marshall, who, on the thirty-first day of January, 1801, accordingly became Chief Justice of the United States.

It were equally vain and needless to attempt to convey an adequate idea of the extent and value of the official labors of Judge Marshall. For a period of nearly thirty-five years, his matchless intellect and admirable virtues have constituted the magnetic and benignant power, which has bound the orbs of our magnificent system of government together, while the disturbing forces of party, rivalry, and suffering, have often tempted them to rush asunder. The qualities of his mind were such as led him instinctively into the paths of truth; and he illustrated those paths so fully and clearly with the light of profound sagacity and resistless reasoning, that men were led to distrust the judgment, whose conclusions were not in unison with his. No man had ever a stronger influence upon the minds of others. That influence was not founded only on his intellectual superiority; it was sustained and elevated by that perfect purity of purpose, that true simplicity and kindness of heart, that deep reverence for virtue and religion, which will cause his memory to be honored so long as true patriotism shall be venerated by the sons of men.

# THE NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

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SEPTEMBER, 1835.

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## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

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### THE PIGS—A POEM.

[This is a very reprehensible poem, and ought never to have been published; and the only reason why it is suffered to pollute the pages of our Magazine, is to hold it up to our readers' detestation. It was probably written by some discarded Jackson man, turned whig, who spits his venom on the living and the dead. It is full of falsehood, ill-will, malice, smut, and all uncharitableness; and we commend the author to the notice of our Grand Jury, and our vigilant Attorney-General. We accompany the lines with a few charitable notes, lest the ribaldry should not be understood; and, in this way, wash our own hands of all consequences, and make them as white as snow; this being the fashionable explanation.]

WHILE happier bards, whom nobler themes inspire,  
From lips excited pour the purple fire,\*  
O'er art and nature wave the thoughtful wing,  
Of chiefs and seas and storms and battles sing,  
My wretched fate impels me to decline  
These strains — these higher flights — and sing of swine.  
Once could my feet each rosy maze explore;  
But rosy mazes charm my feet no more.  
From groves and streams, my pouting muse will fly,  
To pause in pity o'er a pen — a sty.

Poor pigs! poor exiles from the world refined!  
Who forms for you the manners or the mind?  
No parlor waits you, with its sofa clean —  
No maid prepares for you the fire, or screen;  
No cradle rocks to sleep your pretty heads —  
No downy pillow mollifies your beds;  
On you no hand bestows our rich delights:  
How do you pass away your winter-nights?  
The cold, the storm, neglect, the proud man's frown,  
A thousand ills conspire to press you down.  
To roll in mire, your everlasting doom —  
A knife, your end — a pork-tub for your tomb.  
The young, the beautiful, the wise, the brave,  
Melt for the distant Greek and home-born slave;  
But who, by pity led — that power divine —  
Has dropped one tear o'er our neglected swine?

[\*Purple fire is modern poetry, being spirted out extemporaneously from purple faces; and the suddenness of its production is commonly thought to increase its beauty.]

And yet, the proudest might the pigs survey,  
 And own them brothers, formed of self-same clay ;  
 For, what is man ? Behold, in herds he goes ;  
 Some master-spirit always *riags* his nose ;  
 Does he not in as narrow circle dwell ?  
 Does he not *root*, and love the mud as well ?  
 Is he not selfish, filthy, servile, proud ?  
 Does he not *snarl* as much, and *squeal* as loud ? \*  
 Is he not cursed with as perverse a will ?  
 Is he not just as greedy of his swill ?  
 He takes the dirtiest paths — he rolls in bogs ;  
 Yes — hogs are nobler men, and **MEN ARE HOGS.**

In gayer hours, when happier planets shone,  
 When the bright world (all joyful) seemed my own,  
 I thought, in every man, a friend to see —  
 Blossoms and beauties hung from every tree ;  
 The proffered kindness seemed to me sincere :  
 And, O how precious was compassion's tear !  
 Suspicion slept ; I knew no latent guile ;  
 I gave full credit to each tear and smile.  
 Man seemed — increased in years — a patriarch wise ;  
 And woman smiled, an angel from the skies :  
 The sacred vestments always made the saint,  
 And beauty borrowed not a hue from paint ;  
 But time, the mask from every visage tears ;  
 I see the real features that it wears ;  
 On the black ruins, filled with snakes, at last,  
 The sun arises, and my dreams are past. †

How wide the difference looks, in sorrow's view,  
 Between the bright *ideal* and the *true* !  
 We *hear* a river named, and fondly think,  
 That flowers must bloom and beautify its brink.  
 From Fancy's flowing store, we gaily bring  
 The eldest, youngest sisters of the Spring ;  
 We arch the shades ; we hear the waters move,  
 In unison with music in the grove ;  
 The silver waves like polished glass appear,  
 And, from the bottom, shine the pebbles clear :—  
 But, see that river ; dews offensive fall,  
 Swamps spread, frogs croak, and alligators crawl ;  
 Restore the sweet resemblance, if you can — ‡  
 It holds in rivers more, alas ! than man.

Essential beauty ! where shall we behold  
 Thy rosy colors and thy perfect mould ?  
 O, dost thou float around some blossomed tree,  
 Picked by the harmless robbery of the bee ?  
 Or dost thou dwell where gentle fountains run,  
 Where green vales glitter in the morning sun ?  
 Dost thou a palace in the rainbow seek,  
 Or smile enthroned upon some virgin cheek ?

[ \* This is a most unwarrantable attack on the Jackson party. The author might as well have said, that Mr. Van Buren is a swine-herd, and the whole of his followers no better than a drove of hogs. Where is the majesty of our laws ! Where is the spirit of '76 ! ]

[ † Beautiful allusion !—as if the temple of liberty were no more than a Hindu bungalow, gone to ruin, and filled with *cobras* & *capellas*, &c. ]

[ ‡ The author must have come from the southern States. This is an exact description of a river in Georgia. Indeed, many of the inhabitants there are half horse, half alligator. ]

Vain dreams ! — vain passion of our idle youth !  
 Beauty (whatever fools surmise) is truth.  
 Beauty, in reason's view, doth most prevail  
 In the long snout — the curled and slender tail ;  
 In ham and sausages is beauty found,  
 When pork sells free at twenty cents per pound. \*

Why should we laugh at swine ? — the race appear,  
 In all their manners, perfectly sincere.  
 They never run where interest leads the way,  
 To fawn on men in power, and then betray :  
 Hogs are no flatterers ; never look polite,  
 While malice prompts them to devour and bite ;  
 They never wear the mask of holy guile —  
 Pray while they cheat, or murder while they smile ;  
 To the last hour, from that which gave them birth,  
 They are the plainest creatures on the earth ;  
 They pass their narrow round of pleasure o'er,  
 Just shew what nature is, and shew no more.  
 And, though they eat too much, and greedily —  
 Yet, who on earth from every fault is free ?  
 No — let the man appear, from pole to line,  
 Without a folly, he shall laugh at swine :  
 Still, then, my muse this useful theme shall teach,  
 That none should scorn the worth he cannot reach.

Poor pigs ! exposed, for years, to censure's storm,  
 Because unshapely in your outward form ;  
 Because, confined in pens and seldom ripe,  
 Your body seems your spirit's outward type :  
 But, why on form alone should judgement dwell ?  
 Why of the soul take sample from the shell ?  
 Should every creature, by strict truth undressed,  
 Assume the face and form that suit him best ;  
 Should Heaven, in justice, delve us to the root,  
 And, by true merit, judge of man and brute ;  
 What changes, in all bodies, should we know !  
 And, on whose backs would soon the bristles grow ?

'Tis said that, founded in these western skies,  
 Thy noble temple, Liberty, shall rise ;  
 Man, the last blessing of his lot attain,  
 And burst away from every snare and chain ;  
 Columbia's glory kindling Europe's fire,  
 Slaves catch the sparks of life, and kings admire.  
 But, be my country Paradise or pen,  
 'Tis not a Paradise for modest men.  
 A modest man ! we crush him in the dust ;  
 We never honor such ; we never trust : —  
 But, let some rascal, loud in self-applause,  
 Defy the laws of God, and all our laws ;  
 Let him wind round, wherever factions be,  
 Like some black serpent winding up a tree ; †

\* In Boston, there was a beautiful hill, rising, like a cone, behind the State-house, cast up, as if on purpose, by the hand of beauty, for the grateful citizens to view the prospect. But, interest prevailed ; and it was dug away by the genius of dollars and cents, though Taste and Imagination wept the while. And see now what they are doing at the head of Court street ! I would humbly propose, that the whole Common should be turned into a hog-pasture. Perhaps it might pay the interest of the city debt, and increase the fragrance of the western breeze. — AUTHOR.

† See how perfectly American this comparison is. To see a snake, is still a current phrase in New-Hampshire.]



We send the wretch to Congress, for his slang,  
And let him make our laws, whom laws should hang.

How are our bargains made? — With accents sweet,  
Long lies are told — we only talk to cheat.  
How are our honors gained? — By blowing loud  
A brazen trumpet o'er a gaping crowd.  
Doth not each ballot-box our shame declare?  
And is not JACKSON in the highest chair? \*

In myrtle shades, where Venus loves to rove,  
And weaves her bower for happiness and love;  
Where virgins rest and hear the wild bees hum,  
There, spirits sing, and hogs can never come:  
*Man* may be coarse as earth and vile as swine,  
But *woman*, lovely woman, is divine.

So dreams the novice, smit by some fair eye,  
When, moved by love, he breathes his first-born sigh;  
Some shadow of perfection charms his sight,  
And his waked bosom trembles with delight:  
The blushing surface, credulous, he views;  
He speaks — she frowns; she flies him — he pursues.  
He begs his marble idol to relent;  
He takes her hand — she blushes her consent;  
O, how young passion animates her charms;  
A blessing, more than human, greets his arms!  
But, ere one rapid moon its tale has told,  
He finds his prize — a cat — a slut — a scold.  
She tries his temper, cheats him, drains his purse —  
Bad, for the present hour, and growing worse.  
Where is the goddess of perfection now?  
Is she a woman, or \* \* \* \*

Is man no hog? — To yonder tavern run;  
See the poor victim tempted and undone;  
See reason buried in the fatal bowl,  
His body pampered to imbrute his soul;  
See him retire to his alarmed abode,  
Bedaubed in mire and reeling on the road;  
No children bless his kind return, or share  
His love, his soft protection, or his care;  
A tyrant to his wife, to vice a slave,  
He only lives to eat, drink, swear, and rave;  
See this — and own, instructed by the curse,  
That man escapes *the hog*, by being worse.

But, guiltier they, and worthy sharper blame,  
Who feed and fatten on the culprit's shame:  
The great, alas! — are they so little nice?  
Does wealth grow high, manured and dressed by vice?  
Is yonder chariot, though adorned so fine,  
And drawn by horses, propt by stolen swine?  
Yes; many a mansion, though it towers so high,  
Stands bordering near and reeking from a sty;  
And wealth, which draws the curtain close, between  
Old Vice and Conscience, rests on hands unclean.

[\* What! is there no virtue extant? no modesty, no reverence for Roman virtue, and in a republican station! Must the author spit his venom on a venerable head? The 'Old Roman' is in the highest chair, and may he keep it until he has paid his breath to time and mortal custom.]

Much injured pigs ! — how many tales, untrue,  
By human malice, have been palmed on you !  
Men call you selfish ; but, in serious tone,  
Can they maintain *that* vice is yours alone ?  
Men call you stupid ; I remember well,  
How Pinchbeck taught a pig to read and spell ;  
The learned pig confronted many a brow :  
A learned pig is no great wonder now.  
While yon dull sluggard's fields wild weeds adorn —  
In Egypt, pigs taught men to manage corn. \*

O 'Public Sentiment !' — that noise which stuns —  
That headlong stream, still foaming as it runs ;  
Excitement, passion, madness, folly, crime ;  
The pride and the delusion of our time ;  
Which sets us on a race, and bids us show  
Who, in extravagance, can farthest go ;  
Which fills the pulpit — caucus — parlor — press —  
And gives religion even her wildest dress ;  
Whether thy hated voice, excited, screams  
Its anti-mason — anti-slavery dreams ;  
(For, well we know, whatever be thy plan,  
Thou art the *anti*-friend of God and man) †  
When wilt thou cease, mad jade, through life to sweep,  
And leave the world to wisdom and to sleep ?

The humble Christian from the world recedes,  
And proves his piety by silent deeds ;  
He values not the meed of noisy fame,  
And little cares if fools applaud or blame ;  
Rebuking vice, the sinner wounds him sore,  
And hypocrites, when censured, wound him more ;  
With modest light, he shoots his beams afar,  
Yet shines, scarce noticed, like some midnight star ;  
He gives his substance to the poor, and sheds  
The dews of Mercy over dying beds ;  
And dies himself, in Faith's calm warfare brave,  
With scarce a tear to wet his unknown grave.

Not so the hypocrite, who, day and night,  
Displays his meekness in some holy fight ;  
For points obscure, he sets the world on flame,  
Pleading for God, he gets himself — a name.  
What has he done, that thus the clouds are reached ?  
The faith he never followed he has preached.  
In every cause of real goodness mute,  
He taught his one-eyed followers to DISPUTE : ‡  
Blow all your trumpets, Fame ; let crowds adore ;  
Sound, sound the wrangler's name from shore to shore.

\* See Herodotus, somewhere — I hardly know where ; for I may truly say, that, *that* author, in his own tongue, is all *Greek to me*. — AUTHOR.

† The word *anti* is a charming word ; I have always admired it ; and I would recommend it to the special attention of all those who wish to establish a newspaper, or to *kick up a dust*. I intend soon to set up an anti-frog-pond society, whose principles I shall explain in sixteen pamphlets and forty-seven handbills, duly posted up wherever I can find a church or a whip-plag-post. — AUTHOR.

‡ I may be thought, in this place, to sneer at the Unitarians ; for, *one* eye means *Unitarian* eye ; and a man who has a Unitarian eye must be a Unitarian ; because, as to the heart, everybody knows it has nothing to do with religion nowadays. Men's religion lies wholly in their eyes. — AUTHOR.

"Tis a strange world — 't is passing strange ; the worst  
Succeed the best ; the wisest walk the dust.  
Have you a tender heart ? a conscience clear ?  
A generous mind ? — expect no market here.  
But if, in youth, to please your narrow soul,  
You made a box, and in that box a hole —  
A hole three inches long, but deep and thin,  
Just wide enough to drop a copper in ;  
Just wide enough, without a single doubt,  
To let it in but not to let it out ;  
If thither all your youthful earnings sped,  
But never went for books or gingerbread ;  
If tears from beggars, rides, and love-knots true,  
Could never win a sigh or cent from you —  
Then, roll in wealth, and buy the world's regard,  
And die as rich and good as old GIRARD.

Still, there are bright exceptions : ARMSTRONG rose,  
In spite of birth and sullen friends and foes ; \*  
Should EVERETT be elected, all allow  
The statesman's wreath will bind the scholar's brow ; †  
And WEBSTER, equal to his great renown,  
May yet be *up*, perhaps, and JACKSON *down*.

Hark ! — on you battle-field of seeming strife,  
How the drum rattles, and how squeaks the fife !  
See how their banners in the breezes play !  
Our great militia hold a muster-day.  
It makes my blood run cold, my veins between,  
To see the amazing grandeur of the scene ;  
See how thick clouds of smoke obstruct the sight !  
'Tis a pitched battle — a downright *sham* fight !  
What noise ! what tumult ! how much dust and dirt !  
The very powder soils each ruffle-shirt.  
See — some, already, midst the slain are sunk !  
On the cold ground they lie, as dead — dead drunk !  
While the proud Colonel, whom no wads can kill,  
Marches his conquering band and takes the hill.  
Huzza ! huzza ! — ‡

O, my dear country ! — sweeter to my eye  
Than, to my taste, thy pigs or pumpkin-pie ; .  
How zealous for thy glory would I be,  
Would Jackson give some little post to me !  
Columbia ! — Hail, Columbia ! happy land ;  
Hail ! all thy heroes — an immortal band ;  
Hail ! all thy shops, that deal by quart or gill ;  
Hail ! Washington and Green and Bunker-hill ; §  
Hail, Liberty ! — sole queen, whom mobs adore —  
The Patriot's fickle bride — the moral whore !

[ \* By birth, the author means Mr. A.'s original poverty : i. e. he is a self-made man. ' In spite of sullen friends,' alludes to an opposition made to his nomination, at Worcester, by some of his own party. But then, the opposition came from Salem — the city of peace — where they hang witches and flog clergymen.]

† Mr. Everett, I hope, never will be Governor ; he has too much *lumber* in his head ; besides, he is something of a gentleman. — AUTHOR.

[ ‡ So the author wishes our militia all to go to ruin ; and that the whole country might knuckle to France !]

[ § No ! the sacred name of Washington is not spared. Though the author may try to creep off, by saying he only imitates the rant of a fourth of July oration, yet, be it remembered that Washington is put in the same line with Bunker-hill, where there is a half-built monument. There is a meaning in that.]

Thy poets, too — sublimely dark and good —  
 How little are their raptures understood !  
 The mawkish, riddling strain, that charms the herd !  
*A thing of feathers !* — ah ! they mean a bird.  
*A thing of danger !* is a pit profound ;  
 A modern bard, I own, *a thing of sound*.  
 How they describe, in all the pomp of dress,  
 (Words piled on words) the ghost of nothingness ;  
 The groans of Byron — though he groaned too long  
 Himself — have filled with pathos many a song.  
 Fog follows fog — to shadows shades succeed :  
 Do they, who nonsense write, such nonsense read ?

Yet, there are some, whose brilliant names shall last,  
 When all our trash and all our dreams are past.  
 The ivory lyre by gentle hands is ruled,  
 When struck by SIGOURNEY and HANNAH GOULD ;  
 BRYANT has borrowed all Apollo's aid,  
 And PERCIVAL is Byron's darker shade ;  
 And who is he, who wisely strung, I ween,  
 The 'SHELLS AND SEA-WEEDS,' for our Magazine —  
 Who sung the 'Land-Bird,' o'er the ocean hurled,  
 Like a poor spirit passing through our world : —  
 Burst from thy cloud, thou nameless one, and claim —  
 What all allow thy right — a poet's name !\*

*Then, dost thou nothing love ? — Dost smile at all  
 The joys and sorrows of our rolling ball ?*  
 No — I am sober ; and I love to see  
 True virtue, wisdom, true consistency.  
 I love the ocean when its billows roar ;  
 I love the sun ; I love the planets more ;  
 I love the moonlight-walk, from town retired,  
 Where Envy sleeps, and Fancy seems inspired ;  
 I love the birds, who build a faithful nest ;  
 I love all kinds of cattle — hogs the best ;  
 I love the fish, that in the sea are hooked,  
 I love a cod and haddock, nicely cooked ;  
 I love whatever moves the world around ;  
 An honest man I love, whenever found.

\* Let me say one word of the author of certain *quaterzains*, in the July number of the New-England Magazine. They are really beautiful ; and if he is not known, (for I suspect he may be some old acquaintance, in disguise) he certainly soon will be. As Pope said of Johnson, he will soon be *deterre*. — AUTUMN.

## HORSEMANSHIP.

BY AN EQUESTRIAN.

I CONFESS myself an ardent lover of the noblest quadruped that moves upon the face of the earth, and an enthusiastic admirer of the art of riding. Consequently, I regard a jockey with some awe, being, as I premise,

‘Smit with the love of the laconic boot,  
The cap and wig succinct, the silken suit.’

And I pride myself upon having carefully separated this enthusiasm from all mercenary motives. Never did I own a running horse; and when, yielding to a momentary impulse, I backed a four-footed favorite with a trifling wager, the careless or venal boy, that rode him, suffered himself to be distanced, when all present had relied upon his winning. This was the first and only time that I speculated on the turf; and I have often congratulated myself on the results of that first loss. But, I am wandering away from the point in view.

If we cast a look back at the history of the early ages, we shall find horses and horsemanship making no inconsiderable figure. The war-horse of Scripture, that neigheth among the trumpets, ‘whose neck is clothed with thunder,’ is described with all the beautiful fullness of language, and copiousness of epithet, which characterize the Hebrew poems. The Greeks were by no means despicable horsemen, although the fragments of their sculpture which have descended to us, seem to prove that their artists were happier in fixing the delicate contours of fleeting female loveliness, than in portraying the beautiful proportions of the horse. If we seek to learn at what period the ancients found the art of taming horses, and reducing them to obedience under the curb, we are lost at once in the obscurity of fiction and tradition. The story of the Centaurs is vaguely conjectured to involve the origin of riding: a party of Thessalians, mounted on their newly-tamed steeds, and seen from a distance, having assumed the appearance of those formidable monsters, described as being half charger and half man. It is probable that the Greeks acquired the art of horsemanship at a very early age, as it is alluded to in the following passage of the Iliad:

‘High on the decks, with vast, gigantic stride,  
The god-like hero stalks from side to side.  
So, when a horseman, from the watery mead,  
(Skilled in the manage of the bounding steed)

Drives four fair coursers, practiced to obey;  
 To some great city, through the public way ;  
 Safe in his art, as side by side they run,  
 He shifts his seat, and vaults from one to one,  
 And now to this, and now to that he flies ;  
 Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.\*

Racing formed one of the most important and interesting features of the Olympic games ; and the blood horses of antiquity were often ridden by royal jockeys. Hiero, king of Syracuse, was once the winner of the Olympic wreath, upon a horse named Phrenicus ; and the poet Pindar, has celebrated the achievement in immortal verse. Philip, king of Macedon, was a noted gentleman-jockey ; and when we reflect upon Alexander's victory over Bucephalus, we must allow him to have been an adept in the art of breaking. Descending to later times, by regular chronological steps, we shall find a Roman emperor (Caligula) making a companion of his horse, and preparing, with misanthropical malevolence, to elevate him to the consulship. In our days, more ignoble animals often fill the chairs of office, royal, magisterial and literary.

Who does not love to look back upon the days of chivalry, and to conjure up pictures of those brilliant and imposing scenes, upon whose like we shall never, never look again ? What throngs of noble cavaliers and gentle ladies ! Mark you not yon train of horse winding down a green and wooded declivity — a gallant company of fair dames and chivalrous knights ! The hoofs of the horses hardly sound upon the springing turf ; but the spurs jingle, and the silks ruffle ; and, ever and anon, there comes the tinkling of silver bells, from the hawks that sit hooded on the ladies' wrists. She, whose tall plume is fastened by that huge diamond brooch, and who manages her white horse with such dexterous grace, is Elizabeth, queen of England ; and the cavalier, upon her left, the earl of Leicester. Yes, fair reader, in that bright age, riding was as fashionable, far more necessary that it is at present ; and Elizabeth, Mary, all the sovereigns of Europe, took their airing in the saddle. Ah ! happy, happy days ! Your memory yet lingers with us, like the fragrant dew, distilled from the summer flower, which refresheth our senses long after the leaves that gave it birth are withered and gone, decayed in the brown grave of autumn. Happy age ! when the lady started from her couch, at dawn, wakened by the *reveillée* of the huntsmen, who sang, beneath her window,

'Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
 On the mountain dawns the day,  
 All the jolly chase is here,  
 With hawk and horse and hunting spear ;

\* Pope's Homer.

Hounds are in their couples yelling,  
 Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,  
 Merrily, merrily mingle they,  
 Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Then, forth poured the eager followers of hound and horn. An old English poet, whose black-letter volume is before our mind's eye, in some quaint amatory stanzas, promises his ladye-love the enjoyment of rare sport :

'A leash of grey-hounds, with you to strike,  
 And hart and hind and other like.  
 Ye shall be set at such a *tryst*,  
 That hart and hind shall come to your fist ;  
 Your disease to drive you fro  
 To hear the bugles there y-blow.'

\* \* \* \* \*  
 'Homeward, thus shall ye ride  
 On, hawking by the river's ride,  
 With goss-hawk, and with gentil falcon,  
 With *egle-horn* and with *merlyon*.  
 When you come home, your men among,  
 Ye shall have revel, dances, and song ;  
 Little children, great and smale,  
 Shall sing as doth the nightingale.'

Let us turn to the East. Although the prophet of the Orientals rode to Heaven on Al Borak, yet the Arabs of the present day boast of a matchless race of steeds, descended from the black mare of Mohammed. How often, when wearied and broken down in spirit, with the cares of literary life, have I sighed to become the companion of these wild rovers of the desert. Sweeping over the boundless plains of sand, looking to the east and the west, and to the north and south, and finding no human habitation to break the continuous line of the horizon, I should turn my eyes to the starry firmament above, and luxuriate in those thoughts which solitude and entire freedom never fail to awaken. Give me a fine horse and the free range of these desert plains, or a headlong gallop on the Pampas, or a wild scamper over the green prairies of the west, and I would amass a store of poetry, against my return, which, when fairly printed, should illuminate the pages of *Maga* with undying radiance.

I have often read, with delight, the *Mazeppa* of lord Byron, who was a good judge of horses ; albeit, he was a timid and ungraceful rider. I could forgive many of his faults for the song of Cæsar's, in the 'Deformed Transformed.'

'To horse ! to horse ! — my coal-black steed  
 Paws the ground, and snuffs the air ;  
 There's not a foal of Arab's breed  
 More knows whom he must bear.  
 On the hill he will not tire,  
 Swifter as it waxes higher ;

In the marsh he will not slacken,  
 On the plain be overtaken ;  
 At the ford he will not shrink,  
 Nor pause at the brook's side to drink ;  
 In the race he will not pant,  
 In the combat he 'll not faint ;  
 On the stones he will not stumble,  
 Time nor toil shall make him humble ;  
 In the stall he will not stiffen,  
 But be winged as a griffin,  
 Only flying with his feet :  
 And will not such a voyage be sweet ?  
 Merrily, merrily, never unsound,  
 Shall our bonny black horses skim over the ground ;  
 From the Alps to the Caucasus ride we or fly—  
 For we 'll leave them behind, in the glance of an eye.'

If Shakspeare had written nothing but his description of a horse, in the poem of 'Venus and Adonis,' he would have been immortal. As this fine poem is, from its nature, excluded from the shelves of many readers, I shall extract nearly the whole of the passage to which I refer :

'Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,  
 And now his woven girths he breaks asunder ;  
 The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,  
 Whose hollow womb resounds, like Heaven's thunder ;  
 The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,  
 Controlling that he was controlled with.

His ears up-pricked ; his braided, hanging mane  
 Upon his compassed crest does stand on end ;  
 His nostrils drink the air — and forth again,  
 As from a furnace, vapors doth he send ;  
 His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,  
 Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

\* \* \* \* \*

What reckoneth he his rider's angry stir,  
 His flattering *hola*, or his *stand I say* ?  
 What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur ?  
 For rich caparisons, or trapping gay ?  
 He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,  
 For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look ! — when a painter would surpass the life,  
 In limning out a well-proportioned steed,  
 His art with nature's workmanship at strife,  
 As if the dead the living should exceed ;  
 So did this horse excell a common one,  
 In shape, in courage, color, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,  
 Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,  
 High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,  
 Thick mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide :  
 Look — what a horse should have he did not lack,  
 Save a proud rider on so proud a back.



Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares ;  
 Anon he starts, at stirring of a feather ;  
 To bid the wind abase he now prepares,  
 And whe'r he ran or fly, they know not whether ;  
 For, through his mane and tail the high wind sings,  
 Fanning the hairs, which wave like feathered wings.'

Sir Walter Scott was fond of horses and riding, and a most accomplished equestrian — keeping the saddle amidst the trying morasses and perilous crags of his native land. Throughout his works, you may find the traces of this passion. What, for instance, can be finer than the description of the flight of El Hakim with Sir Kenneth, in the desert, mounted on those matchless steeds, in whose veins ran the pure blood of the black mare of the prophet? 'They spurned the sand beneath them; they devoured the earth before them, in their rapid progress.'

Even the melodramatic horrors of 'Rookwood' are relieved by the thrilling interest of the book of the 'Highwayman.' I can sympathize with the delight of Turpin, in the matchless prowess of 'Black Bess,' and can half forgive him for sacrificing the splendid creature, when I consider the fame of the exploit.

Very recently, an impulse has been given to the enterprize of equestrians; and the roads, in the vicinity of our great cities, are thronged, every afternoon, with riders of both sexes. Some, whom we could mention, having profited by the instructions of our friend Towle, make a very tolerable appearance; but others do not seem to possess the slightest knowledge of horsemanship, not even the 'mistaken notion' of Geoffrey Gambado. Even as I write, a bevy of equestrians are passing beneath my window. There they go — the horses all trotting furiously; and both ladies and gentlemen thrown from their saddles, at every motion of their steeds. Let me dwell upon yon infatuated wretch, in salmon-colored decencies. Instead of being

'Incorpeed and demi-natured  
 With the brave beast himself,'

he appears divorced from the saddle — the sport of every motion that is made. See how he keeps his head and shoulders hovering over the horse's mane, with a look of pale anxiety; and how nervously he grasps the curb-rein. His bended legs form the two sides of an equilateral triangle; and his feet, instead of being parallel, are carefully turned outwards, with a grace which he probably learned from his dancing-master. Mistaken youth, do you not perceive, while endeavoring to mitigate the spirit of your steed, that the unnatural position of your foot brings that ill-fitted brass spur in contact with the animal's sides? Poor youth! Your fault carries its punishment along with it. And you, madam, his companion in folly, why, in the name of madness, are

you gotten up upon a hard-trotting horse? Is it in imitation of Fanny Butler? I strongly suspect it is. But, nevertheless, I pity you, sincerely; for, when your horse attempts to throw you, (and I perceive in him the incipient symptoms of such an attempt) your companion will be useless. Let us turn to note the grace of the last couple — for it is invariably the very worst riders that take the lead in an equestrian excursion. The gentleman sits firm and erect, and not stiffly; from the knee, his leg hangs perpendicularly; his feet are parallel with each other, and near the horse's sides. His steed seems to form a part of himself, so attentive is he to every motion of the rider — obeying the voice, the bit, the knee, and the heel. And the lady; with what grace she sits! with what confidence she inspires you! — seeming to place an equal reliance upon her own resources. You feel that she will readily and successfully meet any emergency, and instantly reduce her horse to obedience, if he should rebel against restraint. It is pleasant to see such riders, and it is equally delightful to possess such skill.

A great outcry was raised against Fanny Kemble, because she accused our horses of being ill-broken. In that, she spoke the truth — confining her meaning to hack horses. But, is this wonderful? In a country where there are such swarms of bad riders, how can a horse be expected to retain a perfect gait? If a horse comes into the hands of a livery-stable keeper a good trotter, it will not be long before some one who hires him will make him gallop; or, if he canter naturally, some dyspeptic gentleman, who likes rough riding, will reduce him to a trot. The horses owned by private American gentlemen, are quite as correct in their paces as those of England.

'But,' says Mr. Vigne, author of 'Six Months in America,' 'there are no good riders in the United States. I never saw a horse take a leap but once there, and then there was no one on his back.' Did Mr. Vigne ever attend the spring or October meeting, on the Union Course, Long-Island? Did he ever hunt with the Jockey Club? Not only are the races ridden with surprising dexterity, but the gentlemen, who attend the races, are frequently as well mounted, and ride as well, as the frequenters of Newmarket or Ascot.

Without venturing a word upon the influence of the thing, I will here observe that, to a casual spectator, there is nothing so exhilarating as the scene presented by a race-course. The avenues to the ground are thronged with carriages, omnibuses, horsemen, and pedestrians. The stands are soon occupied, and all in a state of breathless excitement. The horses prepare for the start; a few parting instructions are given, and the jockeys look to their racing-trim, and glance to each other ere the signal is heard. The drum sounds, and off they go! Suppose it a fair

start, and all off together. As they sweep around, stretching to the turf like grey-hounds, some are broken by the killing pace. One cautious jockey (dressed in white) lingers in the rear, and holds his horse together with a tight hand, while he glances to the two steeds before him, and waits patiently till they are worn out with striving to rival each other : now, *now* is the time ! The white boy lets out his horse, gives him rein and whip and spur, and encourages him with a peculiar chirrup. The noble animal, proud of the confidence reposed in him, and fired with emulation, with a few tremendous leaps, passes his competitors, takes and keeps the lead. The lad in white, by superior jockeyship, has won the purse.

But, the perfection of horsemanship is displayed in hunting — riding to hounds requiring, according to Nimrod, coolness, courage, judgement, and nerve. Ours is no country to ride in, although our foxes are occasionally hunted on horseback. I was once present at a fox-hunt, on Long-Island, (I think the huntsmen were an association of the Jockey Club) against my will. I was returning from a ride, mounted on a high-spirited grey mare, belonging to a friend, when my ears were suddenly saluted by the baying of hounds — and, an instant after, the fox swept by, followed by the eager pack, and a crowd of horsemen. The sight of so many breathless steeds was too much for the philosophy of my little grey, and, paying no attention to the gentle hints I administered by means of the curb, she joined the hot pursuit, leaping every fence that crossed her path. The first leap almost sent me from my saddle, but I soon became used to it, and, before the fox was killed, relished the excitement of the chase.

I can conceive of the enthusiasm with which the English aristocracy follow their favorite sport, in defiance of all perils ; and, while experience has shown me the invigorating effects of equestrian exercise, I cannot wonder that so many of my compatriots have taken the field :

‘ Contusion hazarding of neck and spine,  
Which rural gentlemen call sport divine.’

I cannot conclude this paper without relating an anecdote, connected with my subject, and derived from an authentic source. The Corsicans are or were as famous for their horsemanship as for indomitable courage, love of country, hardihood, and a fierce, vindictive spirit. At different periods, different nations may have claimed allegiance obtained by conquest ; but, the hardy Corsicans, united by a spirit of clanship, and confiding in the strong-holds of their island, have set at defiance laws promulgated by an usurping power.

The occurrence, which I am about to relate, happened in the early part of the sixteenth century. Tonino, a humble member

of the family of Guitera, the head of which was his feudal lord, was betrothed to a young shepherdess, named Maria, whom he treated with more kindness than the Corsicans generally bestowed upon their females, who, having often suffered from the effects of the ferocious jealousy of the males, regarded them with terror, and always approached them with misgivings. One day, Tonino, as he climbed the precipitous sides of the mountains, in search of his beloved, suddenly encountered his kinsman, the lord of Guitera. The humble retainer, as he sprang forward to greet the *seigneur*, was struck with the sinister expression of his countenance, in which a malicious smile seemed to be contending with a look of confusion. He hastily inquired for his betrothed. 'I have not seen her,' replied the noble; 'but I forget not that she is to be thy bride. Hold! I do not offer this purse and this diamond bauble as a dowry, but as a remembrance. No thanks! I wish you a good day's sport, and joy of your conquest.' As he sprang down the rocks, he cast back a look of such dark malignity at Tonino, that the latter, almost instinctively, unslung the big gun that hung at his back. He hastened, however, with the gifts of the noble, to the presence of his mistress. She was reclining in her favorite seat; but, her staff had fallen from her hand, and her little dog was stretched dead at her feet. Her dress was in wild disorder; and, as her lover sought to embrace her, she fled from his arms, with a loud shriek. He laid the purse and the diamond cross on the ground before her. 'You have seen him,' she cried. 'I have,' replied the bewildered Tonino; 'and these gifts'—'Are the price of my dishonor!' she cried, in a voice of horror. As she uttered these words, standing on the edge of a precipice, she touched the gold with her foot, and it rolled into the deep chasm. 'It is an emblem of my fate—I follow it!' cried the unhappy girl, and she flung herself from the rocky parapet, while Tonino stood, rooted to the spot, as immovable as if he had been hewn from the rock itself. An instant afterwards, he regained his senses; he rushed forward to the edge of the gulf, and wildly waved his arms, as if preparing to follow Maria, when the glittering cross attracted his eye, and he stooped to pick it up. Raising it high in the air, he breathed a vow of vengeance. \* \* \*

The next day was the annual festival, at which half-wild horses were caught by the lasso, tamed and ridden by the adventurous Corsicans. The scene of the sports was a green *plateau*, among the mountains, in the centre of which stood the rustic pavilion of the lord of Guitera, surmounted by a standard emblazoned with his arms. It was the custom of the *seigneur* to reward the victor in the games, by presenting him with a richly-ornamented gun. While all eyes were fixed upon the horses, dashing round the arena in wild freedom, snorting, throwing the foam from their

mouths, and tossing their ragged manes in the air, Tonino, pale, haggard, and scowling, suddenly appeared. He held in his hand the formidable *lasso* — a rope, furnished with a noose — and, suddenly dashing into the centre of the plateau, he threw it around the legs of a strong horse, and pulled him to the ground. Ere the animal could recover himself, the victor had bitted and saddled him; and when he arose furiously to his legs, he was forced to obedience by the sharpness of the curb. Dashing around the circle, at full speed, Tonino was hailed with acclamations, as the winner of the prize; but, his dusky lips betrayed no smile of triumph, as he approached the pavilion to receive the gun.

Reining in his steed, with a suddenness that almost threw him upon his haunches, the fierce Corsican awaited the approach of his enemy, who slowly descended from the platform, on which his pavilion stood, and, having gained the level ground, without daring to look the victor in the face, extended the prize gun, a beautiful piece of workmanship, inlaid with silver. Tonino seized the weapon by the muzzle, and cast it from him. The lord of Guitera laid his hand upon his poignard, and bent a furtive glance upon his guards, as if anxious, yet afraid, to bid them advance. But now, the eyes of Tonino almost emitted gleams of fire — and, rising in his stirrups, he threw his right arm aloft, and whirled his fatal lasso thrice around his head. At the third revolution of the rope, it descended over the body of the feudal chieftain — and, an instant after, he was writhing in the strict embrace of the noose. The attack was so sudden, that the guards were paralyzed; and the avenger, taking advantage of their panic, plunged his rowels, to the heels, in the flanks of his wild steed, and the tortured animal launched forth, in fleet career, dragging the body of the noble at his heels. The wild horse rushed to the verge of the plateau, where the hue of the vegetation brightened into a more vivid tint, marking the boundary of the dangerous morasses. Here, as if instinctively aware of peril, the horse recoiled; but a heavy plunge of the spur, sent him into the treacherous waste. Here he floundered for a moment, and the Corsicans beheld their lord, rising, in an agony of fear, and clinging to the stirrup of Tonino. The latter spurned him from his side, and, urging his horse forward, uttered one fierce shout of exultation, ere he sank with his victim — and the treacherous morass closed over them forever.

## UNITED STATES SENATE.

JOSEPH KENT.

THE biography of JOSEPH KENT, one of the Senators from the State of Maryland, presents an encouraging and worthy example to those who are entering on the theatre of life — teaching them in what manner they may be elevated to high trusts, by the virtues of honor and diligence, without the aid of those dazzling qualities, which are sometimes regarded as indispensable to success, if not to the power of being useful.

The subject of this brief memoir was born in Calvert county, in the State he now represents, on the fourteenth of January, 1779. His parents, Daniel and Anne Kent, were highly respectable, possessing an estate which afforded the means of indulging a disposition for hospitality and kindness to their neighbors, in a degree which was remarkable, even where these qualities may be said to characterize a sincere and unsophisticated people. His education, we have been told, was limited, like that which is usually acquired at country grammar-schools. From one of these, in his immediate neighborhood, he passed, at the age of fifteen, to the study of medicine, and qualified himself to commence the practice at the age of twenty. In May, 1799, he became professionally associated with Dr. Parran, of Lower Marlboro', and continued with him until December, 1801, when — a misunderstanding taking place between them in consequence of the zealous and efficient part taken by Mr. Kent in favor of the republican party in the great civil revolution of that period — the partnership was dissolved. So determined was the younger partner to defend the principles of the Constitution and the rights of the citizens against what he regarded as unwarrantable encroachments upon them, by the alien and sedition laws as well as by other proceedings of that day, that, young as he was, he took a decided stand against his elder associate and another highly-respected friend, who had offered as electors of the State Senate, in September, 1801, and who were supposed to be friendly to the reelection of the then Federal Senate. So indefatigable were his exertions, and so dauntless the spirit with which he sustained the cause he had espoused, that young Kent was admitted to have been mainly instrumental in revolutionizing public sentiment in his native county, and thereby essentially contributing to the ascendancy gained in the electoral college by the republican party.

During his residence in Calvert county, Mr. Kent continued to take an active part in the political contests of the day, characterized as they were by more of manly earnestness and candor and perhaps more of principle than at subsequent periods; yet

he did not cease to pursue, with industry and with high reputation, his proper profession — resisting the frequent and urgent solicitations of his fellow-citizens to become a candidate for the Legislature.

In the year 1802, death deprived him and a numerous family of a father, respected through life for his integrity and manly virtues ; and on him, the eldest child, devolved the duty of aiding his excellent mother in the management of the estate, at that time a very good one. He became the sole executor ; and, to his honor be it mentioned, not only refused all fees and commissions, but declined receiving any part of the real or personal property left by his father.

In January, 1806, he was induced, principally by the unhealthiness of Lower Marlboro', to remove to his present residence, Rosemount, in Prince George's county. There he continued to combine, as before, a successful profession with his agricultural operations, from which he has accumulated the rich avails of sagacious management and indefatigable industry. It was not long, however, before he was prompted, by a sense of duty and the demands of his fellow-citizens, to take an active part in the political discussions, which had now become more excited, in consequence of the repeated insults and injuries heaped upon us by France and England — and especially by the latter power ; and, in 1810, he was elected a member of the twelfth Congress, which assembled on the first Monday of November, 1811. During this eventful session, war was declared against Great Britain, for which Mr. Kent gave his vote, as well as for all subsequent measures deemed necessary to its successful prosecution. In that body he spoke but seldom, but always with discretion and effect — commanding attention for the soundness of his views, and respect for the obvious candor with which they were avowed. These were freely given, in respect to the war, and the causes which rendered it necessary, as well as in regard to the manner in which it should be prosecuted, especially in a speech delivered in the House of Representatives, eleventh of February, 1813. He was reelected to the thirteenth Congress, and served till the conclusion of the war.

To the fourteenth Congress he was not elected — though a candidate — owing, as it may be said, partly to a change of opinion, at that time amongst the people, on the great questions of public policy ; and in a degree, as it was said by his political associates and supporters, to the number of friendly voters absent at the time (1814) on militia duty, at Baltimore. In 1815, '16, he served a session in the Senate of Maryland ; and, in November of the latter year, was chosen elector of president and vice-president. In 1818, he was again elected, without opposition, to Congress, where he continued, always an attentive and useful

member, until December, 1825, when he was chosen governor of his native State. On reaching Annapolis, he undertook to reform the too careless manner in which the executive duties had been sometimes discharged ; and his measures resulted in that order and regularity so essential to the despatch of business. His arrangement to meet for business on the first Monday of every month, in the recess of the Legislature, has been found highly useful and acceptable to the people. In what estimation his services were held—in this, to him new, and, in itself, important station—may be judged by the very favorable manner in which his administration at its close was noticed by the public journals, as well as by the fact of the members of the Legislature giving, when his term had expired, a public entertainment, in token of their confidence and esteem. For the proceedings of that occasion, and the sentiments elicited by it, reference may be made to Niles's Register, (vol. 35, page 314) the Maryland Republican, and other public journals of the day.

In 1830, to prevent his nomination, Mr. Kent declared, by letter to his friends in convention, that, under no circumstances, could he consent to be a candidate for Congress. In 1832, he was again elected an elector of president and vice-president ; but severe illness prevented his meeting the electoral college, at Annapolis.

At the session of 1832, he was chosen a Senator to represent the State of Maryland in the Senate of the United States, for six years from the third of March, 1833. During the late session, his health was precarious, being in fact ill a part of the time. He delivered his sentiments on the deposit question concisely, but with force, in a speech which was well received, though made under the most disadvantageous circumstances. He introduced a resolution, of importance—and one which is probably destined to be revived—to amend the Constitution in a manner to curtail the executive power under the *veto* privilege ; but, such was the peculiar character of the late session as to prevent its being called up.

From 1808 to 1825, he filled the various appointments, under the State authorities, of surgeon's mate and surgeon, of major, lieutenant colonel and colonel of cavalry ; and presided at the first canal convention assembled at Washington, serving as a director of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, from its origin until he declined a reelection.

Those who have best known him have observed that his favorite pursuit, in the midst of his various engagements, has been that of an *agriculturist* ; in which he has been eminently successful—increasing his estates in fertility and dimensions, notwithstanding the time and devotion given to public concerns and



affairs of duty, which no temptation of private interest has ever led him to neglect.

One fact may be added, as a remarkable instance of abstinence in not using his political influence for selfish and family purposes ; that, whilst with every administration since 1811, except the present, his intercourse has been on the most confidential terms and friendly footing, and with a numerous connexion, yet his blood runs not in the veins of a human being that *holds an office !*

More valuable, even than their particular services, is the *example* of men, who thus rise from comparative obscurity to the highest stations, unsustained by avarice, and owing nothing of their success to stratagems suggested by envy, nor advantages gained by indirectness or falsehood.

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EZEKIEL F. CHAMBERS.

GENERAL EZEKIEL F. CHAMBERS is the son of Benjamin Chambers, who was formerly clerk of the County Court of Kent, and was one of the most influential and respectable citizens of the county. He was born on the twenty-eighth of February, 1788, in Chester town, Kent county, and was educated at Washington College, in Chester town, and passed through his collegiate course with much éclat. He immediately commenced the study of the law, under the direction of the late Judge Houston, and was admitted to the bar before he was twenty-one years of age. His talents and attention to business very soon brought him an extensive and profitable practice. In a few years, he arose to such eminence in his profession, as to be considered one of the most distinguished members of the bar, and this justly acquired reputation he has constantly maintained.

During the late war with Great Britain, he was the captain of a militia company, attached to the twenty-first regiment, commanded by Col. Read, and enjoyed his full share of the high reputation acquired by the officers and men of this regiment. He was most generally selected by Col. Read to carry on negotiations with the enemy under flags of truce. This selection, among such men as his brother officers, was no small compliment, especially when it is considered by whom the selection was made ; for perhaps there were few, if any, better judges of character than the commander of that regiment. After the close of the war, Mr. Chambers was appointed colonel ; and in a few years, he received a commission as brigadier-general, which he still holds.

In 1821 he was elected a member of the Senate of Maryland; and here his talents sustained him in acquiring a reputation as effectually as they had done at the bar and in the field. After his election to the Senate, he was appointed, by the executive of Maryland, a commissioner, in connection with two other gentlemen, to negotiate with the authorities of Virginia, in relation to the lines between the two States. Before the expiration of his Senatorial term, he was appointed, by the Legislature of Maryland, a commissioner, together with two of the members of the House of Delegates, to endeavor to arrange and adjust, with the States of Delaware and Pennsylvania, the complaints of the citizens of Maryland, in reference to the delicate and difficult subject of runaway slaves.

During this mission, he and his associates were highly complimented by the citizens of these two States, for their intelligence, and the conciliating and the judicious manner in which they discharged their important trust. The success of their efforts was truly gratifying to their constituents. During his visit to Delaware and Pennsylvania, he was elected to the Senate of the United States, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Col. Edward Lloyd. To that important station, he has been reelected. It is unnecessary to state with what fidelity and ability he has represented the State in the councils of the Union. The public know and justly appreciate his talents and virtues, as a statesman, as has been evinced by his reelection and well-earned popularity and influence.

Mr. Chambers has at all times taken an active part in the debates of the Senate; but, during the administration of Mr. Adams, he bore the brunt of the battle in defending him in the Senate. Mr. Chambers seldom makes what is called a set speech; but, in reply, retort, and the tilt of the debate, he is often peculiarly happy. His blade, when sharpened by encounter, is a keen one, and cuts close and smooth. Ever active, ever ready in such a conflict, he always comes off with honor, and often makes his adversary quiver at the shock. But, Mr. Chambers is now lost to the Senate, having been appointed, by the executive of the State of Maryland, chief judge of the second judicial district in that State. His political associates will regret his departure from among them, and the country will feel the loss.

## MY JOURNAL.

I THINK if I were to write a book of travels in the United States, it would be more shocking than Captain Hall's, or Major Hamilton's, or even Mrs. Trollope's.

I know of only one book of the sort written by an American—'The Notions of a Travelling Bachelor;' and this was by Cooper, whose head has been lately proved to be so full of notions, that nobody minds them now-a-days. A book, of a different kind from his, written by an American, yet telling his countrymen, in sober earnest, that they actually have faults, that their country is great only in size and prospect, that there is more elegant society in older countries, &c. &c., is yet a desideratum, and might do some good; and I have little doubt that it would be better received too, than the impertinent hints afforded us by foreigners; for it is always the case with nations as with families, that the members quarrel very contentedly and amicably, and cudgel one another in all good understanding; but, if any interloper presumes to appear, they all turn upon him *en masse*—and it is lucky for him if he comes off without a broken head. It has often occurred to me to ask whether—considering that numerous travelers, from England and other countries, coming here at different periods, unknown to each other and with different objects, some remaining longer, others less time, and still all speaking with nearly the same voice, and condemning, with equal severity the same things,—there may not possibly be some truth in what they say?—or have they all come here with malice prepense, and instigated by the devil to abuse and misrepresent our unhappy land, and gall the feelings of our skinless people, as Mrs. Trollope calls them?

Having cogitated upon all these things, it came into my head to write a sort of journal of my own wanderings over this country, a few pages of which I offer here for the edification of any who may honor me with a perusal:

'May 10, 183—. Arrived this day in New-York. I had visited the city in my childhood, and had some indistinct recollection of the lay of the land—so steered for Broadway; it was but a short distance from the wharf where I had landed, and I felt sure that I could find it. Turning a corner, I was in a street which I knew ought to be Broadway; but the houses appeared so low and small, no two of them alike, that it seemed to me I had found my way into a large encampment rather than the principal street of New-York; and it was only upon being assured that this was Broadway, that I could bring myself to believe that I was actually in a scene which had made such a strong impres-

sion upon my youthful recollection. Everything appeared diminutive to me — coming, as I had, directly from the old world, where I had resided for several years ; and I made some sad blunders. For instance : inquiring the way to a certain place, and receiving the direction, I asked, ‘ What, is it near the small chapel, yonder ? ’ ‘ No, sir — near the large church,’ was the answer, given in all simplicity ; we both meant the same building.

I found excellent accommodations at the Clinton house ; and, being alone, preferred eating at the ordinary. What the throats and stomachs of my countrymen are made of, is a wonder to me ; the tremendous rapidity with which they devour their food, is a ceaseless subject of amazement. Many of them finished their breakfast before I had drunk my first cup of coffee ; some even before it was brought to me ; and as for dinner, it was a fearful thing ; a cotton factory is stillness, compared to the horrible clatter which the knives and forks and the plates so rapidly changed, kept up. There was one comfort, however ; the whole business was finished in fifteen minutes, and I was left to eat my dinner in peace.

*Twelfth.* Walked up Broadway ; it seemed as if a whole gallery of beauties had paraded this afternoon. Dear creatures — how sweetly they looked ! I was proud to be a native of the same land. Yet, Phœbus ! — what dresses ! what gaudy materials ! what an absolute dazzle of ribands and laces and muslins ! I have no hesitation in saying, that a New-York lady would be robbed if she walked on the Boulevard, in Paris, in the dress she was accustomed to wear in Broadway. Visited the battery — a beautiful walk, but small.

*Fourteenth.* Dined at Mr. \*\*\*\*\*’s. Am told that his house is one of the most elegant in the city. It is built of brick, which seems to me a pity — (no one should attempt to build a brick palace, especially where marble abounds, as at New-York ; ) the interior is neat and well furnished, but no pictures nor sculpture, except the marble fire-places, which seemed rather strange, as the owner is said to be very wealthy. In the evening, visited Miss \*\*\*\*\* ; met a portion of that society which is to be found in every principal city of America — as cultivated, polished, refined, and charming, as the best that the old world can boast of. Such people, however, are not appreciated in the more extensive and self-named fashionable, but in reality vulgar, circles of New-York.

Take it all in all, New-York is the most disgusting and abominable place of the size, I was ever in. If we may believe the reports of their own statistics, the amount of crime perpetrated there, and the low debauchery of every kind, and the revolting population, with which some parts of the city are crowded, ren-

der it, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, the most wicked place in the whole civilized world. There is one god in New-York — and this is money ; there is one absorbing passion — the craving for wealth. The whole place is rather like an encampment than a city, where young adventurers, broken-down merchants and penniless foreigners come to stay a few years and repair their disastrous affairs.

I cannot understand what New-York writers mean, when they talk about the beauty of their city. If they mean the natural beauties of the place, I agree with them : the location is extremely fine — and I trust that, one day, there will be a city worthy of its site ; but, in all that constitutes the beauty of a city, fine architectural monuments, noble churches and public edifices, broad, open squares and promenades, statues and fountains, New-York is utterly deficient. The only building which makes any pretence to architecture is the City Hall, which is plain, and of tolerable proportions, but only remarkable, in American architecture, as not being deformed by any very striking absurdity, unless the cupola be considered as such. There are a few open places, or promenades, such as the Park, the Battery, and Hudson square ; but these are so small, compared with the extent of the city, as to be almost contemptible.

If I were going to shew a foreigner the pride of New-York, and indeed of the United States, I should lead him to the wharves, where he would behold a scene, almost without a rival in the world. I would show him there the true palaces of America — the packet ships ; of unequalled beauty, strength and swiftness ; managed with a dexterity and boldness, which claim the admiration of all nations, and furnished with a degree of splendor that might become the saloons of a prince. I would show him the passage to the high seas whitened with a thousand sails ; the magnificent steamboats, ever in motion, waiting like handmaids on the city of their inventor ; the forests of masts and the crowded shipping, stretching for miles along the quays, and pouring the merchandize of the whole earth into the lap of the Commercial Emporium — the everlasting stir and bustle thus accompanying the increasing wealth ; and then I would bid him reflect upon the elegancies and refinement to which this accumulation of wealth will finally lead ; but, the Lord forbid that I should boast, to an intelligent European, of the elegance or refinement to be found in New-York.'

So much for what I would say of New-York, from the impressions made by a visit there, after an absence of several years. Since the journal, from which I have here extracted a passage, was written, I have been there two or three times, but have never found any cause to change my mind. Perhaps now, New-York may

not be pleased to have such remarks made about her. I hope she will not be offended, for my remarks are no more than the fly lighting on the horn of the ox. But if she does take it amiss, I would pat her on the shoulder, and say to her, as I would to a pouting sister — ‘ Now do n’t be offended, dear ! you know it is all true — but we ’ll keep it in the family ; and though you know that you are the very devil at home, still we ’ll keep up appearances, and make you look as amiable to strangers as you can — though we must not be surprised if they see through you now and then : and besides this, you are beginning to grow more agreeable, in reality — and I have no doubt you will be quite decent, some time or other ; only you must get rid of your vermin, such as pigs, &c.’ However, I will continue my journal.

*‘ May sixteenth — Philadelphia.* I could, almost always, distinguish a Philadelphian in Europe, because Philadelphians dress better, speak better English, and look more like gentlemen, than the generality of those whom I met from the other cities of the United States. Philadelphia is vastly superior to New-York, in every respect, unless it be in the facilities for making money. The streets are generally broader and more neat, and the public buildings, which are worthy of notice for their architecture, outnumber those of New-York, ten to one. Some of them are really superb — not the churches, however: the costliest edifices of the American cities, are the temples to Mammon — the banks ; these, in Philadelphia, are very fine. The United States bank is commonly spoken of as the most deserving of attention, and is, in reality, a most chaste and perfect specimen of architecture. I prefer it, on the whole, to the ‘ Bourse,’ at Paris, which is spoken of as one of the master-pieces of modern times. The white marble, used in its construction, is in fine harmony with the massy Doric, and adds much to the effect. But, for symmetry and delicate proportion, I preferred a small Ionic building, used, I believe, as a bank, also of white marble. I do not remember the name of the bank, nor the street in which it stands ; it is in sight of the Exchange, and at no great distance from it, on the side towards the Delaware. One curious feature of Philadelphia is, that the dwelling-houses have wooden shutters outside the windows, which makes them all look like shops or stores.

*Seventeenth.* Called on Mr. \*\*\*\*\* ; a very agreeable, intelligent gentlemen — one of the literary lights of America, but mightily absorbed in politics. Went to \*\*\*\*\*’s, to a small party, in the evening ; very pleasant ; the ladies have more of the manners of Europeans than at the north. I observed many of them talking French, which one would not see in Boston. Still, they are not so well-educated as the Boston ladies. But, what use is there in educating our ladies, if they are to lose their influence in

society the moment they are married? This detestable custom of shuffling married ladies out of society prevails everywhere in the United States, and the place which they ought to hold, is usurped by pert young misses, in their teens, who have not half the qualifications of education, maturity and judgement, to render themselves agreeable, which are to be found in those whom they drive from the leading places in society. I think Miss \*\*\*\*\* sings better than any amateur I ever heard. There was much good music at this party. I believe the art is more cultivated in Philadelphia than in any city in the Union.\*

*'July eighth.* Went to the book-store of Carey, Lea and Blanchard — a set of detestable publishers, who have inundated the country with more ugly editions, wretchedly printed on semi-brown paper, than they can atone for, if they devote the rest of their lives to the making of handsome books. A publisher who puts out a novel in a cheap form, upon ugly paper, like the horrible editions of these men, has a great deal to answer for. If he were tried before the tribunal of literature, he would, undoubtedly, be found guilty of high-treason, and sentenced to be burnt in a fire made of his own execrable editions; and, if the ghosts of books go to another world, I doubt if his punishment would cease here. Saw a small pamphlet of caricatures of Mrs. Butler, published by Johnston, of Boston — the most vile attempts at wit ever made. I have no patience with men who, masking the love of lucre under countenance of patriotism, do foul injustice to the taste of their countrymen, as well as violate the decencies of society. The same may be said of the abusive paragraphs which have appeared in so many of the newspapers. If I were a reviewer, I would write about them somewhat in this style: 'It is a misfortune universally attendant upon caricature-makers, that their works are more apt to reflect disgrace upon the authors, than upon those against whom they are directed. At the very best, caricaturing is the lowest species of wit; and the more one excels in it, the more surely is he to be set down as a man of a low and degraded mind. This species of satire is only to be tolerated when directed against those who are deservedly the objects of public odium or contempt. When, on the other hand, it is used as an engine of party malice, or descends to the still lower purpose of flattering the tastes of the most debased portion of a

\* [The most charming amateur-performer on the piano-forte we ever heard, is a fair Philadelphian — Miss S\*\*\*\*. The grace and ease, the rapidity and brilliancy, with which she executes the most difficult pieces, and her perfect command of the instrument, are unrivaled; and we cannot omit to add, that a seeming unconsciousness of her extraordinary powers, and a reluctance to anything like display, render her performances vastly more pleasing, and attract the admiration of the listener from the skilful musician to the modest and lovely girl. — Ed.]

populace, it deserves no consideration nor mercy. Still, if well executed, it may elicit a smile even from those who are the objects of its rancor. We remember hearing Lafayette describe, with great glee, some caricatures of himself, which he had just seen in a shop window. But, when caricatures are made of persons who deserve the consideration and respect of all, and when, at the same time, they have not even the poor recommendation of the low wit which they aim at ; when they are utterly devoid of interest, wit, or sense, we know not where, in the whole circle of the productions of industry, we can find anything so entirely 'stale, flat and unprofitable,' so thoroughly deserving of contempt, so completely disgraceful to its author.

Such is the case with regard to the work in question. The newspaper editors have lavished their abuse upon the 'Journal' ; and these wretched caricatures have been added to the heap. And yet, the most respectable periodical in the country has joined with the sentiments of the best portion of the community, in ranking Mrs. Butler's journal, as it deserves — as the work of a high-spirited and talented lady, and as one of the most interesting book of travels in the United States, that has yet appeared. Meantime, the unhappy author of the caricatures has leisure 'to chew the bitter cud of reflection' upon the sad blunder he has made. There is always a moment of satisfaction succeeding exertion, before it can be ascertained whether success is to follow or not ; and we have no doubt that Johnston has enjoyed this moment ; but this has undoubtedly passed away, and the feeling is probably succeeded by that weariness and disgust, which universally accompany the contemplation of one's own failures. We doubt not, that the unfortunate caricaturist would be glad to gather in his whole mistaken edition, and commit it to the flames. But, we cannot allow him to do this ; it is proper, rather to hold up the pages before his eyes, and ask him if the ugly faces do not seem to grin maliciously at him, while he laments over his blunders.

It is a disagreeable, though necessary, office to remove the remains of loathsome abortions, which occasionally present themselves in our path, and which would otherwise infect the atmosphere : but, when the work has to be done, as in the present case, it ought to be faithfully done. Had not this disgusting production been accompanied by various newspaper paragraphs, constituting a load of abuse nearly as disgusting as itself, it would probably have appeared too contemptible to notice ; but, when so many nuisances present themselves at once, they must be scraped together, and consigned to the scavenger's cart.'

I think I should say something of this kind, if I were a writer of reviews ; and I hope somebody will take the hint, and give



Johnston a handsome lashing, for his very bad caricatures : I am sure he deserves it.

But my journal is growing quite long, and I close for the present. I intend, at some future time, to visit the good city of Boston — especially if my comments on the other cities are relished.

#### SPRING-NOTES OF THE HUMMING-BIRD.

FAR away, and away, through the filmy air,  
 For the North, for the North, away !  
 Oh, sweet are these odorous roses and fair ;  
 But the wild yellow balsams await us there ;  
 And the trumpet-flowers, through the wild vines, flare  
 And the dark forest-edges array.

And we 'll fear not our onward path to take,  
 Far, far, through the trackless sky ;  
 Near the verdant earth, our journey we 'll make,  
 And float o'er the green and feathery brake,  
 And blossoms, that border the silvery lake,  
 Or, in the savanna-breeze, sigh.

Oh, good are our fairy-like wings at need,  
 To wander from zone to zone ;  
 To glance o'er the green and flowery mead,  
 And the broad prairie-lands, with arrowy speed ;  
 For our rapid flight, not the rays exceed  
 Shot forth from the diamond-stone.

We 'll leave the bright South, with its evergreen bowers,  
 And come with the summer and go ;  
 Nor the feeblest shall fail, in this host of ours ; —  
 For our wings He will nerve, whose sunshine and showers —  
 Spread wide, o'er the earth, our banquet of flowers,  
 A fair and a glorious show !

L.

## THE FIGHT OF THE FALLS.

THE reader who is familiar with the broad basin of water, where the Connecticut sweeps round in a quarter of a circle, before it tumbles over the cascade at Turner's falls, will remember a scene, that is throughout very placid and quiet above the falls, and very wild and turbulent below them. The water, the woods and meadows, on the upper side, present a uniform and unbroken appearance ; and when the sun of a fine day throws into contrast the deep green of the woods and the lighter green of the grass upon the banks of the river, the whole is very serene and soft — inviting you to a drowsiness, which is gently encouraged by the sound of the water, dashing on the rocks, far below. Few other noises are heard there, unless it be now and then the quick, flat, clapping sound of a plank, falling on some raft, that is sailing down the river ; or the grating of the old ferryman's wire, as he pulls his boat across the basin. Occasionally, however, a shallow barge, with a large square-sail set low upon its mast, shoots out of the canal, that runs round the falls ; and the boatmen are heard singing a song. There are creeks, too, half a mile above the ferry, which run back among high rocks and overhanging woods, where the water has no motion, and where you may rest all day long in your skiff, forgetting — so deep is the stillness — that there is such a thing as time. But, immediately below the falls, and as far as the eye can reach down the channel of the river, everything is wild, abrupt, and broken. The broad stream takes its course along the base of a high, rocky mountain, that stretches parallel with the water, and looks like a great portion of the earth's back-bone, protruding through its surface. The pines, that grow on the sides of this ridge, are irregular and jagged, and many of the larger ones have fallen, from want of soil ; overcoming their feeble hold on the rocks, by their own weight. The bed of the river is a mass of broken rocks, that keep the waters in a constant boil, long after they have escaped from the tumult just beneath the cascade itself. There is a feeling of insecurity — enough to make you dismount your horse — as you wind around the corner of the abrupt rock, where the road brings you in sight of the falls ; for the precipice, on your right, is several hundred feet perpendicular to the bed of the river, and nothing but certain destruction could be the fate of man or beast, that should go down there.

Like the great cataract of the West, Turner's falls has an island in the centre. Indeed, it is the 'Niagara' of the neighborhood, in more than one of its features ; for it is shaped like a horse-shoe, and you may see a rainbow there any day when the

sun shines. The little island, of a quarter of an acre — the ferryman can row you down to it — is the best point from which to see the striking contrast between the scenery above and that below the falls ; and, if you have ever seen it, you will agree with me, that the whole is singularly in keeping with the contrast between an evening and a morning that once passed over that spot, in the year 1675.

Philip, the great sachem of the Pokanokets, had long had in agitation a plan for the union of his own tribe and the Narragansets with the Mohawks, against the English. For the purpose of a more ready communication with the latter nation, he had passed the winter of '75, with about three hundred of his tribe — men, women, and children — on the Connecticut, at the place we have described. The spring had almost bloomed into summer, when his spies — who kept up a constant intercourse between his quarters and those of the Mohawks, on the North river — brought him word, that that people had finally refused the alliance he had been so long endeavoring to negotiate. They had learned that he himself had murdered some of their men, for the sake of exasperating them against the English, insinuating that it had been done by them. All intercourse between the two tribes being thus cut short, by the discovery of his treachery, he prepared to proceed southward, on the very day when the battle, or rather the massacre, which we are about to relate, took place.

It was about noon, on the sixteenth of May, 1675, when a body of one hundred and fifty men rode slowly into the village of Hatfield, commanded by a pale and emaciated young man, who seemed to retain his seat in the saddle only with the greatest difficulty. The men under his command, consisted of a small force, from the militia of Northampton and Springfield, and a larger body of the colony troops, who had accompanied the officer from Boston. They had been despatched for the defence of the towns on the Connecticut ; and the orders given to captain Turner, by the governor, were, to destroy the power of the Indians in that neighborhood — to ascertain, and, if possible, to break up the head-quarters of Philip. It was a period of sore trouble and suffering to the colony ; when no man went abroad into his field without his rifle, pouch and horn ; and when no family lay down at night, without the anticipation of being roused by the yell of the savage. It was, therefore, with no small joy, that the inhabitants of these towns saw a force, so numerous and well-armed, sent to their protection ; and, to the village which they had just entered, their coming was a source of inexpressible relief. Two days before, a large body of Indians had swept into the town, and carried off several women, who had not been able, from the suddenness of the attack, to quit their avocations and seek shelter in the strong-house, or fort, which was then always

found in the frontier towns. Among the persons thus captured, was the only daughter of Mr. Atherton, the clergyman of the village. The distracted parent had now been awaiting the arrival of these troops — which were known to be on their march — for forty-eight hours, until his heart grew sick with hope deferred ; he assembled his parishioners, and besought them to arm themselves, and follow him on the track of the natives. Those who had lost sister, wife, or child, were eager to set out ; but the rest, though kind and ready, knew too well that the rescue could never be effected by so small a band as that which they mustered ; they would go, if their minister wished it ; but they entreated him to wait a few hours longer. Their deliberations were interrupted by the joyful news, that the troops were approaching, and Mr. Atherton hastened to receive the officer, and communicate with him as to their march.

The officer, Captain Turner, it appeared had been very ill ; and when he left Boston, was scarce able to mount his horse. The journey, however, had recruited him ; and he declared himself ready to march to the falls — a distance of about twenty miles — as soon as his troops had taken some refreshment. Mr. Atherton, and several of his people, resolved to accompany the expedition. They had little doubt of the present safety of their kindred, who had been carried off by Philip's men ; for he could have nothing to gain by their destruction, which must be followed by the severe vengeance of the English. It was therefore confidently hoped that, if they could surprise the enemy during the night, the rescue of the captives, and their restoration to their homes, would be effected.

The whole of that fine valley, that now stretches from Northampton to the boundary line of Vermont — filled with sweeping meadows, that run to the foot of the numerous ridges, which branch out in all directions from the Green Mountains — was then a vast wilderness. On the western side of the Connecticut, two streams crept out from the mountains, and flowed sluggishly through a great swamp, which then spread over the beautiful plains where the villages of Deerfield and Greenfield now stand. The little army, now on its march for the Great Falls, reached one of these streams, near the seat now called Meadow Banks, an hour after the evening had set in. The first step of the horses of those in the advance, as they plashed across the shallow stream, roused a small party of Indians, who were then lying a few rods below. One of their number, who went out to reconnoitre, returned with the report, that the noise was occasioned by the moose crossing the stream ; and thus the whole party of the English crossed without discovery. They then pushed on through the woods, and reached the foot of the high ridge, which separates the view of the Great Falls from the country on the west-

ern side of the river, about an hour before the dawn of day. Here they dismounted, and secured their tired horses to the branches of trees and bushes ; and having prepared their firelocks and ammunition, were summoned by the officer to prayer. The light of the moon, as it struggled down through the trees, gave a fine effect to the scene. Above, arose the huge pines, through whose fine foliage the breeze whispered a constant and plaintive sigh ; and the deep voice of the fall, in its unbroken and uniform roar, came rising over the hill, and seemed to take up their supplication, and bear it floating over meadow, rock and wood. The voice of man chimed, in a strange and fearful harmony, with these voices of nature ; and, as the various sounds mingled, clear and distinct, in the cold air of the morning, it seemed to the worshippers as if the powers of the elements had united in their design.

The party then crossed over the steep ridge, and formed around the narrow meadow, where the Indian camp lay before them. A woman, the only person stirring in the camp, discovered the Eglishmen lurking among the trees, and shouted, to arouse the warriors, who lay around and in the tents. But they did not hear her cry ; for, at the same instant, and drowning every other sound, a volley of musketry brought the savages upon their feet, and echoed with a deafening roar up and down the valley of the river. From out the little wood, two hundred white men poured down the meadow, and surrounded the camp, in a semicircle, each end of which rested upon the stream, and left to the Indians no escape, but by means of their canoes. Terrified, without their arms, and impeded by the women and children who clung to them, they rushed into their boats and launched them upon the river, where they were exposed, without paddles, to the fire of the whites. For a while, they struggled against the stream with pieces of bark torn from the sides of the canoes ; but the sure, steady, heavy current bore them slowly on to their fate ; and when they saw it was inevitable, they sent up a long, piercing shriek, and then sunk down, in sullen despair, to await the awful plunge of the cataract, down which they were hurrying. As each little vessel approached the brink, it seemed to pause for a second, as if to give its wretched passengers a last farewell of the beautiful world, which they were thus quitting, through the agency of one of its most beautiful objects. A single ray of the just rising sun shot through a gully, in the eastern bank of the river, and glanced across upon the edge of the fall ; and as each canoe passed swiftly out of the shade, the still forms of the savages flashed out, for an instant, into bright relief against the dark torrent beneath them, and were then plunged into the boiling depths, to be cast up, mangled and bleeding, upon the rocks below. It was a fearful sight — this destruction of human life, by

the roaring element, which still poured on, unconscious of what it had done ; and those torn and mutilated limbs, as they came whirling out of the agitated waters, with here and there a trunk, in which a little life remained, crawling up the rocks of the island, where they projected into the stream. Some twenty or thirty, however, went over in safety, and were spared to wreak their own and their comrades' vengeance upon those who had thus driven them into the jaws of destruction.

In a few moments, and when the English had supposed the enemy were all killed, or driven over the precipice, and when they had begun to think of the women whom they had come to rescue, a light canoe shot suddenly from behind the wood, where it ran down in a point to the water's edge, and came sweeping by the little meadow, directly towards the brink of the fall. A tall, powerful Indian, with a branching tuft of eagles' feathers, rising over his head, guided the little bark, with long, swift strokes of the paddle. It was Philip himself ; he had escaped through the wood, to a canoe hid among the rushes that skirted the water. The general shout of surprise among the English was instantly followed by the discharge of five or six muskets at the bold sachem. But he swept by untouched, without turning his eye to the shore, but keeping it steadily fixed on the centre of the passage between the rock of the island and the western bank, where the water leaped in a curve over the precipice. The Indians had a mode of descending that passage in their canoes ; but it was a fearful experiment, and the least error of the eye or shrinking of the arm would dash the vessel from one to the other side of the deep trough, which ran in the centre of the torrent, and plunge the adventurer into the waste of waters he had dared to brave. The sachem rode safely on, past the men who crowded the shore, steadying his canoe, which already began to tremble as if in anticipation of the dangerous leap, when an Englishman suddenly appeared below him, on the rock upon the bank, at the distance of only a few rods. As the boat came rushing down the stream, this man was seen hurriedly preparing the lock of his gun. 'Fire ! 'Fire !' cried his comrades from above. The gun flashed — the plume of the chieftain scattered on the wind, and its feathers floated gracefully down, kissing the water on his rapid path, and mocking, by their light and easy motion, the ineffectual attempt. Before the Englishman could retreat out of the way, the canoe had received its right direction towards the trough of the cataract. The sachem raised his paddle from the water, poised it for half a second in his hand, and then darted it like a spear into the face of his foe — now but a few feet from him — and was instantly riding in safety on the waves below the fall. The blunt handle of the oar prostrated the Englishman upon the rock. There he grappled to the sharp points of the ledge for a

moment, slipping lower and lower as his hold gave way, and at length dropped into the boiling surge, to rise no more. Just as the rush was made towards the fall, in pursuit of the sachem, one of Captain Turner's men discovered a female in the English dress upon the island that divides the cataract. Soon the whole party, that had been carried off from the village of Hatfield, appeared upon the rocks that beetle over the stream, and a mutual recognition took place between them and their kindred on the bank. The old clergyman again beheld his daughter, and all saw some relation, friend or neighbor ; but the roaring waterfall was between them, and there seemed to be no means of rescuing the unhappy women from their present position. They called to each other, from both sides, to catch the sounds of well-known voices ; but the deep sound of the plunging waters frustrated every attempt at communication, except by signs, although each party could distinctly see every feature in the countenances of the other. At length, Turner directed the attention of his men to a passage along the course of the stream, below the falls, where the waters were comparatively smooth, being protected by the island, which divided the force of the waves, and confined their violence to the two channels on each side of it. Here, he proposed to them to ascend to the island, and bring off the captives. The attempt, however, was full of danger, for the current was violent, and several of the Indians, who had escaped destruction under the falls, were still lingering on the rocks, through which the adventurers had to thread their way. With the greatest hazard, they had succeeded in crossing the rough channel, which intervened between the shore and the less turbulent passage in the centre of the stream ; when the Indians rushed upon their boats, heedless of the guns — which blew their very brains into the water — and endeavored to overturn them. But the well directed aim of the whites soon destroyed or repulsed these assailants ; and after toiling against the stream for a short time, they reached the island and received the women into the boats. When they again landed on the western bank, where the anxious relations of these females had watched the expedition, everything seemed accomplished, and all hearts were given up to the flow of gratitude and joy.

But now they were to commence their retreat through a wild and swampy country, filled with the war-parties of the Indians, and after they had inflicted upon them a blow which must arouse their severest vengeance. When they reached their horses, on the other side of the ridge, they found that the guard, who had been left with them, and the animals also had been murdered. Large puddles of blood stood upon the ground, and had been splashed upon the grass by the dying convulsions of the horses. One animal only had escaped, and came neighing out of the

wood, into which it had fled, and where it could not be taken by the Indians. It proved to be the horse of Captain Turner; and as that officer was now nearly exhausted by his efforts, the escape of this horse seemed providential. The little army formed themselves into a close body, with the women in the centre, and began their march. But they had not proceeded more than two miles, before an attack was made on their rear by a large body of Indians, and nearly half their number was cut off. A little farther on, the whole forest seemed to swarm with the enemy; and it was finally resolved that their only chance of safety was to disperse and hide themselves. Before this could be accomplished, a fresh attack had driven them down to the brink of a small stream — one of the tributaries of the Connecticut — and Captain Turner, finding it impossible to make any stand against the enemy, ordered the few men who still remained with them to take Miss Atherton — the only female of the party now to be seen — across the stream; he himself lingered, reclining feebly on the neck of his horse, in hopes that her father might appear. But he was nowhere to be seen; the savages were coming on again; he therefore turned his horse into the stream, when what was his surprise and vexation, to see that the whole party were hurrying on into the forest beyond, leaving the young lady behind them. He tried to call after them, but his voice failed; he felt suddenly sick and dizzy; exhausted nature could do no more, and he had just strength enough to spur his horse, when a shot from the wood pierced his side, and he fell across the animal's neck, clinging to his mane. The Indians, thinking him dead, and not seeing the lady on the opposite shore, gave up the pursuit.

The horse bore his dying rider carefully up the bank, and halted instinctively, when the young lady ran to assist the wounded man from his saddle. The wound was found to be mortal, and the young man was slowly sinking under the flow of blood, which they had no means to check. Still no murmur escaped him; and the few thoughts he could give to their present situation, were merely to direct Miss Atherton not to remain by his body when he had breathed his last, but to follow the course of the stream, which would finally lead her into the white settlements. In a short time his utterance became more rapid, and his eye kindled as he spoke of the manner in which his mission had been performed, and the great confidence and strength it would inspire throughout the colony. Then he directed the poor girl — whose tears ran freely for this young stranger, whom that day had first made known to her, amid so much peril — to take from his belt the little ammunition which it contained, and not to set out on her lonely way without carrying his pistols, to protect herself from the wild beasts, as well as the Indians whom she might



meet. At last he sunk away, with a few half-audible words of prayer on his lips, and died—as he had shown himself the whole of that arduous day—brave, generous and forgetful of himself. The colony never lost a better officer; and though his name is but just mentioned in the records of those perilous times, it still lingers around the spot where he struck so signal a blow upon the power of King Philip.

It was at mid-day, that the young officer expired in the arms of the stranger girl, who was then left alone in the wilderness, with no other companion than her steed, which had borne the young man to that lonely spot. For hours she sat gazing upon the face of the dead—the features of which began to settle into that fixed look of unearthly beauty, that lingers for a time in the human countenance, before decay begins its work. She could not move, she could not reflect; the solitude of the forest, where nature was all hushed into the deep stillness of a summer's noon, with the calm, unspeaking presence of the dead, was awful. She forgot herself—her life, her safety, her exposure, far from any aid—and there seemed to her no world, no home—nothing but the deep presence of the world of nature around her, and the dead body, and the horse that stood quietly gazing on his master, as if he, in his brute sympathy, were conscious of all that had happened. Many hours had passed on, and still she was there, with the faithful beast waiting patiently for service. At length the declining sun aroused her to a sense of her desolation and exposure. She arose and endeavored to fix her mind upon the scene itself, that she might describe it, should she ever reach her home; then taking the horse's bridle in her hand, she moved slowly away from the spot, but in a direction opposite to that she ought to have taken. She had not gone many steps, before the animal halted and refused to be urged any farther. This was not unaccountable, but she did not wait to reason; she hurried on, and before she had gone far, he came neighing after her, and placed himself directly in her path, and seemed to wish to prevent her progress. This was again and again repeated, until she lost all courage and patience, and sank upon the ground, where she fell asleep, exhausted and in tears. Her dreams at once took their hue from her real situation. She fancied that she was wandering in a strange country, by the side of a river; and that, instead of following with the current, she had gone against it, and had thus lost her way.

The morning dawned in all that fullness of life and beauty which carries its cheering influence into the saddest and most desolate hearts. The lost girl awoke refreshed and encouraged, and there stood the horse, feeding on the short grass of the wood, without the appearance of having deserted her through the night. Her dream was the first thing that presented itself to her mind;

and after some moments' reflection, the whole was so vividly and strikingly connected with her real situation, that she resolved at once to follow its admonition. She had no sooner set out in the direction taken by the stream itself, than the horse seemed to follow her with the greatest alacrity. In a short time they emerged from the thicker part of the forest, and she was enabled to make a more effectual use of him. After a long and weary day of travel, through wood and swamp, she reached in safety her home, from which she had been carried four days before. Her story is still told by the people of that country, among the other incidents and sufferings in Philip's war. G. T. C.

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#### A COMPLAINT

##### AGAINST VERBIAGE AND EGOTISM.

WELL hast thou said, wise and bitter Duke of Rochefoucauld, '*On sait assez qu'il ne faut guère parler de sa femme ; mais on ne sait pas assez qu'on devoit encore moins parler de soi.*' 'Tis verier gospel, and a more wholesome text, than ever. The itch of egotism is contagious ; in this wordy age and country, it spreads daily and waxes virulent. The monster makes the meat it feeds on.

Heaven and the old Saxons be praised, that *I, my* and *me, we, our* and *us*, are monosyllables. Any elongation of them would grievously retard our all-important processes of scribbling and speechifying, in which their recurrence is so indispensable and incessant. They give 'a local habitation and a name' to everybody's darling topic — to the great *locus communis* of the times.

Happy the patriot—even in mischances—whose place gotten or place lost, whose wrong suffered or wrong imputed, whose speech or whose silence, whose vote or whose non-committing slumber, may seem to call for explanation, and to whisper, in the long ear of this profound people, promises of mystery solved, or abuses detected. Whether he have been lashed with invective, or struck white and cold with a challenge, or kicked from office—what sovereign balm doth our injured patriot then apply to his bruises and smarts ! Straight he contracteth with wholesale stationers. He equippeth himself. He layeth in store of the awful implements of scription—those modern substitutes for swords, wands, rods, and all the old weapons of offence and mortification. Then addresseth he his adversary, his constituents, his country,

or perchance the world. He floodeth successive pages and numbers of a daily journal. The moon waxeth and waneth over his continuations. He hath more to say for himself in this one mis-sive, than the Christian Apostles said, for their master and themselves, in all their letters to all the churches: so much greater is the writer, or so much better his cause. And how admirable, how 'horribly beautiful' is the *unity* of the composition! Not only has it a beginning, middle and end, but its end, its middle and its beginning are absolutely one: it commences, advances and concludes with himself! He reconciles and justifies all that he ever said, did, and was. He professes all his creeds, both positively and negatively; guards every article with limitations, traces it to its germ, and dates its birth. He writes a minute, moral, political and metaphysical autobiography—a great natural history of himself; and illustrates the whole with a running commentary from all parts of learning. For, in his regard, creation falls into moieties; the less of which he treats as merely illustrative of himself the greater. Yet is this embodiment of the first person singular most elaborately modest; and while, in the farthest range of his disquisition, self is never out of sight or hearing—while he utters nothing but as an adjective to that great substantive, a relative to that great absolute—while thrusting his inevitable self between you and the very facts and thoughts he would present to you—he is most *reluctant to intrude* heaps columns and pages with stale professions of insignificant humility, and time fails him adequately to proclaim the infallibility and all-wisdom of the public—whom, nevertheless, he has volunteered to enlighten!

Well would it be for us, could the great tide of egotism exhaust itself through the vent of print. But no! Our patriot, who thus, by help of newspaper or pamphlet,

Upon the wings of mighty winds  
Comes flying all abroad,

is enviously emulated in Senates and the Forum. Not six purely *impersonal* orations are spoken in as many months at the Capitol. Exordium and peroration, which of late often swell out of all proportion to the intermediate matter, seem to be dedicated, by general consent, to autobiography, 'odorous comparisons' of honorable friends with honorable opponents, and the praises of Demos; especially of such portion as has the honor to be represented by the orator. What 'agricolous person,' (to use thy words, rare Jeremy Bentham!) what 'agricolous person, on benches forensic,' lets a session go by, now-a-days, without taking occasion, (if he be of any consideration) in some set speech, to treat his audience and the curious world to a proof (seldom an easy, and never a brief task, in these changeable times) of his perfect

consistency of opinion, even from his tender years, and a recognition of all the affinities and repugnances of his political creed — in fact, its precise relationship — to every other, now or lately prevailing? Heaven shield us, if the speech be *maiden*! For although, perchance, this circumstance may abridge the autobiography, yet doth the debutant take ample satisfaction in the display of his scholastic attainments. He proceeds as if he were still on examination before a school-committee. He deduces propositions, by syllogisms, from the very elements of knowledge. He bases himself broadly on a succinct view of universal history. He casts the foundation and heaps the ponderous walls of his argument, as if resolved to realize the maxim of the law — ‘*Cujus est Solum, ejus est usque ad Coelum.*’

Laconic Justice Marshall! thou whom the imagination of one who never saw thee, refuses to acknowledge on the canvass, and all incredulous of Harding’s handiwork and others’ tongues, bod-ies thee forth — lamented Sage! — in the Miltonic portraiture of one

‘Who in his rising seemed  
A pillar of state: deep on his front engraven  
Deliberation sat, and public care  
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,  
Majestic though in ruins: sage he stood,  
With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear  
The weight of mightiest monarchies: his look  
Drew audience and attention still as night,  
Or summer’s noontide air,’ —

Oh that the fear and love of thee, thus imaged — father of many counsels and few words! — might be ever before the eyes of our crude Tullies, on every floor; and that their ears might ever tingle a little with thy gentle rebuke of the ambitious young barrister, who, after spending some hours in introductory and very elementary argumentation, at length was thus arrested: ‘The young gentleman, perhaps, may safely take for granted that *some general* principles are already in the possession of the Court.’

Could our orators be persuaded to make such a complimentary supposition with regard to their auditors, and be shamed out of all impertinences, to what a shrunken residuum would almost any of our Capitoline addresses be reduced, though measuring, in the delivery, ‘a day longer than the Parisian revolution!’ What a lively little *mus* of meaning (not *ridiculus*, perhaps, but by contrast) would run out of the vanishing mountain of words! How easily, in any leisure hour, might we read — aye, and ponder — the small and pertinent relic!

Nay, selfish public, — but may not our orator, (the breath of whose nostrils is your notice and favor) may he not reasonably fear, should he consent to publish a speech no longer than De-

mosthenes' longest, that, in attending to his subject and argument, you might for a moment forget himself? The most to be deprecated of all results!

What interest has the public in dry facts and reasoning, about laws, treaties or imposts, compared with assurances by the honorable member from B., of his respect for the honorable gentleman on his right, and contempt for the honorable gentleman on his left — of the alarm, conviction, indignation and horror, that have successively usurped his breast during the debate — of his idiosyncrasy, as explanatory of these emotions — of the proper construction of his speech made ten sessions ago — of the motives of his determined silence, ever since the day before yesterday — of the necessity in which he is now placed of replying, at some length, to the very pointed allusions of the honorable gentleman from A. — of his cough, and how he got it — of his willingness to spend and be spent in the service of his country — of his eagerness, so soon as she can spare him, to retire to the shades of Bushburg, and to domestic bliss!

Oh, when will Heaven give us grace to learn and digest the certain truth, that if ever the wise man talks foolishly, the clever stupidly, or the wit ridiculously, it is when self is the topic. And whose tongue is unfailingly lively or wise? Whose discourse is all highland?

Gentle reader, is there a new book on your table, that is not spiced, more or less freely, with the same interesting *individuality*? An eagle to a dime, not one! Each of their authors feels — poor fellow! — as every writer, who is not a truly great man, must feel now-a-days, that he is one of a mob; and determining that whatever notice, in spite of multitudinous competition, he may attract, shall, at any rate, fasten upon his proper self, he has stamped 'his picture in little,' or at length, on every sheet.

Open that new novel. Is not the author his own hero? Does he not entertain you with youthful adventures, which, having impressed his own fond recollection, must, he concludes, be clever or wicked enough to interest others? The only disguise is a slight change of name and the use of the third person. But even this 'transparent mask' is ever and anon cast impatiently aside, and in introduction, notes, and frequent rhapsodical digressions, he expatiates in all the naked wantonness of egotism. At the end of his book, we know, mediately through his hero or immediately from himself, as much of his circumstances, person and tastes, the length of his dinners and of his shoes, as if he had been our familiar for a twelvemonth. Yet the creature piques himself on *ridicule*, and is very lavish of it; as if there were anything more supremely ridiculous, than a person, about whom the world has

never heard nor inquired, gratuitously introducing himself, and all that is his, to its acquaintance — blowing his own brazen trumpet, and obtruding his own brazen face !

Open that Quarterly, and look at the leading article. Twenty pages, about the spirit of the age, and matters *thereabout* ; half a dozen about the book reviewed, or the person and circumstances of its author ; the next page tells us how much more the journalist meant to write, and would like to write — but that he has reached his limits, and must content himself with a few extracts : a series follows ; and, thereafter to the end, the reviewer reviews his motives for reviewing the book, reiterating, at large and with many sighs, that he has come to an end — and must stop, — although he has written quite otherwise than he designed ! Is not the impertinence consummate — ‘ most tolerable and not to be endured ? ’ Who cares for his intentions ? Who asked him to write ? Whose business is it, but his and the editor’s, whether his uninvited, unvalued and unremembered trifle be, in his own conceit, complete or incomplete, long or short ? Must we not utterly despair of ever again opening two covers, between which we can be secure from the great, impersonated, hundred-tongued Self, that rides like an incubus the whole word-mongering troop of the day ? Whither shall we flee, or how bless ourselves, from the incessant halloo, or hissing whisper, or loathsome stare, of this inevitable sprite — if the very reviewer, who does not aspire to deal directly with nature or reality, but merely to remark on the way in which somebody else has dealt with them — a nameless contributor to a perishing periodical — not recognized as a separate existence — a mere fibre of a yellow-winged ephemeron — a poor part-tenant of a paper tenement doomed to be puffed away into oblivion with the breath of the changing season — if he is to discourse to the world of himself !

As for these memoirs, journals, vindications, letters and reminiscences, the promulgation of them may at least claim credit for candor. They affect no fictitious theme or title, but yield without shame to the infectious irretinence of self. Obedient to the feverish *automania*, the throng plunge panting into the tempting tide of notoriety, like a caravan at a desert stream.

Alas, a poem too ! But be it passed in silence ! Egotism and poetry ! But be it passed in silence ! Spare the veiled muse who blushes for her unworthy votary. For her sweet sake — and in charity to *his* dark laurels, who, when all eyes were turned on his changed young brow and sickened heart, unwittingly set the ill example — be this silken and gilded volume passed in silence !

The pyramids have forgotten the date of their own cornerstone and the home of their founder. The men of these days gather around those faithless monuments, nor can learn from their

time-defying faces, whether they guard the remains of a monarch or an ox. While they were heavily rising, by the sweat of a nation's brow, and under the eye of the forgotten king, who exultingly committed his name to their vast memorial—even then, haply, a blind bard was wandering about the vales and isles of Greece, and starting their echoes with the deathless song, that has immortalized a hundred heroes, himself, his country and his age. Yet hath the father and perpetual prince of all generations of bards—whose lyre, instinct with immortality, thus triumphs over the eternal pyramid—in no line or word of his golden rhapsodies, *left any record of himself.*

Faint tradition tells us the name of William Shakspeare's father and wife; that he came to London a wayward boy; wrote certain plays; played some parts; went back to his village-home—and died. Nor to this lean legend hath his own pen added a syllable. Without asking, or apparently expecting of us the least attention to himself, or care for his memory, he bequeathed us a priceless legacy—works rivalling those of nature, in compass, variety and exquisite truth; thought, that must ever be dear in the inmost hearts, as his words are 'household' on the lips of the civilized world.

Once more. If ever heroism doffs the helmet—if ever, in still obscurities, her ear pines not for the trumpet's clangor and the neigh of steed, nor her eagle-eye for the red gush of blood—John Milton was a hero. His life was an epic. Composing 'Paradise Lost,' he was as sublime an image as humanity ever presented for contemplation. Yet nowhere, in that awful masterpiece, has he wrought a picture or type of himself, or whispered how his great heart fared under the spurns of fortune and the visitings of the muse: never—but in some occasional outpouring of sublime prayer and resignation, as when the genial sunshine falls upon him, but brings to his darkened orbs

‘No sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine.’

Thrice honored Three! Oh that the rhymers of a perverse generation would learn of you to forget self and every small conceit, when they address a world—and to invoke the muse with single and expanded hearts, into which alone she will descend!

COSMO.

## THE ROSE-COLORED PACKET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ITALIAN SKETCH-BOOK.'

SOOTHINGLY played the sunset breeze over the sleeping sea, laden with the perfume from the orange-groves of Genoa. As the mellow light gilded the palace-roofs and domes of the old city, its aspect, to the imaginative spectator who gazed distantly from the ocean, was not unlike an ancient and splendid amphitheatre, with golden battlements, an azure canopy, and an arena of polished emerald. The quiet waters of the bay wore an air of unwonted solitude; and but a single vessel was moored in a position which indicated a speedy departure. This was a brigantine, of beautiful proportions — evidently one of the comparatively small, but singularly efficient craft, which supplied Britain with the finer fabrics of southern Europe. If the eye lingered unconsciously upon the symmetrical exterior of the 'Sea-Nymph,' a glance at her occupants and equipments, could not but speedily yield to a gaze of earnestness and pleasure. The most prominent figure discernible upon her deck, was that of a young man clad in mariner's vestments, the quality of which indicated superiority of rank not more distinctly than did their perfect adaptation serve to discover superiority of form and strength. There was enough in the stranger's appearance to denote his English origin; but other characteristics as readily suggested to an intelligent observer, that circumstances of birth or experience had modified the peculiarities so obvious in the sons of the north. A certain nervousness of temperament and latent warmth of feeling, were discoverable in the natural language of the seaman; and as the light puffs of air, ever and anon, threw back the side-locks from his uncovered head, the disciple of a beautiful but misinterpreted science would have noticed the cause of the bland complacency which rested on his countenance, as his eye roved over the surrounding scene. The breadth of the brow indicated a large endowment of ideality, to the delight of which, that fairy-like picture was now silently ministering. The mother of Captain Roberto was a native of Spain, and neither the qualities of his Albion father, which he largely inherited, nor a boyhood spent amid the fogs of the island, had sufficed to eradicate the southern leaven from his nature. Earlier, by several years, than ordinary prudence would warrant, he had been entrusted with a large interest in the trade in which he was then engaged. For him, it had many and peculiar charms. His latent affinity with the region of his mother's nativity found free scope during his frequent sojourns in the cities and *campagna* of the Mediterranean coast; and in every port there were those who welcomed



the 'Sea-Nymph' and her gallant commander, with a greeting such as seldom cheers the arrival of foreign merchantmen.

'I think the lad has started, yonder,' said the captain.

'Aye, aye, sir,' replied his second in command, turning his eye towards the shipping.

'A slacker boy than Zed would have lingered longer on his last land-errand.'

In a few moments the boat, propelled gently on by the skilful arm of the young sailor, touched the vessel's side, and he stood, hat in hand, before his commander.

'All's right,' observed that functionary, taking a small file of papers from the boy, and hastily glancing at their contents; 'and had ye brought a good breeze with ye, Zed, we would see how much nearer the Straits the dawn would find us.'

'Your honor knows that Zed would ever be the bearer of pleasant things;' and drawing from his vest a small pink packet, he presented it, with unusual obeisance, whereby — as the quick eye of Roberto was not slow to detect — the lad hoped to conceal the arch smile that was playing on his lip.

'Whence this?' exclaimed the captain, with an air of surprise.

'It was left at the consignee's, an hour since, sir;' and so saying, he retreated among his messmates.

Nicholas Vanblunt, the mate of the 'Sea-Nymph,' possessed the numerous solid excellencies which characterized his Dutch progenitors. Indeed, if the truth must be told, the prudent partners of Roberto had connived to secure the old man the berth he enjoyed — deeming his caution and judicious timidity well fitted to neutralize the action of the captain's more mercurial nature; and they were wont, in private converse, to yclep Vanblunt the ballast of their enterprises, and Roberto the sails — the one ever advocating steadiness, and preferring perfect immobility to the least risk; the other striving to catch every breeze of fortune, and carry some canvass even in a tempest. One quickening impulse, however, occasionally wakened into temporary vivacity the energies of Nicholas; this was that restless appetite, of mother-Eve memory, denominated curiosity; and, had one seen the start and the gaze, which the phenomenon of the rose-colored packet gave rise to, he would have thought that the Netherlands had suddenly become visible over the bow of the brigantine. The effect which the epistle produced upon the demeanor of Roberto, was well calculated still farther to excite the inquisitive spirit of his mate. He dwelt long and curiously upon the superscription; and the listless manner in which he broke the seal, was strongly contrasted with the expression of intense interest which its contents awakened. He read, then walked the deck and read again; now he turned his eyes intently upon some inland object, and now surveyed, with anxious circumspection, the hues of the horizon;

he smiled as the breeze evidently freshened, and glanced complacently over the garniture of his vessel ; then resuming his walk, he hummed musingly a Spanish air, till the flutter of the paper seemed to awaken his mind from its abstraction ; once again he read, then carefully refolding and depositing it in his bosom, he murmured, yet in a tone of resolution, ' It shall be done ! '

' What, sir ? ' ejaculated the impatient Nicholas, at his elbow.

' A trifle, in the way of business on shore. Harkee, Mr. Vanblunt, send Zed, with the small boat and two lads, alongside ; loosen the sheets and make all ready ; in five minutes after my return, we must be off.'

Roberto hastened to the cabin ; and Nicholas, having given orders agreeable to his instructions, returned to his post — determined, on the captain's re-appearance, to learn the occasion of these unexpected movements.

' Any news of import ? ' he asked.

' No, Mr. Vanblunt, not a word.

' Are the invoices all on board, sir ? '

' Yes ; you can examine them, below.'

' But, Captain' —

' What ? ' stopping and looking up, as he descended the vessel's side.

' The — the rose-colored packet, sir ? '

' Oh ! I will tell you all about it' —

' Do, sir,' winningly exclaimed Nicholas, leaning over, in fond expectation.

' On my return,' dryly added Roberto, as he dropped into the boat, and, in an urgent though low tone, bade the oarsmen ' pull away.' Before the disappointed mate could rally from his discomfiture, their long and vigorous strokes had borne their commander to a distance which precluded any but a vociferous renewal of the interview.

The business which thus unexpectedly called on shore the captain of the ' Sea-Nymph,' was of that species with regard to which experience had taught him it was well to postpone consulting his reflecting brother officer. He made it a rule, indeed, to take counsel with that worthy on all occasions of mutual concernment ; but chose to exercise his private judgement in fixing the time for presenting certain subjects to the veteran's consideration — having often found his opinion, on questions of expediency, less troublesome after than before the said questions were experimentally settled. Accordingly, he already anticipated many long discussions with Nicholas, relative to the rose-colored packet, but not till his own view of the matter had been practically adopted.

Leaving the anxious Hollander to superintend the preparations for the speedy departure of the brigantine, let us follow her small

boat, and learn what is writ on the rosy scroll, against which the Anglo-Spaniard's noble heart is beating with benevolent expectancy. The delicacy of the characters betray the hand of woman; and the elegant Italian, in which the epistle is couched, evince more than ordinary cultivation. In homely English, it would read thus:

'To the captain of the Sea-Nymph—

The writer of this has been, almost from her earliest recollection, a denizen of the convent of St. Agatha. She has gazed often from the tower above, forth upon the beautiful city, and out upon the bright sea; she has heard the festal cries of the Genoese, and the song of the mariners from the bay; she has noted the glad faces of the young gentry and the happy countenances of the peasants, as they have passed along the adjacent road; and these things have awakened in her soul the desire of freedom. The thought has been cherished till it has become a passion and a necessity. She has read much of the honor and generosity of Englishmen. Thrice has she marked thy distant vessel; but, until this hour, knew not by what title to address thee. She now appeals to the captain of the Sea-Nymph for deliverance and protection. Three hours after vespers, a blue cord will be dropped from the third window of the farther wing of the convent. Wilt thou be there to rescue an involuntary nun? and shall the Sea-Nymph bear her to the free shores of England? *In nomine Dei Patri, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti*, thou art invoked to compassionate

VIOLA DONATELLI.'

The long, delicious twilight, peculiar to southern latitudes, was fast yielding to the deeper shades and more solemn effulgence of night. The lovely daughters of Genoa again welcomed their evening pastimes. The cheerful hum of the *converzazione*, the rich music of Italian song, and even the low notes of a guitar, ever and anon echoed along the terrace-groves, or stole out from among the garden-shrubbery of the street of palaces. A day of uncommon sultriness had rendered the cool and tranquil even-time doubly grateful. Yet the new-born breeze, sweetly musical as it was within the city and by the sea-side, stirred, with something of wildness, amid the rank grass that clustered about the foundation of a massive pile which arose loftily, beyond the suburbs. Its anterior wall cast a gigantic shadow over the solitary fields; and nought but the white habiliments would have betrayed a figure, which, in a crouching attitude, was slowly following the line of its base. Suddenly it seemed to spring forward, and presently the gleam of a lantern revealed the captain of the 'Sea-Nymph' hastening towards Zed, who was drawing from among the vines the tessalated extremity of a silken rope. To this, a light but strong ladder of cordage was attached and drawn upward. Roberto soon felt the cords tremble in his grasp, as he

endeavored to steady them. 'Corragio!' he whispered, as a light female form dropped gently among the weeds at his feet, and knelt down, with folded arms and an upward gaze, as if witless of his presence. He quietly raised the lantern, and its feeble rays fell on features of that indescribable saint-like beauty, with which the traveler occasionally meets among the *religieuses* of the continent. The freshness of youth combined with the sacred ardor of devotion to vivify their expression; and the excitement of the occasion tended to deepen the impression, which the vision — for such it seemed — made upon the ardent mind of the young seaman. He inwardly rejoiced, yet with something of awe, that the enterprise was undertaken, and felt nerved for its fulfilment. Zed suddenly pointed to the ladder, and to his dismay, the captain beheld another and seemingly decrepit female slowly descending; his exclamation recalled the nun from her reverie. Rising, she anxiously surveyed the countenance of Roberto; then softly murmured — 'Viola confides in one above and thee. Fear not; yonder comes the only other being whom I can call friend on earth; finding me resolute, she has determined to accompany me.' Roberto was sadly perplexed at this information; but his cogitations on the subject were quickly interrupted by a cry of alarm, and the next moment the unfortunate *donna* fell groaning at the foot of the ladder. Snatching a cloak from the arms of Zed, he threw it around the fair being beside him, and lifting her on his shoulder, ran with wonderful rapidity, followed by the sailor-boy. The cries of the fallen dame echoed through the solitude. Roberto pressed onward in silence, nor paused till he reached the last point whence the convent was discernible; then gazing momentarily back, he beheld lights gleaming from twenty windows, and fancied the cries of pursuers, borne on the rising wind.

\* \* \* \*

Hadst thou, gentle reader, while rustivating, at a subsequent period, at one of the most beautiful villages in the vicinity of London, unexpectedly entered the drawing-room of the accomplished Madame Clarissa Roberto, thou wouldst have seen, among that lady's fair-haired and blue-eyed daughters, a flower not less pleasing to contemplate, though evidently exotic. But it would be only by patient attention, that, in the cheerful and womanly beauty of the stranger, thou couldst discover any especial semblance to the lovely apostate who, three years before, prayed for forgiveness beneath the walls of St. Agatha. Yet, were it thy privilege to linger beside her — to mark the sweet *naïveté*, with which she uttered the accents of the Anglo-Saxon, kindle her expressiveness by appeals to her enthusiasm, or drink the melody of her song; when the wand of the enchanter was no longer visibly swayed, thou wouldst learn, by the rapid flight of time and the lingering of the soul's glow, that thou hadst been within the magic

circle of Italian loveliness. Who can wonder, then, that Madame Clarissa's noble nephew, on every return voyage, tarried in the noisy metropolis only long enough to take every requisite care of his gallant bark, and then hastened to practice *la bella lingua Italiana* with his charming *protégé*? It may be thought singular that one who so narrowly escaped the consequences of a vow, should ever again voluntarily assume such a responsibility. Yet, if the records of the parish say truly, not many years since, Viola Donatelli did religiously promise, through all the vicissitudes of this our world, to 'love, honor and obey' Francisco Roberto.

Prosperity has followed the captain of the 'Sea-Nymph,' and that title is displaced by a nobler; happiness dwells with the nun of St. Agatha, and that appellation is no longer hers. Yet, often do their wondering children look up, from the sports of infancy, to mark the grateful tears with which their parents speak of the ROSE-COLORED PACKET.

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SONNET.

DAWN.

I see the light, I taste the flowing air —  
 There is no cloud above me — and I feel,  
 Bathing my forehead, delicate and rare,  
 And full of odor, the sweet influence steal.  
 The tints of dawn the last fair star conceal,  
 Throwing faint crimson o'er its lessening ray;  
 And the far, billowy vapors melt away,  
 Touched by thy golden wand — imperial Sun! —  
 Rising in glorious beauty, giving life  
 To the young flowers, and joy to every one —  
 Whose early-wafted thoughts to Heaven are rife  
 With deep devotion, borrowed at thy shrine.  
 Well might the ancient world deem thee divine,  
 And the first worship of the soul be thine!

P. B.

## SCRAPS OF PHILOSOPHY AND CRITICISM.

VICTOR HUGO, one of the most popular novelists and dramatists of modern France, has recently published a couple of volumes, with a title which may be, not inaptly, translated, *A Medley of Philosophy and Literature*. The style of this collection is various ; for its papers were produced at different intervals, during a considerable series of years. We have translated here and there a few brilliant paragraphs, which may convey correctly the author's sentiments, and may furnish some idea of his style :

## WALTER SCOTT AND LE SAGE.

Le Sage, I should say, is more witty ; Scott is more original ; the one excels in narrating individual adventure, the other mingles with such adventure the description of a whole people, or age ; the first scorns all truth of place, manner, history ; the latter, scrupulously faithful to truth, owes to it perhaps the magic attraction of his pages. In the works of both, the characters are drawn with skill ; but in Scott they seem better sustained, because they are more lively, and of a fresher nature. Le Sage often sacrifices the conscience of his heroes to the humor of an intrigue ; Scott gives his heroes a severer disposition ; their principles, their very prejudices have in them something noble that cannot bend to circumstances. We are surprised, in reading a romance of Le Sage, at his great variety of incident ; we are still more surprised, on finishing a romance of Sir Walter, at the simplicity of his plot ; and the reason is, that the first labors chiefly on the general action, the second on the particular details. The one paints life, the other paints the heart. In short, the works of Le Sage give us, as it were, experience of fortune ; those of Sir Walter Scott give us experience of men.

## GREAT MEN

Are those who have felt much, lived much ; who, in a few years, have lived many lives. The tallest pines grow only in the regions of storm. Athens, the city of tumult, was the mother of a thousand great men ; Sparta, the city of order, boasted but one — Lycurgus ; and Lycurgus was born before his laws.

Thus we see that great men most frequently appear in the midst of popular agitations : Homer, in the midst of the heroic ages of Greece ; Virgil, under the triumvirate ; Ossian, on the wreck of his country and her gods ; Dante, Ariosto and Tasso, in the midst of the reviving convulsions of Italy ; Corneille and

Racine, in the age of the Fronde ; and Milton, chanting the first rebellion at the foot of the bloody scaffold of Whitehall.

And if we examine the individual destiny of these great men, we shall find them harrassed by an agitated and miserable life. Camoens cleaves the waves, his poem in his hand. D'Ercilla writes his verses on the skins of beasts, in the forests of Mexico. Those of them, whom bodily suffering does not divert from suffering of mind, lead a stormy life, devoured by an irritability of disposition, which renders them a burthen to themselves and to those who surround them. Happy they who do not die before their time, consumed by the ardor of their own genius, like Pascal ; by grief, like Molière and Racine — or victims to the terrors of their own imagination, like the miserable Tasso !

#### KANT'S WIG

Was sold for thirty thousand florins, at the time of his death, and brought only twelve hundred crowns at the last Leipsic fair : a palpable proof, in my opinion, that the rage for Kant and his ideology is abating in Germany. This wig, in its changes of price, may be considered as a thermometer of the progress of Kantism.

#### APPRECIATION OF CRIME.

Visdelou, that Platonic lover of Lexicology, mentions, in his '*Supplement to the Oriental Library*,' that the Chinese empress, Un-Heu, was guilty of many crimes, such as the assassination of her husband, her brother, her children ; but one in particular, which he calls an 'unheard-of outrage,' is an order — all the laws of grammar to the contrary notwithstanding — that she should be styled *emperor*, and not *empress* !

#### LETTER-WRITING.

We now consider in France, and with reason, that an essential part of elegant education is the acquisition of a certain facility of managing what is called the epistolary style. In fact, the style to which we give this name — if in truth it can be called a style — is, in literature, like a public domain, which all the world have a right to cultivate. It thus happens that the epistolary style belongs rather to nature than art. Productions of this kind, in some fashion, are like flowers, which grow of themselves ; while other compositions of human wit resemble edifices, which, from foundation to summit, must be laboriously built after general laws and particular combinations. The greater number of letter-writers have been ignorant that they were authors, they have made works, as the often-cited Monsieur Jourdain made prose — without knowing it. They did not write for the sake of writing, but because they had relations and friends, business and affec-

tions. They were very little pre-occupied, in their correspondence, with a care for immortality, but, very vulgarly, with the substantial cares of life. Their style is simple as intimacy, and its simplicity constitutes its charm. It is because they sent their letters only to their families, that they have reached posterity. We think it impossible to say what are the elements of the epistolary style ; other styles have rules — this has only its secrets.

#### FOIBLES OF THE GREAT.

Voltaire should not be judged by his comedies, Boileau by his Pindaric odes, or Rousseau by his allegories. Criticism should not maliciously seize upon the feebleness which the most distinguished talent often exhibits ; nor should history give undue prominence to the littlenesses which are almost always found in the most illustrious charaters. Louis XIV. would have thought himself dishonored, if his valet de chambre had surprised him without a wig ; Turenne, when alone in the dark, trembled like a child ; and we know that Cæsar was alarmed, lest he should be upset in his car of triumph.

#### THE POET OF WORDS, NOT IDEAS.

When a language has been in use, like ours, during several ages of literature ; when it has been created and carried to perfection, turned and twisted into every shape and style ; when it has passed not only through all the material forms of rhythm and rhyme, but through no one knows how many comical, tragical and lyrical brains, — there escapes, like a scum, from the collection of words which compose its literary richness, a certain quantity, or, so to speak, a certain floating mass of conventional phrases, hemistiches, more or less insignificant, which are nobody's property, but belong to all the world.

Thus it is, that a man of the least invention, with the aid of a little memory, can rake up, by diligence, from this public reservoir, a tragedy, a poem, an ode, which shall be in verses of twelve, eight, or six syllables, of good rhyme and excellent pauses, and not deficient, perhaps, in elegance, harmony, and a certain grace. Thereupon, our master shall publish his work in a great, empty volume, and shall believe himself a lyric, epic, or tragic poet, after the fashion of the fool who thought himself the owner of his hospital. Envy, however, the patroness of mediocrity, shall smile upon his labors ; the prouder critics, who wish to imitate omnipotence, and create something, will amuse themselves in building him up a reputation ; and connoisseurs, who are not so ridiculously obstinate as to insist that words should express ideas, will celebrate, after the morning journals, the brilliancy, the point, the taste of the new poet ; the saloons — echoes



of the journals — will be in ecstasy ; and the publication of the work will result in no further inconvenience than the premature wearing out of the poet's hat-rim.

#### GRAMMAR AND MEDICINE.

The wise men, who are so clear-sighted in grammar, in versification, in prosody, and so blind in poesy, remind us of those physicians who know the slightest fibre of the human frame, but who deny the soul, and are ignorant of virtue.

#### POETRY.

Poetical composition results from two intellectual phenomena, meditation and inspiration. Meditation is a faculty ; inspiration is a gift. All men, to a certain degree, can meditate ; very few are inspired. *Spiritus flat ubi vult*. In meditation, the spirit acts ; in inspiration, it obeys ; because the first is of men, the second comes from a higher source. He who gave us this power is stronger than we. These two processes of thoughts are intimately linked in the soul of the poet. The poet invites inspiration by meditation, as the prophets raised themselves to ecstasies by prayer. That the muse should reveal herself to him, he must in some sort have passed all his material existence in repose, in silence, and in meditation. He must be isolated from external life, to enjoy in its fullness that inward life, which develops in him a new existence ; and it is only when the physical world has utterly vanished from before his eyes, that the ideal world is fully revealed to him. It seems that poetic inspiration has in it something too sublime for the common nature of man. Genius can compass its greater efforts only when the soul is released from the vulgar cares that follow it in life ; for thought cannot take its wings till it has laid aside its burden. Thence comes it, doubtless, that inspiration is born only of meditation. Among the Jews, the people whose history is so rich in mysterious symbols, when the priest had built the altar, he lighted upon it an earthly flame — and it was then only that the divine ray descended from Heaven.

Happy he who possesses this double power of meditation and inspiration, which is genius ! Whatever may be the age on which he falls, or the country — be he born in the bosom of domestic calamities, be he thrown on a time of popular convulsions, or, what is still more to be lamented, on a period of stagnant indifference — let him trust himself to the future ; for, if the present belong to other men, the future is for him. He is of the number of chosen beings for whom a day is allotted. Sooner or later, the day comes ; and it is then — fed by sublime thought, and elevated by divine inspiration — that he throws him-

self boldly before the world, with the cry of the poet upon his lips :

‘Voici mon Orient : peuples levez les yeux !’

#### PARADISE LOST.

If ever a literary composition bore the ineffacable impress of meditation and inspiration, it is the *Paradise Lost*. A moral thought, touching at once the two natures of man ; a terrible lesson, conveyed in sublime verse ; one of the most momentous truths of religion and philosophy, developed in one of the most beautiful fictions of poetry ; the entire scale of creation run over, from its highest to its lowest degree, an action which commences with Jesus and terminates with Satan ; Eve, gradually drawn by curiosity, compassion and imprudence, to her perdition ; the first woman in contact with the first devil : such is the scene presented by Milton ; a vast and simple drama, in which all the machinery is spirit ; a magic painting, in which the shadows of darkness steal gradually over all the brighter tints : a poem which at once charms and terrifies !

#### STYLE.

If the name attached to these lines were a name of note, if the voice which speaks here were a voice of power, we would intreat the young and brilliant talents, on which depends the future lot of a literature, for three ages so magnificent, to reflect how important is their mission, and to preserve, in their manner of writing, the most worthy and severe habitudes. The future — let them think well of it — belongs only to the masters of style. Without referring to the admirable works of antiquity, and confining ourselves to our national literature, try to take from the thought of our great writers the expression which is peculiar to it. Take from Molière his lively, ardent, frank and amusing verse, so well made, so well turned, so well finished ; take from Lafontaine the simple and honest perfection of detail ; take from the phrase of Corneille the vigorous muscle, the strong cords, the beautiful forms of exaggerated vigor, which would have made of the old poet half Roman, half Spaniard, the Michael Angelo of our tragedy, if the elements of his genius had mingled as much fancy as thought ; take from Racine that touch in his style which resembles Raphael — a touch, chaste, harmonious, and repressed, like that of Raphael, although of an inferior power, quite as pure but less grand, as perfect though less sublime ; take from Fenelon — the man, of his age, who had the best sentiment of antiquity — that prose, as melodious and severe as the verse of Racine, of which it is the sister ; take from Bossuet the magnificent bearing of his periods ; take from Boileau his grave and sober manner, at times so admirably colored ; take from Pascal that original and

mathematical style, with so much appropriateness in the choice of words, and so much logic in every metaphor ; take from Voltaire that clear, solid, indestructible prose, that crystal prose of *Candide* and the *Philosophical Dictionary* ; take from all these great writers that simple attraction — style ; and of Voltaire, of Pascal, of Boileau, of Bossuet, of Fenelon, of Racine, of Corneille, of Lafontaine, of Molière, of all these masters, what will remain ?

It is *style* which insures duration to the work, and fame to the poet. Beauty of expression embellishes beauty of thought, and preserves it ; it is at the same time an ornament and armor. Style, to the idea, is like enamel to the tooth.

#### POLITICS.

Politics, said Charles XII., is my sword. It is the art of deception, thought Michiavel. According to Madame de M\*\*\*, it should be the art of governing men with prudence and virtue. The first definition is that of a madman, the second that of a knave ; and that of Madame de M\*\*\* is the only one for an honest man. What a pity that it should be so old, and its application so rare !

#### QUALIFICATIONS FOR A SOLDIER.

Madame de M\*\*\* recapitulates, after Folard, the qualities essential to a great captain. For my own part, I distrust these perfect definitions, which would comprehend only the exceptions of human nature. It is quite alarming to see the catalogue of preparatory studies marked out for the apprenticeship of the general ; but how many excellent generals have there been who could not even read ! It would seem the first condition, the *sine qua non* of every man destined for the wars, that he should have good eyes, or at least that he should be stout and active. Sure enough ! But a crowd of great generals have been one-eyed, or crippled. Philip was one-eyed, lame, and maimed of one hand ; Hannibal was one-eyed ; Bajazet and Tamerlane — the two thunder-bolts of war, in their age — were the one lame, the other half-blind ; Luxembourg was hunchbacked. It seems even that nature, in ridicule of all our calculations, had wished to show us the phenomenon of a general, totally blind, guiding an army, marshalling his troops for battle, and carrying off victories. Such a man was Ziska, chief of the Hussites.

#### FUTURE DESTINIES OF RUSSIA.

France, England and Russia are in our day the three giants of Europe. Since our recent political convulsions, these colossal nations have held each a peculiar attitude ; England stands upright, France is recovering herself, and Russia for the first time

rising. This last empire — still young, in the centre of an old continent — has grown, during the age, with a wonderful celerity. Its future is of immense moment in our destinies. It is not impossible that its *barbarism* will one day re-temper our civilization ; the Russian soil seems to hold a reserve of savage population for our polished regions.

This FUTURE of Russia — at present so important to Europe — gives a deep interest to its past. Well to understand what this people will be, one ought carefully to study what it has been. But nothing is more difficult than such a study. We must wander, like a person lost, in a chaos of confused traditions, incomplete narratives, fables, contradictions, and truncated chronicles. The past of this nation is as overshadowed as its sky ; and the deserts of its annals are like those of its territory.

It is, then, no easy thing to make a good history of Russia. It is no trifling enterprise to traverse this night of time, to compass, among so many contradictory and conflicting narrations, the discovery of truth. The writer must seize boldly by the thread of the labyrinth, dispel its darkness, and, by laborious erudition, light up all the summits of this history. His scrupulous and learned criticism, in combining results, will have need to reestablish causes. His pen will fix the yet uncertain features of persons and epochs. Surely, it is no easy task to revive, and pass in review, events that have so long been lost in the lapse of ages.

To be complete, the historian, we think, ought to pay more attention than has hitherto been given to the epoch preceding the invasion of the Tartars ; and to devote perhaps a whole volume to the history of those wandering tribes, which acknowledge the sovereignty of Russia. This labor would doubtless throw much light on the ancient civilization which probably existed in the north ; and the historian would be much aided by the learned researches of Mr. Klaproth.

Lévesque, it is true, in a couple of volumes supplementary to his great work, has already recounted the history of these wandering tribes ; but this subject still looks for a trustworthy historian. It would be necessary to treat more fully, and more sincerely than Lévesque, certain epochs of great interest ; like the famous reign of Catharine, for instance. The historian worthy of the name would brand with the hot iron of Tacitus, and scourge with the lash of Juvenal, this crowned courtesan, to whom the arrogant sophists of the last age paid a homage which they refused to their God and their king ; this regicide queen, who selected, even for the ornaments of her boudoir, pictures of a massacre\* and a conflagration.†

\* The massacre of the Poles, in the faubourg of Praga.

† The burning of the Ottoman fleet, in the bay of Tchesme. These two were the only paintings which decorated the boudoir of Catharine.

Doubtless, a good *History of Russia* would excite a great deal of attention. The future destinies of this empire are now the fruitful sources of general speculation. These northern regions have already often poured out the torrent of their population over Europe. The French of the present day, among other wonders, have seen pastured, on the green plots of the Tuileries, horses which had been used to browse at the foot of the great wall of China ; and, in the course of events, unexpected vicissitudes have compelled the nations of the south to address to another Alexander the wish of Diogenes — '*Stand out of our sunshine.*'

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#### OCEAN SCENERY.

BY W. SEVERN.

THE sun, slow wheeling o'er th' horizon's verge,  
His disk uplifted from the ocean's bed,  
At first glanced faintly o'er the purpling surge ;  
But soon a flood of full refulgence shed,  
Kindling the billows of the summer sea,  
While melting vapors left his pathway free.

The misty wreath, above the city hung,  
Gleams like a huge tiara in the air ;  
Back from the glistening spires the rays are flung,  
And from the Gothic windows strangely fair ;  
The morning breeze come rushing o'er the bay,  
Stirring the wet leaves in its amorous play.

Hark ! 't is the robin's warble, as he leaves  
His bowered nest to soar with dewy wing ;  
While twittering flies the swallow from the eaves,  
Skimming the glossy wave, — a happy thing !  
Ah ! who, for matin melodies like these,  
Would not forsake the slumb'rous bed of ease ?

And I must emulate the bird's career,  
And o'er the priny billow wing my flight ;  
Welcome the fresh'ning breeze without a fear,  
And ride the mounting sea secure and light.  
The wind wails through the cordage, and my boat  
Leaps like a charger to the trumpet's note.

Welcome the music of the rising gale !  
What though the waves come tumbling from the main ? —  
Not o'er my art the tempest shall prevail,  
Nor my staunch sea-boat breast the storm in vain.  
Bravely she ploughs the surge against the wind,  
Her foaming furrow stretching far behind.

Farewell, awhile, ye spires and pinnacles,  
 Gray crags and glens fast fading o'er the strand —  
 Around me are tall mountains and deep dells,  
 But not the hills and valleys of the land :  
 Yet are these billows capp'd with shining foam,  
 Like snow-clad summits in my mountain home.

Nor seek my eyes the rocky promontories,  
 Far stretching from the mainland's northern coast —  
 For I am rapt, contemplating the glories  
 Of waves, careering like a mighty host ;  
 While, like a banner, many-hued and gay,  
 The lustrous sun-bow sparkles o'er the spray.

Still holds the breeze — the dancing waves rush fast —  
 And broad and bright the ocean spreads before me,  
 Reflecting clearly, in its mirror vast,  
 The azure of the arch that's bending o'er me.  
 My gay barque, as a thing of life, is stirred,  
 And spreads her pinions like a gallant bird.

From far the hovering osprey scans her form,  
 And plumes herself for combat — but she sweeps  
 Majestically onward, while a warm,  
 Bright flood of sunshine on her pennon sleeps.  
 Well hath she sped me, for I hear no sound  
 Save the roused billows murmuring around.

All hail, old Ocean ! mightiest element !  
 Thou type of change, but doomed to no decay ;  
 Thou wondrous mirror of the firmament —  
 With stars that shine by night as bright as they  
 That bind Orion's belt, or o'er thy seas  
 Shed silvery lustre from the Pleiades.

What are the countless crews that o'er thee ride  
 To those that slumber 'neath thy faithless breast ?  
 To those that in thy shadowy depths abide,  
 A quiet population, all at rest ? —  
 Gold from the mines is there, and banners wave  
 Bleaching and torn within thy briny grave.

We feel thy power, even in thy softest slumbers,  
 When, like an infant's, comes thy balmy breath ;  
 And sad and solemn are thy sweetest numbers,  
 Mourned like a dirge above the home of death.  
 While the light waves, that o'er thy surface pass,  
 Roll like the billows of the church-yard grass.

A word is uttered in the water's roar,  
 That fills the bosom with a deep emotion —  
 'T is breathed at midnight, on the stilly shore,  
 By tiny ripples stealing from the ocean —  
 'T is shouted by the wild tornado's breath —  
 A word of power ! — it stills the pang of death.

What name is that, in softest accents spoken  
 At starry midnight, on the sparkling sea ? —  
 Heard in the tempest, when the seal is broken,  
 When whirlpools yawn, and navies cease to be ?  
 'T is *HIS*, who o'er those waves in safety trod —  
 The earth proclaims, and Ocean thunders — *GOD* !

## LETTERS FROM CHILI AND PERU,

TO A FRIEND IN NEW-ENGLAND.\*

*Valparaiso, 1832.*

SAFELY arrived at last, and on *terra firma* ; no, not *firma* — I have already made a mistake ; for in a few hours after my arrival, the earth trembled and quaked under my feet, to my great terror. I think these constant mementos mori must be a terrible drawback to enjoyment ; and I fear I shall never get sufficiently accustomed to them to feel safe or at ease. You can form no idea of the appalling effects of these convulsions of nature ; the mind is perfectly paralyzed ; indeed, all human power is useless — all effort unavailing. The only thing to be done, is to wait, as calmly as possible, an event which you feel may the next instant bury you in the bowels of the earth. My first impulse was to fly for safety ; but where could I go ? all places were equally unsafe — and I stood like a statue, perfectly powerless, without either the ability or inclination to take one step. For a moment all seemed to share my sensations ; but as soon as the earth was quiet, *all* went their way, as if nothing had happened to disturb their security. The hum of business was resumed, with the laugh, the oath, the clatter of the heavy wagons, and the trampling of feet over that ground which, but a moment before, seemed like the unstable ocean, ready to engulf them. I will confess to you, that I did not recover my composure in many hours ; and that when I trod the ground, it was with a strange sensation, something resembling your feelings when stepping on a quagmire or quicksand — a want of confidence in its firmness. My friend tells me I shall soon get used to such slight shocks, and think nothing of them ; but I doubt it. I have been in violent storms at sea, when the waves seemed every moment ready to sweep over our frail vessel ; but *there* I had a feeling of dependence on an Almighty arm ; I was brought step by step to the brink of the grave, and had time to think of and feel my own insufficiency. But an earthquake overwhelms you at once ; you

\* *To the Editor of the New-England Magazine:* SIR, — I have in my possession the letters of a friend, who was three years a resident in Peru, and who, at different times before his long location there, visited various parts of South America. His situation gave him access to the best society ; and as he is a man of sense and observation, with a scrupulous regard to the correctness of his statements, I think your readers will be instructed as well as amused by various descriptions of manners, customs, persons, buildings, &c. The present letter is a mere sketch — as at the time it was written, he was only about six months in Chili, though he had been there before. He is more minute when he writes from Peru. In the hope that these letters will please you, and your readers generally, I am, with due respect, &c. &c.

feel as if you were about to be crushed by the very power you would fain rest on — and have scarcely time or ability to ask aid of the high and lofty One, who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand. But enough of the earthquake, which occupies, I presume, a larger place in my thoughts than it ought ; as every one else appears to have forgotten it. Mr. B\*\*\*\*\* smiled when I asked him this morning if he had ever felt so severe a shock, and said, as he left the door — ‘ Oh yes, every day in the week ; we do n’t think much of shocks when nothing is thrown down.’

Valparaiso has very few attractions, though it is the largest and indeed the principal seaport of Chili — being only about one hundred miles from the beautiful city of Santiago. I shall say nothing of Valparaiso until my return from Santiago, for which I set out to-morrow.

I think you would have smiled had you seen me with my *poncho* on, making my way over the Andes, with a merry party, all arrayed in the same manner, appearing at the first glance like a group of Indians in pursuit of game. We were all, however, ‘ gentlemen of quality,’ I assure you, if not of estate ; and perhaps to the latter our claims were quite as great as many a proud Hidalgo’s, who boasts of his descent from the ancient kings, and wraps his cloak around him with all the consequence of a duke. I forget that you are yet ignorant what my *poncho* is, and may suppose it some fantastic garb — when in fact, it is only a large shawl, with a hole in the centre, through which the head is thrust, leaving the whole to fall over the person. It is very convenient, being light and easy, and preserving the under dress from dust. The road we traveled was good, and the prospect varied and delightful. I could tell you how magnificently the Andes towered above me, peak upon peak, far off in the distance ; how calmly the boundless Pacific spread its waste of waters behind me. I could tell, too, of sparkling rivulets, gushing through chasms in the rocks, and leaping from steep to steep, like the antelope and chamois, who often bend their graceful necks to taste the limpid element. I could describe scenes of terrific grandeur, brought to view by some sudden turn in the road, much like the wild pictures of Salvator Rosa ; but as the pen cannot place the scene before you, I shall leave it for your imagination.

We were detained on the road by a storm, and contrary to my expectations were very well accommodated. The road, for the greater part of the distance, is very good. It was constructed during the reign of Viceroy Ambrosio O’Higgins, at an immense expense, and does great credit to his public spirit, perseverance and liberality. On its route it crosses the Andes, at an elevation of about seven hundred feet — which is effected by zig-zag cuts, supported on the precipitous sides by strong walls of stone.



Before reaching the highest peak, there are twenty-eight turns ; and the ascent, even with wheels, is neither difficult nor dangerous. On horseback, it is the most delightful part of the ride ; and the prospect from the summit extensive, sublime, and beautiful. On one side, a richly variegated plain, of forty miles in extent, is spread out, encircled by mountains ; on the other is a plain of twenty miles, near the extremity of which rise the tall spires and cupolas of Santiago — forming a rich and imposing back-ground ; while, to complete the picture, the river *Maypocho*, on which the city is built, meanders through the whole scene. You have, in short, in glorious combination, snow-crowned mountains, green fields and sparkling streams, with white walled villages, surrounded by vineyards and groves of orange, lemon, and other fruits — their deep green foliage contrasting beautifully with the glowing sky.

But I am lingering on the road, quite forgetful of the Chilian capital, before entering which I will mention the only two places worth observation between this place and Valparaiso — *Casa Blanco* and *Bustamenti*. They are both small, pleasantly situated directly on the route ; and places where travelers generally stop for rest and refreshment ; the former, though destroyed by an earthquake in 1822, has been since re-built, and contains a pretty church. On approaching the city, I was much surprised at the uncultivated state of the fine plain, which, though of the richest soil, produced nothing of consequence. I was told that the produce would not pay the expense of artificial irrigation. The wants of the city are supplied from estates in its vicinity, situated on the rivers, by which they are watered. The supply is so abundant, that all the necessaries of life are sold at very moderate prices.

The entrance to the city, from the post-road, is through a very ordinary gate, at which were stationed sentinels and custom-house officers, to guard against smuggling. *Our* baggage escaped examination, by the aid of a charm which *never fails* in the cities of South America that I have visited. We proceeded from the gate through a narrow, dirty street, to a handsome stone bridge across the *Maypocho*, which traverses the western side of the city. Leaving this, we soon entered the principal square, fronting the palace, near which was the hotel where I was to take up my abode. The general appearance of the city is imposing — not only on account of its spires and cupolas, but from a peculiarly shaped hill, which rises abruptly from the centre of it. You may imagine its curious appearance, when I tell you it is four hundred feet high, in the form of a sugar-loaf, and that not another elevation is visible on the whole plain. It is called *St. Lucia* ; its summit is crowned with a fort, within which are barracks, magazines, &c. &c. ; but it is not now used as a fortress ;

and the works are fast going to ruins. On one of the bastions, a brass cannon is so placed as to discharge at meridian ; the sun's rays are thrown upon the priming through a glass lens ; by this, the time of the citizens is regulated, except in cloudy weather — then they refer to the church clocks, of which there are abundance. The churches are most of them fine structures ; and the cathedral, when finished, will be very splendid. The palace, or government-house, is also a showy edifice, occupying one whole side of the ' Plaza Major ' ; it is two stories high, and in good taste. Besides being the residence of the Supreme Director, it contains the offices of the chief departments of the government. The mint is a truly noble establishment, throughout — combining every convenience and facility for coining on a large scale. It is very spacious, occupying four sides of a large square, with a fine court in the centre. The machinery is operated by water brought from the *Maypocho*, and is, I presume, of the highest order, though, as it was not in motion while I was in the city, I can only judge by what I have heard and seen of its works. The custom-house department occupies one of the central squares ; its offices and stores are convenient, and well conducted upon a system liberal and encouraging to the commercial interest of the republic. The private dwellings generally have a neat and comfortable appearance ; most of them are two stories high, and some are very spacious and elegant. Those belonging to their former nobility, richly deserve to be called palaces ; and before the revolution, they lived in them in a style of princely splendor. Some of the noble families still retain their wealth, though stripped of their titles by the republican government. I will here mention a singular fact, touching the state of this republic, which is worth remembering. The whole landed property of Chili is owned by about one hundred and fifty families. Such a monopoly fits them, I suspect, much better for aristocrats than republicans.

The buildings all have sharp roofs, covered with tile, baked from the clay which abounds in the vicinity of the city. These coverings render their habitations secure from the pelting storms of the rainy season ; though few of them are provided with proper means for keeping out the cold which generally accompanies the rain. The usual way of warming rooms is by *brascos*, or brass pans of ignited charcoal. Most of the women have small ones, which they place under their petticoats, or keep in their laps. By this management, they reap a fruitful harvest of diseases consequent upon taking cold. The chief part of the foreigners resident in Santiago and Valparaiso, have introduced fire-places, and a few of the rich class of natives have followed their example. It is probable, before the lapse of many years, these conveniences will entirely take the place of their miserable health-destroying warming-pans.

The walks of the city — those most frequented — are the Canida, or principal Alameda ; and the Tajamar. This last is formed by a wall, extending the whole length of the city along the banks of the *Maypocho*, which was built to prevent that river from inundating the place, when swollen by the winter rains ; but, notwithstanding this, it sometimes comes over the barricades, and, by its impetuous career, causes much injury and distress to many poor families who reside in that quarter. The *Tajamar* is the fashionable promenade for spring, summer and autumn, and is indeed a most lovely walk. I have never seen one combining more of the beautiful, the sublime, and the picturesque. The plain on which it is built has a circuit of perhaps forty miles, and is near twenty-six hundred feet above the level of the ocean ; it is surrounded on all sides by ranges of the Andes — spreading before the eye, from different points, all that is delightful in nature. Its ‘*coup d’œil*’ is seldom equalled — never excelled.

A few words about the inhabitants must close my account of the Chilian capital. There are many fine-looking men to be met with, and some very handsome women ; and one discovers more educated intelligence and refinement in the higher classes than is usually found in the cities of South America. The tone of moral feeling is much higher ; and their intercourse among themselves and with foreigners, is upon a footing of liberal hospitality and friendliness truly creditable to their taste and character. Much of this is perhaps owing to their freedom from Catholic bigotry, aided by the great number of marriages that have taken place between the inhabitants and people of other nations who have settled there. I have every reason to believe that the republic of Chili, and particularly its capital, is making respectable advances in every department of social life, and that the means of education are extending and improving. From this fact *alone*, there is good ground to hope that the Chilian republic will ere long present the gratifying spectacle of an enlightened, moral people, enjoying the blessings of a firm, correct, well-administered government. Of my ride back to Valparaiso, I will merely say it was performed in twelve hours, in a gig drawn by three horses abreast. I was set down at my lodgings just after sunset, without being in the least fatigued.

Valparaiso is fast becoming a market of great commercial importance. The bulk of the business of Chili is even now transacted here ; and a coasting trade is carried on to all the ports between Cape Horn and the north-west coast ; thus creating a demand for every description of merchandize, greater than is found at any other place in the Pacific. At this time, it unquestionably rivals Lima, in Peru. The harbor of this place, though only an open roadstead, or bay, is secure against all winds, except those from the northern quarter ; these prevail only in the winter season, when they are sometimes so severe as to cause terrible dis-

aster to the shipping, with loss of lives and property. All this might be obviated by the construction of a breakwater, from a point that seems by nature to have been designed for that purpose. Of the city of Valparaiso, a few words will suffice ; for, notwithstanding its notoriety as a place of trade, there is nothing in or about it deserving of much notice — though it bears the attractive name of the ‘Vale of Paradise.’ One would suppose from this title, that its situation is one of peculiar beauty. The reverse of this, however, comes nearer the truth ; and there is no way to account for the Spaniards’ bestowing the title on a spot so barren, but by believing this harbor to have been the first they visited after their tedious passage around Cape Horn, when the sight of the few shrubs and flowers, which were visible in the vallies, was so delightful to their exhausted senses as to call forth the extravagant title of Valparaiso. The city is built at the foot of a high hill bordering the bay ; in fact, it may be said, its location is on the beach ; and so narrow is that part where the business is done, as to allow of but one street — and this scarce deserves the name ; nor is there a street in the place that has any pretensions to regularity or beauty. The buildings are scattered in all directions ; a large proportion are on the sides of the hills and in the ravines between them. Their general appearance is rather ordinary, though with an indication of comfort. A few among them are large and handsome. One peculiarity attending some, I must tell you. They are built of wood, with timber frames. These are considered earthquake-proof, and are, of course, most desirable habitations in a place so subject to those terrible convulsions of nature. They have been erected since the city was so nearly destroyed by the great earthquake in 1822. The lumber, requisite for such buildings, is chiefly imported from *Valdivia* and the island of *Chiloe*, which renders them so expensive, that they will ever be confined to the rich residents. Of public edifices, this place is almost destitute, and quite so of any worthy of note. I shall mention but two — a church and a convent. The last has been converted into military quarters, for which it answers admirably, from its situation and spacious accommodation. The church is altogether a miserable concern, and quite a reproach upon the wealthy Catholics, who celebrate mass within its walls — showing, very conclusively, the low state of religion and the prostrate power of the priesthood. There are various buildings attached to the custom-house department, and others connected with the administration of justice ; but they are not of a class to merit notice. In short, this place is exclusively devoted to commercial pursuits ; and little is done by its inhabitants to improve its external appearance. Conveniences and facilities for business operations, alone command their attention. Many improvements of this nature

have been made in a very liberal manner. Valparaiso has a population of about twenty thousand, among which, it is said there are about two thousand foreigners, chiefly English and American; by whom the principal part of the trade is carried on. In consequence of this, the English language is spoken by many of the natives, whose avocations bring them in contact with the former. The whole place seems like an English city, especially among the best society — promising, before many years, to become the most important as well as the most pleasant seaport on the west coast of the American continent.

This being my second visit to this country, everything appears quite familiar, and I shall have it in my power to give you all the information you desire. My next will be from Lima, where I expect soon to be located, unless something unforeseen happens to detain me here.

TO ———

DEAR maiden, if this world were mine,  
 And I, from all its richest treasure,  
 Had power to choose some gem divine —  
 Some hoard of never-failing pleasure,  
 Some amulet, whose charm should be  
 To fill the soul with soft delight —  
 Or diamonds, brilliant as the sea  
 Beneath the moonbeam's silvery light ;  
 If I could wander, on a pinion,  
 Bathed in the hue of sunset fountains,  
 Within the gates of that dominion  
 Where glory rests o'er vales and mountains ;  
 And, tracing up its streams that flash,  
 Like thine own glance, to their first springing,  
 Could find, beneath the cataract's dash,  
 Rainbows, like gemm'd tiaras, flinging  
 Their splendors to adorn the air —  
 Which, wandering over beds of flowers,  
 Made all things seem most sweet and fair ; —  
 So that life's many lingering hours  
 Would glide away in happiness,  
 And make Earth Paradise to me —  
 How dim would be its loveliness,  
 How cold, how pale, how valueless —  
 Unblessed, uncheered by thee !

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

### *Specimens of the Table-Talk of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Two vols. in one.*

It is hardly possible that a work like the above should answer all the expectations raised by its announcement. The written record of the conversation of great talkers, from obvious reasons, is apt to disappoint us. Dr. Johnson is almost the only man whose social reputation is amply supported by written memorials; and this arises partly from the terse and epigrammatic character of his conversation, which made it easily remembered — and partly from the admiring mediocrity of his biographer, who had no higher ambition than to be a faithful chronicler of the good things which fell from the lips of his idol. Coleridge has, for a long time, enjoyed a most brilliant reputation as a talker, or rather as a discourses — for his conversation was a succession of dissertations, and had nothing of the sententious and compact form of common dialogue. This diffuseness and flow of discourse, while they the more impressed his hearers with a sense of his boundless affluence of mind, made it the more difficult to retain and record the ‘winged words,’ to which they had listened with such rapt attention. A terse aphorism clings to the memory, in spite of ourselves; but who can carry away a long monologue, in which the most profound reflections, illustrated by the most various knowledge, are connected together by links of association too subtle to be perceived, except by minds at once meditative and acute? The effect of Coleridge’s conversation was also heightened by his remarkable appearance; the dreamy inspiration of his face, in his latter days, made more impressive by his apostolic and flowing white locks, and the mysterious music of his voice, which is described, by those who have heard it, as resembling rather tones from some far-off spirit-land, than any sound of earth. These things, of course, die with the man. Looks and tones cannot be printed; and painting itself cannot embody the illumination of the countenance of a gifted man, when he feels the god stirring within him, which, of all things vouchsafed to mortal eyes, is the brightest effluence of the essence increate.

It is no wonder then, that most persons were somewhat disappointed in these ‘Specimens of the Table-Talk’ of Coleridge — and as might easily be anticipated, in the reaction of feeling, they have not given to it its due meed of praise. Their expectations have not been gratified; but they have not stopped to ask themselves the question, whether they were not too extravagant to be gratified by the silent pages of any book? But, looking at the work alone and by itself, as a critic should always do, we find in it a great deal to approve and a great deal to admire, and hail it as a good book, largely imbued with the spirit of truth and beauty. It is open to some objections — and, as we like to get through with our fault-finding at first, and leave ourselves ample sea-room for praising afterwards, we will state

some that occur to us, and, we trust, in that respectful spirit with which the errors of so gifted and amiable a man should be treated.

In the first place, there are a good many things in the book, which are in nowise remarkable, and which might have been said by any well-educated man, without his wits' suffering bankruptcy, in consequence of any lavish expenditure. But this is but a trifle, and it adds to the authenticity and honesty of the record, since every man who talks a great deal, must say many commonplace things; and if every passage had been brilliant and striking, we should have felt convinced that many things had been suppressed, and the value of the book, as a literal transcript of the speaker's mind, would thus have been impaired. In the next place, the book contains many instances of self-repetition; that is to say, there are many remarks and observations, which are old acquaintances to those who have been familiar with Coleridge's prose works. But this does not arise from any poverty of invention, but from the fact that his mind was wedded to certain great principles, which he lost no opportunity of illustrating and asserting, both in writing and conversation; and he cared as little about repeating himself, provided he called the attention of the public thereby to his doctrines, as a lawyer does about saying the same thing over and over again to a jury, provided he thereby gains a verdict. No man ever had a more single-hearted love of truth for its own sake—and his own literary reputation was a thing of comparatively little value in his eyes. Again: the reader will now and then come to one of those passages, (which are sometimes supposed, but unjustly, to be the distinguishing characteristics of Coleridge's writings) in which the meaning is so shadowy in itself, or so involved in a cloud of metaphysics, as quite to elude the grasp of a plain man. But there are few—the greater part being entirely and immediately intelligible.

A volume of table-talk will, of course, contain the free and unqualified sentiments of the speaker; and about them, there will be as many opinions as there are individuals. Coleridge, as every body knows, held the high tory doctrines in politics, and was the earnest defender of the church—hating all its foes with the true *odium theologicum*; and the reader will find his views upon these subjects coloring almost every page in the book. He speaks of those who differ from him on these vital points—or rather of their principles, for he very seldom stoops to personality—with the bitterness which belongs to the losing party. We need hardly say that, in common with nine out of ten of his readers on this side of the Atlantic, we differ from him, *toto celo*, on all these topics. We believe that he exaggerated the extent of the reforming or radical spirit in England; and we also believe that there are many things susceptible of improvement, which he would have wished to remain unaltered. But we would not, on this account, suffer our eyes to be blinded to the merit of the good things in the book—nor admire him with any less good-will where we think he is right. Indeed, his opinions result necessarily from the very character of his mind. He was a man of 'imagination all compact;' and this quality made him exaggerate the value of existing institutions, as well as the amount of the danger which menaced them. (Poets belong to the conservative party, all the world over.) He could not conceive of a radical change which was an improvement. For the established church, in particular, he had the most unqualified reverence. He never seems to have admitted the existence of, or at least never permitted his thoughts to dwell upon its manifold defects and abuses—but contemplated only the favorable side. The church was associated in

his mind with innumerable images of dignity, beauty and usefulness. He idealized and exalted it. His imagination, his taste and his recollections endeared him to it. He regarded those who proposed to lay the rude hand of reform upon the venerable fabric, as impious atheists, who made war upon man's dearest hopes and consolations. When he imagined that he was writing and speaking of the church as a political institution, and defending it on grounds of State expediency, he was, in fact, transcribing his own particular feelings and sentiments. In all this, there was a want of high philosophy and far-looking sagacity. But Coleridge — shocked as his ultra-admirers will doubtless be at the opinion — was not a great philosopher. He was a great poet, and a poetical atmosphere colored everything he looked at. He often listened to his imagination, or his fears, when he thought he was taking counsel of his reason. Greatly gifted as he was, he had not the rare faculty of seeing things as they are.

But there are some opinions expressed in these volumes, which we regret to see, and which, in a degree, diminish our respect for the author. Coleridge shews himself, sometimes, unjust to individuals, particularly to Burke and Sir James Mackintosh. His remarks upon the Malthusian doctrines, in political economy, are coarse and untrue. We will not quarrel with him for his love of the established church, and his apparent impossibility of conceiving of the existence of religion separate from a hierarchy. But what shall we say to such sentiments as this: 'It would require stronger arguments than any which I have heard, as yet, to prove that men in authority have not a right, involved in an imperative duty, to deter those under their control from teaching or countenancing doctrines, which they believe to be damnable, and even to *punish with death* those who violate such prohibition.'\*

This is comfortable doctrine for a philosopher of the nineteenth century, and a Christian to boot, to uphold. The fires of Smithfield seem gleaming through that passage. To be sure, he softens the atrocity of the remark, somewhat, in the subsequent sentences, and admits the manifest inexpediency of all persecution; but the words remain as a monument of the strength of prejudice and the vitality of error.

In another place he says, 'You are always talking of the rights of the negroes. As a rhetorical mode of stimulating the people of England *here*, I do not object; but I utterly condemn your frantic practice of declaiming about their rights to the blacks themselves. They ought to be forcibly reminded of the state in which their brethren in Africa still are, and taught to be thankful for the providence which has placed them within the reach of the means of grace.'†

This is certainly a new view of the interesting question of slavery. It seems that the world has been in a great mistake, in looking with abhorrence upon the slave-dealer, for he has really been engaged in the great missionary enterprise of Christianizing the earth; and the slave, who writhes under the lash of a savage taskmaster, should feel, not wrath, madness and despair, but joy and gratitude at being placed 'within the reach of the means of grace.' We recommend this paragraph to Governor M'Duffie's serious consideration, when he writes his next message. But, soberly, (for this is no subject for trifling) this expression of opinion affords a melancholy instance of the extent to which a mind of the highest order,



and deeply loving the truth for its own sake, may become warped and perverted by political prejudices and the bigotry of party.

But, after all the objections to the 'Table-Talk' have been stated and exhausted, there remains a large amount of excellent and delightful matter—of striking thoughts and brilliant expressions, of sound wisdom, profound reflections, playful wit, and admirable criticism. His high and spiritual views, in philosophy, are occasionally explained and illustrated in a felicitous manner; and the book will serve as a bridge, by means of which common readers may pass over to his more abstruse and elaborate works. We have been particularly pleased with the critical remarks, especially those upon Shakspeare and the early English dramatists. They are at once original, just and discriminating; evincing an unerring tact in the perception of the most delicate beauties, and an unequalled acquaintance with the philosophy of literature. Were all criticism like this, it would indeed be a noble art, worthy of the best labors of the highest mind. There are many beautiful and striking reflections on common, every-day things, which shew the accuracy and extent of his observation. He speaks of our own country and its institutions, with great liberality and good-feeling; and rebukes the ill-natured and disparaging tone of English travelers and reviewers; though, in his remarks upon the tariff, (vol. 2, p. 79) he betrays the dense ignorance of his countrymen generally, upon our history and politics.\*

We had marked many passages for extraction; but we found that they were fast growing under our hands; and had we copied all that pleased us, we should have taken the greater part of the book.

The editor—who is the nephew and son-in-law of Coleridge—has performed his task with zeal and ability. He has, of course, the most unbounded reverence for his illustrious kinsman, and subscribes implicitly to every opinion and sentiment uttered by him. Some of his notes might have been spared without any injury to his book. The preface is beautifully written; but we do not think that his defence of Coleridge, against the charge of plagiarism, brought against him by the English opium-eater, is a very triumphant one.

In concluding, we cannot but indulge a hope, that a more sightly edition of this book will be issued from the American press. The present is hardly worthy of its merits.

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*The Gipsy; a Tale. By the Author of 'Richelieu,' 'Mary of Burgundy,' &c. Harper and Brothers.*

Mr. James's new novel will be passed from hand to hand, and read with great interest—greater, perhaps, than has been inspired by any work of fiction since Mr. Bulwer's 'Last Days of Pompeii.' We cannot say that the 'Gipsy' has increased our admiration of this author's powers. It exhibits the same fertility of

\* We are here reminded of a curious instance of the inconsistency between preaching and practice. Coleridge, in one place, (vol. 2, p. 34) scolds about the use of the word *talented*, and says, 'Why not *skillinged*, *tempened*, *farthinged*, &c.; and adds, 'Most of these pieces of slang come from America,' which opinion the editor endorses in a flippant note. And yet, (vol. 2, p. 64) we find this expression: 'In Massinger, the style is *differenced*—but *differenced*, in the smallest degree possible, from animated conversation, by the vein of poetry.'

invention, copiousness of thought, and exuberance of language, which surprise us in his former works ; but it lacks that lofty and chivalrous tone — which, from the different nature of its subject, could not be imparted in the present story. ‘Darnley,’ and ‘Philip Augustus,’ are the best — better, in our estimation, than ‘Henry Masterton,’ or ‘Mary of Burgundy,’ though by many the latter are preferred. Indeed, ‘Henry Masterton’ seems to have excited from the critics, on this side of the water at least, the highest eulogium. To our view, our author appears to greatest advantage, helmed and spurred, mounted on his milk-white charger, with his lance in rest. The field upon which he seems most noble, is ‘The Field of the Cloth of Gold.’ His figure is better suited to the joust and tournament than to the hall and drawing-room. His brilliant are more effective than his tender points ; though there are many exquisite touches of feeling and sentiment in his works. Nothing can be finer than his description of the feasts and gorgeous paraphernalia and lavish display of the two most magnificent princes of the world, meeting to vie in splendor and a waste of wealth, on that ‘Field of the Cloth of Gold,’ so celebrated in history and by Shakspeare :

‘Men might say,  
Till this time, pomp was single ; but now married  
To one above itself. Each following day  
Became the next day’s master, till the last  
Made former wonders its : To-day, the French,  
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,  
Shone down the English ; and, to-morrow, they  
Made Britain, India ; every man, that stood,  
Show’d like a mine.’

We have not read Mr. James’s ‘History of Chivalry ;’ but, since Scott is dead, there lives no man who can write a superior — and we shall read it, not thinking, however, that his style is at all adapted to historical or biographical composition. It has been pronounced excellent, and so has the ‘Life of Charlemagne.’ Such works should be performed in a clear and succinct manner. Redundancy and diffuseness are tolerable in a novel, but unpardonable in a plain relation of truths to be firmly set in the mind. From his success, however, in chivalrous scenes, and in delineating the character and manners of the middle ages, an admirer of the author of ‘Darnley’ may, we think, take up these two works without fear of disappointment.

‘The Gipsy’ is a tale of domestic life ; all the incidents occur within a circle of a few miles, in one county in England, where lie the large estates of one noble family. As may be conjectured from the title, the story has much to do with that strange class of beings, who trace their genealogy from king Pharaoh’s host — pretending to have preserved their dark ancient blood unmingled with that of a lighter hue — who shun the dwellings of civilized men, and rove about, from place to place, ‘living in tents,’ and as free as the migrating birds beneath the firmament of Heaven. The opening scene of the novel reminds us strongly of ‘The Disowned.’ It is the view of a Gipsy encampment, seen by two strangers, who approach ‘slowly winding their way on horseback’ — after the most approved style of introductions to modern novels. The commencement seems commonplace enough ; but as you proceed, the plot thickens, the interest deepens, and you are held down to the story so closely, that you are tempted to skip many beautiful passages of description, and very many fine philosophical observations, with which the work

abounds. The author has a provoking way of throwing these into the midst of the most attractive parts of the narrative, when you are all in a flutter to know what happens next. We ran over the volumes very swiftly; but with a pleasurable anticipation of perusing any omitted passage or page after being released from the irresistible fascination of the story. We have said that Mr. James excelled in the chivalrous and splendid, rather than the domestic and tender. Though tempted, as we call to mind many capital scenes in the 'Gipsy,' to retract the opinion, we let it stand; because we did not say that he was not eminently successful in the latter. As a delineator of character, this author, in our opinion, ranks next to the 'great master.' Let any one study Col. Manners, for instance, and point us to a more elevated example of what a gentleman and a man of true honor should be. Let him find, if he can, a more charming creature—

'A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food'—

than Isadore Falkland. We like her better than Marian—the rose of loveliness that she is—with all her true thought and fond devotion. Every trait of the former must have been drawn from life—though from twenty different persons, to have made one so delightful; while the latter is evidently a being of the imagination. There may be such, and we not had the good fortune to meet them; but we have the happiness to read a character like Isadore's—full of vivacity and wit and ardent feeling—in one or two whom we have been permitted to look upon. It is pleasant to recognize one's acquaintance in such new scenes, and under such agreeable circumstances. It seems like a privilege to see her (them, we mean) as often as we please, without the apprehension of becoming tiresome, or of the remarks that will be made, by the world, on our attentions and intentions. Among the greatest charms of a work of fiction, is that of tracing resemblances between the persons introduced and those whom we may have encountered in real life. If our readers have, as we hope, been more fortunate than ourselves, they may have seen the archetypes of Marian de Vaux, as well as of Isadore Falkland.

There are some cabinet pictures in this book, which are delightful to contemplate. We would transfer one or two in this place, did we not think our friends would prefer them in the original setting. They are unsurpassed. There is a truth of coloring and a distinctness that make them as present as life to the mind's eye. We called them pictures; but the characters are more real—moving, living, talking, acting. One is positive that they must exist or have had existence somewhere.

We have called Mr. James's style redundant. It is diffuse. He shows a careless expenditure of thought and language, that speaks a confidence in the wealth of his own resources. He is too prodigal. Four hundred modern novels might be easily manufactured out of the ideas in one of his volumes.

We trust we have said enough to induce those who have not seen 'The Gipsy' to set about verifying the prediction with which we commenced this notice, and go after it directly. We had much rather confess not having read Mr. Bulwer's novels than those of Mr. James. Commence with 'The Gipsy,' reader! and if you can believe, with us, that it is possible for others to be better, get them all—not from a circulating library, but in your own; for, in spite of the multiplication of new books, you will seek to read these again and again—our critical ward for it!

*Progressive Education. Translated from the French of Madame Necker de Saussure; by Mesdames Willard and Phelps. Boston: W. D. Ticknor.*

The style of this work is easy and perspicuous, and therefore well suited to its subject. Though a translation, it seems more like the production of an English author; and the lady editresses have acquitted their task with credit. We offer a few thoughts suggested by the perusal of their volume.

So few, so very few reflect on the importance of education, during the first years of life, that it has often been made a subject of ridicule to speak or write, philosophically, about babies. Though it appears to us much wiser to write philosophically and scientifically about babies, than to affect to teach them either the sciences or the arts, much as it has been the fashion of the present day to attempt it. Madame de Saussure thinks—*correctly, too*—that education begins at birth; for what is education, but that forming and training of the mind and body, which is best calculated to aid, to strengthen, and to support both? Though the mind of an infant is as a sealed book to us, the example we set, the habits we fix upon them, are plainly seen—and are important. Oh, how important!—a look, a word, a kiss, or a frown, may have an influence of incalculable importance. Mothers lay the foundation; let them, then, have all the light that can be obtained. Too much cannot be done, if it be rightly done; for education is a subject of as great importance as can be brought before a rational mind. But—as Madame de Saussure says—in early life example is everything. Her views of religion are generally just and elevating. Her ‘Chapter on the Will’ is admirable. Why is it that we see so little of the *true spirit* of Christ among his followers? Is it not because we are not in early life impressed with the belief that religion is or should be the great concern?—that it is to the soul what the sun is to the universe? Do not parents—even Christian parents—pay more attention to anything and everything else? Do they educate their children as if religion was the only true foundation for happiness? Do they make it the governing principle? Madame de Saussure considers religion the only power that can subdue without crushing the spirit or cramping the energies. But there is much to admire and reflect upon, through the whole work; and we hope young mothers, generally, will read it. And if, among the excellent things she suggests and advises, they find some things merely speculative, let them not cast it aside for that—but reflect that, in the infancy of all science, there must be *speculative* suggestion and alteration. The inductive philosophy had never been thought of, but for speculative suggestion, thought and reflection—not only on truth, but on error. And we are sure, if there was more time bestowed on thought and reflection, there would not be half so much discord and dissension—half so much quarrelling about terms and trifles.

The chapter on dispositions to be cultivated the first year, is worthy all attention. The motto is—‘To love is the beginning of morality.’ She says that, at all ages, the best means of overcoming, or at least of enfeebling bad inclinations, is to give continual exercise to others. ‘Overcome evil by good,’ is the admirable precept of the Gospel, and comprises the whole secret of education. Mothers, who enjoy the advantage of this work, will find that a child, educated on the principles which it recommends, would become a good son, a good father, a good husband, a good citizen. We should not have so much party-spirit—so much railing about tem-

perance, by men who are intoxicated with passion — so much reviling of slave-holders, by men who are slaves to party and to will — so much disputing about the nature of Christ, by those who have yet to learn, not only his nature but his spirit, and *their own duty*. Why will not the world learn moderation? Is it because there is no one to teach it? Each party declares it possesses the philosopher's stone of patient endurance; while each rails at the other for want of charity and moderation. They look not in the clear, plain, undeceiving glass of self-examination; but in the *magnifier* of vanity and conceit. Could children be early taught humility, and that love is the fulfilling of the law, surely they would not, could not feel, when they advanced towards manhood, so much bitterness of spirit; nor so much party-rancor when they become men. Party-spirit spreads everywhere — even among women in some places — and is by no means confined to politicians. How delightful it would be, if the bland spirit of '*serenity*,' so strongly recommended by Madame de Saussure, could be infused, not only into children, but into the minds of all classes.

The chapter on truth deserves particular attention; and we sincerely hope the work will be attentively perused by parents — for there is certainly some defect in our system of education; and I am inclined to believe we do not begin early enough with example — do not feel half the importance of our own conduct, and daily and hourly regulate ourselves by the divine precepts of our holy religion.

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### *The Student's Manual.*

This is the title of a work 'By the Rev. John Todd, Pastor of the Edwards Church, Northampton, Author of Lectures to Children, &c.' We must confess that, until this work was laid before us, 'by the politeness of its publishers,' (we believe this is the most approved manner of commencing a puff) we were ignorant of the fact of the reverend author's existence; for we had never met with his '*Lectures to Children*' — and his rural retirement,

'Like to a Tod in ivy bush,'

had precluded the possibility of a *rencontre*. On being made acquainted with his work, we felt almost as much joy as a man may be supposed to feel, who, on being cured of an obstinate deafness, is suddenly serenaded on a moonlight evening. Really, we were poetically inspired; but the few first lines of our address to the reverend author, cured the fit. They ran something thus:

'Oh, Mr. Todd,  
How very odd  
A book you've kindly given us.'

But our readers may be impatient to know the nature of this production, which is to float down the stream of time, admired by the Lord knows how many generations of mankind — like Shakspeare's plays and Scott's novels. But hold! we must not talk of plays or novels, or of genius itself — because the Rev. Mr. Todd holds such vanities in abhorrence. What is the design of the work? Stay a moment, till we have glanced at the title-page for an answer. Here we have it: it is — '*designed, by Specific Directions, to aid in forming and strengthening the Intellectual and Moral Characters and Habits of the Student.*' Excellent, profound,

and original, as the work undoubtedly is, we can furnish a receipt, by which one of equal merit may be got up by the merest tyro in the art of book-making. Take the Percy Anecdotes, a volume of Oriental Maxims, and one of Moral Apothegms; add translations of the Latin and Greek Readers used in elementary schools; take from these the oldest and stupidest stories, and paste at random intervals over three quires of paper. Cut up a few old sermons—MS. if you can steal them—and insert detached sentences between the anecdotes. You will now be obliged to connect the paragraphs together by writing a few commonplace sentiments. Divide into chapters, to which affix sounding titles; add marginal and foot notes. After this comes the heaviest part of the labor-making—the index and the title-page. Let the latter be high-sounding and full of words, and describe yourself as the author of some popular works—imaginary, of course. Any publisher will give your book to the world; it will be puffed in the newspapers; you will be called a distinguished author; and you will equal, *perhaps eclipse* the Reverend Mr. Todd.

But let us drop into a strain of less exalted panegyric, that our readers may not charge us with too much enthusiasm. The 'Student's Manual'—to borrow a witty criticism on another subject—'contains much that is true and much that is new; but all that is true is not new, and all that is new is not true.' The reverend author has thrown together a number of stale maxims and practical hints, for the guidance of a scholar; and some of them are calculated to do good. If there was less fanaticism in the book, it would be more useful. In the earlier part of it, among a host of other strictures, we find the Reverend Mr. Todd abusing poor Fancy, and running full tilt against the pleasures of Imagination. He says that day-dreams, reveries, &c. 'sour the feelings,' make a man morose, and hints that they are criminal indulgences. We are sorry to differ from so respectable an authority, and reluctant to go wrong deliberately; but we would rather err with Fitz-Greene Halleck, Esq. than be right with the Reverend Mr. Todd. What says our favorite?

'There are some happy moments in this lone  
And desolate world of ours, that will repay  
The toil of struggling through it, and atone  
For many a long sad night and weary day.  
They come upon the mind like some wild air  
Of distant music, when we know not where

Or whence the sounds are brought from; and their pow'r,  
Though brief, is boundless. That far, future home,  
Oft dream'd of, sparkles near; its rose-wreathed bower  
And cloudless skies before us: we become  
Changed on the instant—all gold-leaf and gilding;  
This is, in vulgar phrase, call'd *castle-building*.

\* \* \* \* \*

And these are innocent thoughts—a man may sit  
Upon a bright throne of his own creation,  
Untortured by the ghastly sprites that fit  
Around the many of exalted station.'

'Reverie sours the feelings.' Did the reverend gentleman have Mr. Irving in his eye when he wrote these words?—Washington Irving, whose writings and life are full of benevolence?—and who so delights in building castles in the air? We

dare say that the Reverend Mr. Todd had his eye upon Irving, for he has laid his paw upon Scott. 'While,' saith the sage of Northampton, 'I confess that I have read him—and read him entire, in order that I may speak from experience—I cannot but say that it would give me the keenest pain to believe that my example would be quoted, small as is its influence, after I am in the grave, without this solemn protest accompanying it.' Indeed! If a man have committed no more heinous sin than that of reading and recommending the Waverly novels, he may die with a clear conscience. We can hardly realize the strong perversion of taste, which can lead some who have read them, to declaim against these admirable works—inculcating as they do the purest principles; exciting our admiration for nothing that is unworthy; holding up, to the veneration of the world, pictures of intellectual greatness, of unyielding private and public virtue, of generosity, of everything that is great and good. It is too late in the day for anathemas to be pronounced against them. Yet, why should we say so, while cant is a marketable quality, and liberality denounced? After a deal of sage advice to the student, the Reverend Mr. Todd assures him that originality is not essential to composition. If he mean that a man may make a book without a particle of originality in it, he is right—and the 'Manual' proves the possibility of doing so; but if he mean that a man can acquire an honorable reputation by preying on the thoughts of others, he is clearly wrong. What! Would the reverend gentleman encourage literary larceny? Unless a man can be original, he should give up authorship; although if all writers were to follow this plan, it would ruin the book-selling trade—and certainly that is

'A consummation  
Devoutly to be wished.'

This quotation is from one Shakspeare, who wrote 'a parcel of excellent plays'—which play the devil with young people, thinks the Reverend Mr. Todd!

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*Record of a School: exemplifying the general principles of Spiritual Culture. Boston: James Munroe & Co.*

This is one of the most strikingly original works which have for a long time fallen under our notice. It is a psychological diary, recording the thoughts and mental progression of childhood—where the young pupils were educated in a school conducted after a peculiar and, as appears to us, highly judicious plan. The opinions of the instructor, with regard to the best methods of training the minds of children, are conveyed in the course of the journal.

The principal of this school (Mr. Alcott) is very favorably known to parents and among teachers in this community; and we feel a strong sentiment of gratitude to the man who is willing to apply to so simple a task as school-keeping the labored results of a faithful philosophical investigation. The success which has followed the application to practice of his excellent theory, is well exemplified in this book; which is the production of a female assistant, whose excellent capacities and perfect understanding of the best system of mental culture can be doubted by no one who will exercise the laudable curiosity of reading her volume. We call school-keeping 'a simple task;' but it is a task of the highest importance. It is a very simple matter, apart from the government of its conduct, to make a child learn

easy lessons by wrote ; but, ' to watch the mind's developement,' and to instil learning, slowly and completely, into the understanding, as it becomes more and more capable of receiving it, is a labor which can be judiciously effected only by those who possess such wisdom and experience as the instructress to the excellent school, of which, we doubt not, this is the faithful 'Record.' The best way to characterize the instruction exemplified in this volume, is to call it purely intellectual, and less mechanical than that which is commonly exhibited : that, as regards language in particular, it imparts a life and actuality to this department of education, which has not hitherto been realized. Every word, in a spelling or reading lesson, is made to tell on the mind with all the vividness and power of living thought.

One chief excellence of the manner of education here exhibited, is the pains taken by the instructor to solicit instead of to compel the attention. Feeling is first elicited, imagination awakened, and the attention secured. Pupils are won into study as into a pleasant garden, where they are to see beautiful things, and to learn a lesson from every leaf and every blossom. How different from the stony path over which many have been led !

Another of the prominent merits of this little book — (and we regret that our limits will not allow us to make a complete exposition of them all) — consists in its affording to teachers and to parents a model of mild yet effective authority in the moral management of children — the methods, made use of, being singularly happy. They unite a sincere respect for the rightful freedom of the young mind, with a just perception of the necessity of unqualified obedience and submission to proper guidance. Law is recognized with reverence in all the proceedings of the school ; and happily it is the law inscribed on the heart.

In presenting such a notice of this peculiar and highly valuable work, we have but borrowed from opinions, which, if given to the public, would be deeply respected — opinions expressed by one, perfectly experienced in education ; and in whose hearty recommendation of this interesting volume, we are happy to accord.

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*The Wife and Woman's Reward. In two vols. 12mo. New-York: Harper & Brothers.*

These tales — for there are two of them — are just such as might have been expected from the pen of the Hon. Mrs. Norton — graceful and interesting ; but almost any clever woman could equal them. We were never enthusiastic admirers of Mrs. Norton, and find nothing in the present work to change our indifference. 'Woman's Reward' is a tale of domestic life — a tale of trials, of humiliated vice, and suffering virtue. The heroine is one of those young ladies whom we meet oftener in the pages of fiction than in the walks of real life, 'but little lower than the angels.' Lionel Dupré, the base, overbearing profligate of the story, is very well done. The subordinate characters are excellent. The sketch of the actress is admirable — admirable for its truth and originality ; one of those fortunate conceptions which frequently redeem whole pages of dullness. Her story perhaps is episodic, but it arrests the attention of the reader, and retains it throughout. 'The Wife,' although inferior to 'Woman's Reward,' is a good tale, very well told.

There is nothing in these volumes to ensure them a lasting reputation ; but they are agreeable and well-written, and deserve honorable mention among the ephemera



of the day. For ourselves, we should have liked them better if they had contained a less liberal allowance of mawkish sentiment, which is our 'aversion.' We hate it quite as cordially as did Sir Oliver Surface, who, on being told that Joseph is a 'young man of sentiment,' replies — 'So much the worse: if he salutes me with a scrap of morality if his mouth, I shall be sick directly.'

### *Edmund Allerton.*

We have been favored with the perusal of a MS. novel, with this title, which we hope to see shortly issued from the press, in good type and on fair paper, with the names of our most respectable publishers on the title-page; for it is a work of great merit, and will doubtless meet with a warm reception from the public. New novels are generally such bores, that it was with extreme reluctance that we complied with the request of a friend, and sat down to the perusal of the MS., as to the performance of a disagreeable task. Having been pleasantly disappointed, however, we cannot help anticipating the general voice, and pronouncing our critical sentence in favor of the book; so that, when it comes out, our readers (and who readeth not the *Maga*?) will be prepared to admire in our wake.

The story (which we are longing to tell, but will not) is wild, romantic, and full of startling incidents, and yet grounded upon events which actually occurred near the beginning of the present century. The scene lies partly in America and partly in Europe. The principal characters are interesting, and drawn with masterly skill. Notwithstanding the tragical events which occur in the tale, and which cast their gloomy shadows before them, filling the mind with melancholy presages from the very first, there are sunny gleams of vivacity and humor, which prove the possession of great versatility in the author. His descriptive powers appear by no means inferior to his dramatic capabilities. Take, for example, the following extract, with which we close our notice:

'The academy, at the gate of which Edmund Allerton alighted, was a square, stone building, two stories high, which had originally been a farm-house. Its high, sloping roof and long eaves, its little, deep-set windows, and its *stoop*, proclaimed distinctly its Dutch origin. The building faced the west, in which direction arose the most elevated summits of the chain of hills which have before been mentioned. Some tall button-wood, or plane trees, and a solitary elm, of vast size, spread their guardian arms above the roof, which was hoary with age, and overgrown with ragged mosses. A small portion of the land in front of the building was devoted to a flower-garden, the alleys of which were laid out with mathematical exactness, carefully gravelled, and bordered with clipt rows of box. A clumsy summer-house stood at the extremity of the central walk, opposite the main door of the building, and was all overgrown with woodbine and the monthly honeysuckle, and surmounted with a rusty weathercock and a little wooden champion, armed with a sword of shingle, with which he valiantly did battle against the wind. The flowers, which adorned this second garden of Eden, were neither rare nor delicate. Whole hosts of little squat Dutch tulips, like extravagant young wrens arrayed in flaunting dresses, turned themselves by the edges of the alleys, parading their motley colors in full view; tawdry marigolds and coquettish poppies nodded to each other above the modest violets, while at a disdainful distance stood the great lordly sunflowers, wagging their brazen faces, and seeming to talk scandal about the beauties of the garden. Nor must we forget to mention a little painted box, elevated on a pole — a miniature model of the stadt-house at Amsterdam, in and out of which the martins were continually flying, like bustling burgomasters full of some important business.'

## THE DRAMA.

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THE Tremont Theatre, in Boston, is under a three years' lease to Thomas Barry, Esq. It would be difficult to find a more excellent and efficient manager than this gentleman. During the past theatrical seasons, he has acquired, as he has richly merited, the public approbation. The circumstances under which he assumed his charge, were not the most favorable; the popular voice was in favor of the late managers, and the friends of the stage were disappointed in a change which could promise very little for the better. Mr. Barry was unknown among us, or only known as a highly respectable actor on the New-York boards. Mr. Barrett, the former manager, was displeased with the conduct—unfair, his friends called it—of the lessors; and refusing to occupy a subordinate situation, took his charming wife by the hand and departed—thus creating a gloom which could not be dissipated by the light of any other stars. The new management, for these and some other reasons, was regarded with vigilant and jealous eyes. But Mr. Barry arose superior to every prejudice, and displayed a skill and ability which soon won the public confidence. His unceasing endeavors to gratify the varying tastes of this community, by successive engagements of favorite players, and the production of numerous attractive pieces, won the public regard. His polished manners and gentlemanly conduct and feeling commended him to the friendship of many; and, with one or two unimportant exceptions, his efforts were assisted and his course openly approved by the *editorial corps*. His distinguishing trait is a noble enthusiasm for his profession—to which he has ever been ready to sacrifice pecuniary interest; and his ruling desire is to elevate the drama from the contempt into which it has fallen, on account of the abuses which it has allowed. He probably found the stage here in a more sound condition than he would have found it in any other city in the Union; yet, with such highly-refined notions of what the theatre ought to be made, he found means gradually to introduce improvements, of essential importance.

Without deferring to the prejudices of New-England folks, he respected their opinions, and introduced order and propriety into the house. Without any ostentation, he has done much to reconcile the sober part of the community to the 'acting of stage-plays'; and the effects of his judicious control are manifested in the quiet and respectable audiences which fill the pit, boxes and gallery of the Tremont Theatre.

His *corps dramatique* has been selected with judgement, and it has been pronounced the best in the country. We do not believe that a superior body of actors to the present could well be chosen; for, retaining all the good performers of the former season, he has supplied one or two very apparent deficiencies. These existed in the female ranks. Mrs. Lewis—whom we will say little about till we

have seen more of her—is to play tragedy-queens, princesses, and forlorn ladies; but no one doubts that any change here from the last season, must be an improvement. Miss Lane—a pretty creature, young and pretty—plays very nicely, and will improve. She has chosen an arduous profession—poor girl! Miss Kerr dances well, we dare say; she is not particularly beautiful, nor ugly. Ugliness is perfectly inexcusable in an actress. The other female favorites remain, excepting Mrs. Hughes—poor woman! the absence of whose shrill tones will save us all in cotton for the ears—Shakspeare! Ever-charming Mrs. Barrett was the first that stepped on the stage when the green curtain (many thanks for its restoration!) first arose with tremendous applause. She delivered a poetical address on the opening of the theatre—the production of a nautical friend of ours—(the readers of the Magazine cannot have forgotten CAPTAIN SINGLETON;) which, being admirably written, and very appositely delivered, went off with quite a brilliant effect. Mrs. Barrett seldom fails of success in any part which she undertakes. Her face and figure are so remarkably fine, her manners and motions so graceful, that we should be blind to many greater errors than those into which she occasionally falls. She is the crown-favorite of a Boston audience; and long may she continue so! She is as radiant as ever this season, and plays with the same capital spirit. Mrs. Smith is a very agreeable actress, and always performs her part to the life—unless it be a serious character of tragedy, to which her form and proportions are very badly adapted. In farce and melodrama she is unsurpassed; but there is not an actress in the company that does not *stand higher* in her profession, when

‘Gorgeous Tragedy,  
In solemn pall, comes sweeping by.’

We shall not dwell more particularly at this time on the individual merits of the company—they are well known and appreciated; but we shall, from month to month, offer such critical observations on theatrical matters, as will doubtless tend to enlighten the performers, and keep our readers informed of the progress of the drama. A word or two in season, however, about one or two of the best actors. Mr. Barrett played Sir Charles Rackett admirably the other night; it could not be more inimitably excellent: so did he *not* play Benedict. The dress of a Spanish cavalier is unbecoming to his figure. He should never play Sir Thomas Clifford. As he is stage-manager, he should cast the parts more judiciously and give them to Barry. The reason is evident: Benedict is no buffoon to wear a goat’s head as a mask; neither is it allowable for Clifford to act an indifferent part indifferently; or—accomplished gentleman that he is—to talk another man’s English than his author’s. We, by far, prefer Mr. Barrett’s acting in genteel comedy to that of any performer we ever saw—without excepting Charles Kemble; but he often plays with too much and sometimes with too little spirit. Mr. Smith never should be cast for Claudio. He misconceives the character altogether. Macduff is very well suited to his impetuous manner of acting. This part he plays well as need be. Tender scenes should never be shouted. He plays Tybalt very well; but not the lover of the gentle Rosalind. He is, like Mrs. Smith, capital in melodrama and light comedy. He makes an inimitable town-gentleman or gentleman’s gentleman, or officer or gay cavalier; but he is awkward in plate armor, and struts badly in state robes. Mr. Smith appears to do more work and to be more useful than any other actor. He can adapt himself to the many diversified parts into which he is

thrown, exceedingly well ; a man cannot be expected to excel in all things ; he would be a prodigy not to fail in some.

We will promise to laugh more heartily than ever at Andrews, if he will try to act with a little more force, and to vary his style for a wonder.

Enough of the company. We would give them a word more, but have not space at present. They shall not escape our notice. The theatre will be benefited by a little independent and severe criticism ; and we intend to confer the favor. Our cousins, of the daily journals, are too lenient or too harsh. We entreat them to criticize fairly — not to puff or abuse. It does no good.

Those of our readers who have not yet returned to their city residences, or who have deferred their visit to their city friends till autumn — our most delightful season — will, on entering the Tremont, find it vastly improved in its internal appearance. The manager has displayed as much good taste, in decorating this favorite temple of the drama, as he has in elevating the character of its ceremonials. The house has been considerably enlarged. The stage is entirely new. The useless and misplaced, old-fashioned side-doors have been removed, and in their stead have been placed six private boxes — to two of which, neatly-finished withdrawing-rooms are connected ; all decorated, with silken hangings and tassels, in expensive style, and handsomely carpeted and-furnished with seats. The dome is richly painted in fresco ; above the stage is a bust of the drama's high-priest ; over which, along the whole arch, passes a finely-carved golden wreath of laurel. The boxes are impannelled with crimson silk, gathered together with ornaments of a most classic pattern ; and the whole affords to the spectator a *coup d'œil*, which has never been surpassed in this country. The house is fashioned exactly after the model of Drury Lane — Old Drury — with this exception, that the Tremont has one tier less of boxes.

The season promises to be very brilliant. Mr. and Mrs. Wood have arrived and will soon appear ; and so will several other performers of great merit, whom the manager, with his accustomed liberality, has sent to England to engage, with offers of the highest remuneration.

Miss Ellen Tree will be the brightest attraction, and may, as has been delicately insinuated, come attended by a satellite, of scarcely inferior lustre — Mr. Charles Kean.

Mademoiselle Celeste is now turning the heads of the multitude.

She is no favorite with us. We could never discover, in her labored display of exquisite mechanical movement, the poetry of motion. She is not to be named with Taglioni. Such dancing, as popular as it may be, will not, in our judgement, help forward the manager's favorite plan of elevating the character of the drama. It is all very fine to talk fashionably and philosophically about ; but modest women will blush — and men of good taste will not

‘ Leave the gentle Juliet's wo,  
To count the twirls of Almaviva's toe.’

## LITERARY ANNOTANDA.

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The most interesting literary festivals of the year have taken place within the last month.

There has been a public examination of the common schools in Boston, which was followed by a dinner at old Faneuil Hall, at which several distinguished men of letters were present. The remarks made by various speakers were exceedingly happy and appropriate; the toasts prepared and the songs written for the occasion, went off merrily; and the whole scene was one of the most gratifying kind.

The Commencement at Yale College was celebrated on the twentieth ultimo. Seventy-three candidates received in course the degree of A. B., twenty-three that of A. M., and seventeen that of M. D. Four gentlemen received the honorary degree of M. D., on the recommendation of the Medical Society. From sixty-five to seventy pupils were admitted to the Freshman Class, and twelve to the Sophomore. The exercises of the day were well received by a numerous audience.

The Commencement exercises at Harvard University took place on the twenty-sixth ult. There were fifty-six candidates who received the Baccalaureate degree. The performances were highly creditable to the young gentlemen who participated in them. The honorary degree of L. L. D. was conferred on the Hon. Judge Thompson of the Supreme Court of the United States, Hon. John Pickering, and Hon. Edward Everett. The degree of D. D. was conferred on the Rev. Jonathan M. Wainwright, of Boston, and Rev. James Walker, of Charlestown.

The anniversary of the Society of Phi Beta Kappa was celebrated on the twenty-seventh, at Cambridge. An oration was delivered by Theophilus Parsons, Esq., of Boston, and a poem by the Rev. Mr. Peabody, of Cincinnati. We shall take occasion to speak of these productions when they shall appear in print.

We are still behindhand in our notices of several new books; such, for instance, as 'Horse-Shoe Robinson,' and 'The Brothers, a Tale of the Fronde.' The latter, we are informed, is from the pen of Mr. Herbert, one of the editors of the American Monthly Magazine. His papers in this most excellent periodical, as well as the present work, shew him a man of superior genius, and one whose literary services must prove of the highest value in the task of elevating American literature. We are happy to be engaged in the same labors with such able compeers as our cousins of the American Monthly.<sup>1</sup>

'THE LINWOODS,' by Miss Sedgwick, is announced as shortly to be produced. Carey & Hart announce a new annual, 'THE GEM,' to be edited by Miss Lealia. 'THE TOKEN' will be published as usual by Mr. Bowen. Light & Horton have in press 'THE YOUTH'S KEEPSAKE,' which is to be presented to its little readers in a style superior to that of any of its predecessors — elegantly illustrated by copperplate and wood engravings. James Munroe & Co. have in press Wordsworth's new volume, 'YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEMS,' which we have read in the English copy with great delight.

THE  
NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

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OCTOBER, 1835.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

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ELIA.

AN admirable humorist is Mr. Charles Lamb — airy without frivolities ; queer and capricious without impertinence ; sentimental without sentimentality ; fanciful, witty and wise. His papers look like pure self-indulgences — the reveries and free-will speculations and sauntering gambols of an unharnessed mind. Elia is very original. He reminds us, slightly and occasionally, of Addison, of Sterne, of Goldsmith and of Irving, (less, indeed, than they resemble each other) — of Dr. Donne, too, and Cowley, and — shall we say it ? — of Shakspeare. Elia's wit is sometimes more subtilized, and his humor more whimsical and more curiously suffused over his thoughts and words, than that of any other English essayist. He will refine and over-refine an odd idea, till one fairly laughs out in admiration of its impalpable, transparent, glittering, fluttering exility ! He delights to seethe a conceit in humor, till it rises volatilized, and vanishes, with all its Iris colors, in the air. Yet is he not, at all nor at any time, laborious or tedious or obscure : we doubt if he read German. His fancy is as racy and individual as it is exquisite and recherché. Still we do not wonder that he has not been much read in our country. He is essentially a refiner — an eccentric — a lover of obsolete and curious thoughts and things. His sympathies are not general enough ; he does not view things in sufficiently plain relations and everyday lights to be, like Scott or Goldsmith, everybody's favorite. He lacks story and satire, extent of observation, breadth of humor, and boldness of wit, to 'make the unskilful laugh.' The million are incapable of him. His curious lore — his classic yet aboriginal diction — his quaint snatches and recondite allusions — his innocent sophistries, and burlesques and grotesques, and paradoxical humors, and motley-

clad truths — his metaphysic wit, and the sentiment that exales from it airily, like an aroma — must ever be ‘caviare to the general.’

But what universal favorite — or who but Elia — could have written this account of ‘The Two Races of men’?

‘The human species, according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races, *the men who borrow and the men who lend*. To these two original diversities may be reduced all those impertinent classifications of the Gothic and Celtic tribes, white men, black men, red men. All the dwellers upon earth, ‘Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites,’ flock hither and do naturally fall in with one or the other of these primary distinctions. The infinite superiority of the former, which I choose to designate as the *great race*, is discernible in their figure, port, and a certain instinctive sovereignty. The latter are born degraded. ‘He shall serve his brethren.’ There is a something in the air of one of this cast, lean and suspicious; contrasting with the open, trusting, generous manner of the other.

‘Observe who have been the greatest borrowers of all ages — Alcibiades, Falstaff, Sir Richard Steele, our late incomparable Brinsley — what a family-likeness in all four!

‘What a careless, even deportment hath your borrower! what rosy gills! what a beautiful reliance on Providence doth he manifest, — taking no more thought than lilies! What contempt for money, — accounting it (yours and mine especially) no better than dross! What a liberal confounding of those pedantic distinctions of *meum and tuum*! or rather what a noble simplification of language, (beyond Tooke) resolving these supposed opposites into one clear, intelligible pronoun adjective! What near approaches doth he make to the primitive *community*! — to the extent of one half of the principle at least!

‘He is the true taxer who ‘calletth all the world up to be taxed;’ and the distance is as vast between him and *one of us*, as subsisted betwixt the Augustan Majesty and the poorest obolary Jew that paid tribute-pittance at Jerusalem! His exactions, too, have such a cheerful, voluntary air! so far removed from your sour parochial or state gatherers, — those ink-horn varlets, who carry their want of welcome in their faces! He cometh to you with a smile, and troubleth you with no receipt; confining himself to no set season. Every day is his Candlemas, or his feast of Holy Michael. He applieth the *lene tormentum* of a pleasant look to your purse, — which to that gentle warmth expands her silken leaves as naturally as the cloak of the traveller, for which sun and wind contended! He is the true Propontic which never ebbeth! — The sea which taketh handsomely at each man’s hand. In vain the victim, whom he delighteth to honor, struggles with destiny; he is in the net. Lend therefore cheerfully, O man ordained to lend — that thou lose not in the end, with thy wordly penny, the reversion promised. Combine not preposterously in thine own person the penalties of Lazarus and of Dives! — but, when thou seest the proper authority coming, meet it smilingly, as it were halfway. Come, a handsome sacrifice! See how light *he* makes of it! Strain not courtesies with a noble enemy.’

There is here a certain comic exquisiteness of touch and ex-patiation, hardly equalled, we think, (certainly never surpassed) by Knickerbocker or Yorick. Again: how doth our Elia continually cumulate and rise upon himself — how subtle and transcendental he is — in this paragraph on the player Munden!

‘Can any man wonder, like him? can any man see ghosts, like him? or fight with his own shadow — sessa — as he does in that strangely-neglected thing, the Cobler of Preston — where his alternations from the Cobar to the Magnifico, and from the Magnifico to the Cobar, keep the brain of the spectator in as wild a ferment, as if some Arabian Night were being acted before him, or as if Thalaba were no tale! Who like him can throw, or ever attempted to throw, a super-

natural interest over the commonest daily-life objects? A table, or a joint stool, in his conception, rises into a dignity equivalent to Cassiopeia's chair. It is invested with constellatory importance. You could not speak of it with more deference, if it were mounted into the firmament. A beggar in the hands of Michael Angelo, says Fuseli, rose the Patriarch of Poverty. So the gusto of Munden antiquates and ennobles what it touches. His pots and his ladles are as grand and primal as the seething-pots and hooks seen in old prophetic vision. A tub of butter, contemplated by him, amounts to a Platonic idea. He understands a leg of mutton in its quiddity. He stands wondering, amid the commonplace materials of life, like primæval man, with the sun and stars about him.'

Resist, if you can, the intoxicating magnificence of this sketch, 'in airy portraiture displayed,' of a still better player than the other—a player in real life—one who played himself into a realising sense of affluence, whereof his pocket and table were utterly unconscious! Captain Jackson was a retired, half-pay officer, with a wife and two daughters.

'And was I in danger of forgetting this man?—his cheerful suppers—the noble tone of hospitality, when first you set foot in the cottage—the anxious ministrings about you, where little or nothing (God knows) was to be ministered.—Althea's horn in a poor platter—the power of self-enchantment, by which, in his magnificent wishes to entertain you, he multiplied his means to bounties.

'You saw with your bodily eyes indeed what seemed a bare scrag—cold savings from the foregone meal—remnant hardly sufficient to send a mendicant from the door contented. But in the copious will—the revelling imagination of your host—the 'mind, the mind, Master Shallow,' whole beeves were spread before you—hecatombs—no end appeared to the profusion.

'It was the widow's cruse—the loaves and fishes; carving could not lessen, nor helping diminish it—the stamina were left—the elemental bone still flourished, divested of its accidents.

'Let us live while we can,' methinks I hear the open-handed creature exclaim; 'while we have, let us not want,' here is plenty left; 'want for nothing'—with many more such hospitable sayings, the spurs of appetite, and old concomitants of smoking boards, and feast-oppressed chargers. Then sliding a slender ratio of Single Gloucester upon his wife's plate or the daughters', he would convey the remnant rind into his own, with a merry quirk of 'the nearer the bone,' &c., and declaring that he universally preferred the outside. For we had our table-distinctions, you are to know, and some of us in a manner sate above the salt. None but his guest or guests, dreamed of tasting flesh luxuries at night, the fragments were *cere hospitibus sacra*. But of one thing or another there was always enough, and leavings: only he would sometimes finish the remainder crust, to show that he wished no savings.

'Wine we had none; nor, except on very rare occasions, spirits; but the sensation of wine was there. Some thin kind of ale I remember—'British beverage,' he would say! 'Push about, my boys; 'drink to your sweethearts, girls.' At every meagre draught, a toast must ensue, or a song. All the forms of good liquor were there, with none of the effect wanting. Shut your eyes, and you would swear a capacious bowl of punch was foaming in the centre, with beams of generous Port or Madeira radiating to it from each of the table corners. You got flustered, without knowing whence; tipsey upon words; and reeled under the potency of his unperforming Bacchanalian encouragements.

'We had our songs—'Why, Soldiers, Why,' and the 'British Grenadiers'—in which last we were all obliged to bear chorus. Both the daughters sang. Their proficiency was a nightly theme—the masters he had given them—the 'no-expense' which he spared to accomplish them in a science 'so necessary to young women.' But then—they could not sing 'without the instrument.'

\* \* \* \* \*

'Enthusiasm is catching; and even his wife, a sober native of North Britain,



who generally saw things more as they were, was not proof against the continual collision of his credulity. Her daughters were rational and discreet young women ; in the main, perhaps, not insensible to their true circumstances. I have seen them assume a thoughtful air at times. But such was the preponderating opulence of his fancy, that I am persuaded, not for any half hour together, did they ever look their own prospects fairly in the face. There was no resisting the vortex of his temperament. His riotous imagination conjured up handsome settlements before their eyes, which kept them up in the eye of the world too, and seem at last to have realized themselves ; for they both have married since, I am told, more than respectably.\*

The above extracts (which we have taken copiously, from a shrewd suspicion that they will be new to more of our readers than passages of equal merit from any other book in the light literature of the last twenty years) have justified, we trust, all our praises of Elia, in point of graphic and humorous fancy. But most gracefully does he, ever and anon, mingle with this Euphrosynean vein, a grave or delicate pensiveness of sentiment, into which, we have observed that pure and poetic humor is ever prone softly to shadow. Take a random specimen : for a great many, as good or better, see *Elia passim*.\* His sentiment, indeed, often indicates plainly enough a nervous temperament, and perhaps over-sensitive tastes ; but it is never sickly, or vicious, or hard, or mean — never.

‘I am ill at dates, but I think it is now better than five-and-twenty years ago, that walking in the gardens of Gray’s Inn — they were then far finer than they are now — the accursed Verulam Buildings had not encroached upon all the east side of them, cutting out delicate green crinkles, and shouldering away one or two of the stately alcoves of the terrace — the survivor stands gaping and relationless, as if it remembered its brother — they are still the best gardens of any of the Inns of Court, my beloved Temple not forgotten — have the gravest character, their aspect being altogether reverend and law-breathing — Bacon has left the impress of his foot upon their gravel-walks — taking my afternoon solace on a summer day upon the aforesaid terrace, a comely sad personage came towards me, whom, from his grave air and deportment, I judged to be one of the old Benchers of the Inn. He had a serious thoughtful forehead, and seemed to be in meditations of mortality. As I have an instinctive awe of old Benchers, I was passing him with that sort of subindicative token of respect which one is apt to demonstrate toward a venerable stranger, and which rather denotes an inclination to greet him than any positive motion of the body to that effect — a species of humility and will-worship which I observe, nine times out of ten, rather puzzles than pleases the person it is offered to — when the face turning full upon me strangely identified itself with that of Dodd. Upon close inspection I was not mistaken. But could this sad thoughtful countenance be the same vacant face of folly which I had hailed so often under circumstances of gayety ; which I had never seen without a smile, or recognized but as the usher of mirth ; that looked out so formally flat in Foppington, so frothily pert in Tattle, so impotently busy in Backbite ; so blankly divested of all meaning, or resolutely expressive of none, in Acres, in Fribble, and a thousand agreeable impertinences ? Was this the face — full of thought and carefulness — that had so often divested itself at will of every trace of either to give me diversion, to clear my cloudy face for two or three hours at least of its furrows ? Was this the face — manly, sober, intelligent — which I had so often despised, made mocks at, made merry with ? The remembrance of the freedoms which I had taken with it

\* Charles Lamb’s complete works are announced as in press by George Dearborn, of New-York. Many thanks to him. How rich a treat is in store for us !

came upon me with a reproach of insult. I could have asked its pardon. I thought it looked upon me with a sense of injury. There is something strange as well as sad in seeing actors — your pleasant fellows particularly — subjected to and suffering the common lot — their fortunes, their casualties, their deaths, seem to belong to the scene, their actions to be amenable to poetic justice only. We can hardly connect them with more awful responsibilities. The death of this fine actor took place shortly after this meeting. He had quitted the stage some months; and, as I learned afterwards, had been in the habit of resorting daily to these gardens almost to the day of his decease. In these serious walks probably he was divesting himself of many scenic and some real vanities — weaning himself from the frivolities of the lesser and the greater theatre — doing gentle penance for a life of no very reprehensible frolics — taking off by degrees the buffoon mask which he might feel he had worn too long — and rehearsing for a more solemn cast of part. Dying, he ‘Put on the weeds of Dominic.’

Shall we essay now to justify that presumptuous suggestion of ours, that Elia doth (we said not how faintly or transiently) now and then remind us of Shakspeare? How can we prove the likeness? Can we (can any man?) analyze Shakspeare’s wit — that unaccountable happiness — that easy insight — that loving truth — that diction, free as air, and lighter and more various than the birds that wing it? No. Reader, we must appeal to your candor. Do you not recognize a likeness, though haply indescribable? In the foregoing citations, have you not caught a frequent glimpse of the Shakspearean air and feature? Pr’y thee, read this:

‘ALL FOOLS’ DAY. The compliments of the season to my worthy masters, and a merry first of April to us all!

‘Many happy returns of this day to you — and you — and you, Sir — nay, never frown man, nor put a long face upon the matter. Do not we know one another? what need of ceremony among friends? we have all a touch of *that same* — you understand me — a speck of the motley. Beshrew the man who, on such a day as this, the *general festival*, should affect to stand aloof. I am none of those sneakers. I am free of the corporation, and care not who knows it. He that meets me in the forest to-day, shall meet with no wiseacre, I can tell him. *Stultus sum*. Translate me that, and take the meaning of it to yourself for your pains. What, man, we have four quarters of the globe on our side, at the least computation.

‘Fill us a cup of that sparkling gooseberry — we will drink no wise, melancholy politic port on this day — and let us troll the catch of Amiens — *duc ad me — duc ad me* — how goes it?

‘Here shall he see  
Gross fools as he.’

Now would I give a trifle to know, historically and authentically, who was the greatest fool that ever lived. I would certainly give him in a bumper. Marry, of the present breed, I think I could without much difficulty name you the party.

‘Remove your cap a little farther, if you please; it hides my bauble. And now each man bestride his hobby, and dust away his heels to what tune he pleases. I will give you for my part,

‘——— The crazy old church clock,  
And the bewildered chimes.’

‘Good master Empedocles, you are welcome. It is long since you went a salamander-gathering down *Ætna*. Worse than samphire-picking, by some odds. ‘Tis a mercy your worship did not singe your mustachios.

‘Ha! Cleombrotus! and what salads in faith did you light upon at the bottom of the Mediterranean? You were foundered, I take it, of the disinterested sect of the *Calenturists*.

'Gebir, my old free-mason, and prince of Plasterers at Babel, bring in your trowel, most Ancient Grand ! You have claim to a seat here at my right hand, as patron of the stammerers — You left your work, if I remember Herodotus correctly, at eight hundred million toises, or thereabout, above the level of the sea. Bless us, what a long bell you must have pulled, to call your top workmen to their nuncheon on the low grounds of Sennaar. Or did you send up your garlic and onions by a rocket ? I am a rogue if I am not ashamed to show you our Monument on Fish-street Hill, after your altitudes. Yet we think it somewhat.

'What, the magnanimous Alexander in tears ? — cry, baby, put its finger in its eye, it shall have another globe, round as orange, pretty moppet !

'Mister Adams — 'odso, I honor your coat — pray do us the favor to read us that sermon, which you lent to Mistress Slipslop — the twenty and second in your portmanteau there — on Female Incontinence — the same — it will come in most irrelevantly and impertinently seasonable to the time of day.

'Good Master Raymond Lully, you look wise. Pray correct that error. —

'Duns, spare your definitions. I must fine you a bumper, or a paradox. We will have nothing said or done syllogistically this day. Remove those logical forms, waiter, that no gentleman break the tender shins of his apprehension stumbling across them.

'Master Stephen, you are late. Ha ! Cokes, is it you ? — Aguecheek, my dear knight, let me pay my devoir to you. Master Shallow, your worship's poor servant to command. Master Silence, I will use few words with you. Slender, it shall go hard if I edge not you in somewhere. You six will engross all the poor wit of the company to-day. I know it, I know it.

How sayest thou, reader ? — does not this smack of the great stock ? — is there not a something here beyond book-making, and at first hand ? — a sprinkling from the spring of Avon ? — a something racy, that tells of a virgin soil and the true root, and of that divine relationship, in short, that native Shakspeareanism, which we trust, O reader, thou wilt not now charge us with rash irreverence for ascribing to our Eliä ?

The style of these essays we cannot but think admirable — admirably faithful to the thought — evidently impressed and determined by it, at every turn ; and therefore unaffected, though whimsical and quaint. It is quaint without homeliness, copious without flippancy, and embroidered, here and there, but never overladen, with a fanciful and humorous pedantry. Polysyllabled Latinities and little Saxon radicals, as our author dispenses them, are equally seasonable, and harmonize to admiration. In significant simplicity and pleasant naiveté, in happy selection from a full store of words, and in combining means of expression drawn from the most opposite resources of our language, Charles Lamb often rivals and combines, in one page, the styles of Bulwer, of Irving, and of Sterne ; while, in the entire freedom of his diction from verbiage — loose ends — underbrush — he surpasses them all.

Eliä ought to become a classic ; that is, among all gentlefolk, (we speak primitively) — all persons of gentle hearts, and, as Addison has it, 'of a polite imagination' — that cherish, or at least indulge, poetry and dreams and metaphysics — not dead in love with mere business, though haply wedded thereto by Necessity — grim flamen ! — moderately lazy. With all such,

our gentle Charles should be a household *Lar* — a dear familiar. But for your utilitarian — your self-styled matter-of-fact man — your busy-body, (out upon them, insufferable bores !) — your mere calculator or intriguer — your chuckler over petty devices and sordid gains, and all your outrageous devotees to the palpalable, (hard-handed, prone-faced crew !) — for any of them to enjoy or comprehend or read or endure one page of *Elia*, is not less intensely impossible than that they should ‘change their spots’ (spiritual maculations — more duresful than the leopard’s) and list sphere music, and love night’s virgin crescent and the dewy stillness of dawn. They will read *Elia* when the briar inhales fragrance from its neighbor rose.

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## SCENES IN EUROPE.

### ANCIENT PORTRAITS IN THE GALLERY OF FLORENCE.

In the famous gallery at Florence, there is a collection of antique busts of distinguished Romans, which are undoubtedly correct portraits, as they are known to have been copied from the life. They interested me greatly ; and as I have never seen any description of them in print, I offer the following pages, from notes taken in the gallery.

The busts are ranged on each side of an immense corridor, or passage-way. I came first to the bust of Pompey the Great. The head is not very well shaped ; the forehead is narrow, but high enough ; the face is handsome ; the nose rather Grecian ; and the features generally small and handsome. The countenance is animated, and expresses an amiable disposition ; but there is very little which indicates greatness, either in the expression of the face or the formation of the head. Next to this are two busts of Julius Cæsar, one of which has the head of bronze. The laurel wreath is not seen on either ; and the baldness of the fore part of the head, of which he was so much ashamed, is fully displayed. The heads are not alike ; the bronze is the best, but both are bad ; the marble bust has the forehead very low, and the nose appears extremely long in consequence. The profile of the bronze is good, though the forehead is retreating ; the nose is slightly aquiline, and the features small. On the whole, taking either bust for a likeness, or forming my ideas from both, I should say Julius Cæsar had a badly shaped head ; but this is perhaps

atoned for by the striking expression of the deeply furrowed and care-worn countenance ; energy and determination appear in every line ; a piercing look and a decisive air characterize the face, which is evidently that of a man irresistibly bent upon his object, and hesitating not as to the means of accomplishing it. The handsome features of Augustus next attracted my attention. His head is good, though the front is rather low ; the countenance expresses amiable feeling, rather than dignity ; there is nothing in it which indicates the proscriber of Cicero or the conqueror of Marc Antony. I came now to the bust of a woman of exquisite beauty ; that Grecian forehead and nose, that small mouth, that round and finely formed chin, that voluptuous throat, might have served for the model of a Venus. It is Julia, the daughter of Augustus and the wife of Agrippa. The forehead seems rather low — for this was esteemed a great beauty among the Romans — and the form of her head is like that of her father's ; the hair is parted on the front and combed back of the ears, being gathered in a simple knot behind — a most beautiful way of arranging it ; the face is dignified, but you think only of the beauty while you contemplate it. The bust of Agrippa stands nearly opposite. Energy, decision, and majesty, are the characteristics of the face ; some would say there was too much sternness ; the brows are heavy, and have the appearance of a scowl ; but the goodness expressed in the countenance contradicts this first impression. The head is magnificent — the front broad and high, and the whole skull finely formed. The features are Grecian and very handsome, and nature seems to have lavished her gifts upon the man. Near Agrippa, is Tiberius. The likeness was taken probably in the earlier part of his reign, before all his detestable qualities were developed. The head is very well formed ; but the countenance is coarse, vulgar and sensual, and there is a brutality in the expression, which is very disagreeable to look at. The daughter of Marc Antony and of Octavia deserved a moment's notice, and I was attracted by her dignified as well as beautiful face, and her admirably formed head. In all the busts of females the dress is extremely modest, but particularly so in that of Antonia, whose virtues form a bright contrast to the prevailing licentiousness of the age. Close by is the bust of the infamous Messalina, whose debauchery and crimes brought her to an untimely death ; her trial, condemnation and death are finely described by Tacitus, in the eleventh book of the *Annals*, and having there traced her character, I was much interested in examining her features. There is nothing in her strikingly handsome face which indicates her character ; and, unless there be something too little modest in the rich curling of her hair, no one would imagine this to be the portrait of a voluptuous and depraved woman ; the formation of her head shows considerable intellectual

power, which she probably possessed. Opposite, is the bust of Nero : the portrait seems to have been taken in his youth, before the deformity of his character was exhibited ; as here represented, he has a well shaped head, and a fat, jolly, and rather pleasing countenance ; the nose is thin and somewhat aquiline ; there was, however, an expression in the face which did not please me — a sort of hypocritical benignity which utters tones of sorrow while it tortures a victim ; if there is anything predicted by his look of his future ferocity, it is in this expression. Near him is his mistress, the celebrated Poppaea, the most beautiful woman of the time ; her celebrity, however, was probably not owing merely to her beauty, which is indeed great ; there is an animation, a brilliancy in her look, which shows the workings of mind ; her countenance is rather bold, but full of vivacity, like that of a very witty person. I have no doubt she was a woman of talent and a great belle. Her hair is dressed with great care, in a manner which displays her face to advantage. No one can pass the head of Antoninus Pius without being attracted by the majesty and benevolence of the expression. The forehead is high and broad, the nose thin and aquiline, and the face rather long ; the prevailing characteristic in the countenance is goodness ; the dignity is increased by the long beard. This is supposed to be an excellent likeness. The next bust was that of a woman, remarkable for the fine preservation. Though undoubtedly an antique, it still has no mark of age, none of that yellowish color of the ancient statues ; it is fresh as from the hands of the sculptor ; like all the women whose busts are preserved in this gallery, it is singularly beautiful — a circumstance which would lead one to suspect the correctness of the likeness ; it is the bust of Faustina mater ; nothing can be more exquisite than the face and the arrangement of the hair, which is twined in wreaths about her head. The countenance of Vespasian is that of a philosopher rather than a monarch ; in later times it might have been taken for that of a jolly monk. The head is bald ; the countenance very broad and full of benevolence and amiable feeling. I could not help noticing also, the great size of the ears. His son Titus has a finely shaped head, and the features are handsome, particularly the mouth. The portrait of Domitian is not considered correct ; the head is intellectual, the face thin, and the upper lip projects a very little. There are three busts of Trajan, of which the colossal one is considered the best likeness ; the other two are absolutely weak, especially about the mouth ; in the large one, the head is well formed and the face good, though not remarkable for anything. Adrian has a very good countenance, marked with thought and very dignified ; the beard and mustachios become him extremely well ; he is very properly represented in his ar-

mor, as he was probably seldom without it. I was much interested in the four busts of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, which represent him at different periods of his life. In the first, he is perhaps fourteen or sixteen years of age — some would say twenty, or over ; the thin pale countenance commands our interest at once, and displays to advantage the broad and lofty forehead ; this peculiar thinness of the face, which is marked with thought, does not disappear till a somewhat advanced age, in which he is represented in the fourth bust. In this, the countenance is more stately, and the dignity is increased by the long beard. Lucius Verus is remarkable for his long, shaggy, knotty hair, which seems absolutely piled upon his head ; the front is very good, but the countenance has a disagreeable and even brutal expression. The head of Sept. Severus is well formed ; the forehead is high and the countenance amiable, but the nose is very ugly. Caracalla is remarkable for his bold and commanding look, the effect of which is increased by his long beard. We come next to Heliogabalus ; his countenance is weak, almost imbecile — but the features are rather handsome. There are two busts of Alexander Severus ; in one of these, the formation of the head is very poor — a defect which is somewhat contradicted in the other ; the ears are very large, and project from the head. Amidst all these, it was pleasant to meet with the sweet face of Julia Aquila Severa, a vestal virgin ; mildness and goodness are the characteristics of this lovely countenance ; the hair is simply parted on the forehead, and combed back of the ears. She was afterwards compelled to marry Heliogabalus. I came next to the bust of the Thracian barbarian, the gigantic Maximin, whom Severus raised to the highest offices, and who at length arrived at the throne of the world by the murder of his benefactor. The head is finely shaped, the countenance bold and majestic, and deeply marked with care and passion. The head of Constantine the Great shows that sculpture was on the decline in his time ; there is a sort of hardness and stiffness in the outlines, like that observable in the first paintings since the revival of the arts. The face is rather long and thin, but bold ; the forehead high, the look piercing, and the expression striking, but not agreeable. In one of the side rooms I saw the bust of Marc Antony. The head is uncommonly fine, and the features handsome ; the characteristic of the face is dignity ; the neck is uncommonly large — the effect perhaps of passion. All along the great gallery are hung the portraits of the most distinguished sovereigns, and the remarkable men of almost all nations. I was less interested in these, as I have no faith in their correctness ; yet some of them are undoubtedly good likenesses. I was most attracted by the pictures of Saladin, the great opposer of Richard Cœur de Lion, and of Mahomet. The

former I suppose to be a fancy piece ; the face is very superb, the features small and very handsome, and the expression pleasing. Mahomet has not a very good head ; the front is retreating, the nose aquiline, the mouth and chin small. But the countenance is full of fire, and is remarkably expressive. He is dressed in the Oriental style, and has a drawn cimeter in his hand.

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## THE STAR OF NIGHT.

BY WALTER SEVERN.

CALM rolled the river, broad and bright,  
Grey cliffs and sloping banks between,  
While ripples, circling in the light,  
Disturbed, by fits, the mirror'd scene.  
The rich, autumnal forest screened  
Wild haunts within its column'd deep,  
Whose moss-grown trunks together lean'd,  
Arching the aisles in verdant sweep.  
There breathed the breeze its mournful dirge,  
A sad lament o'er withered flowers —  
Sent, like a warning voice, to urge  
The red-bird's flight to Southern bowers.  
In this wild region of the West  
Some hues of summer lingered still,  
Some flowers, like gentle spirits, prest  
The sloping banks nor felt their chill.  
Yet upland gusts each moment hurled  
Their shattered leaflets o'er the tide,  
And eddying waves around them whirled,  
And formed the grave that earth denied.  
Though sunset still, to land and sky,  
Lent glories worthy of the past,  
Suffused the clouds with Tyrian dye,  
And o'er the wave a halo cast —  
Gone were the budding charms of spring,  
The beauties of the season's prime,  
The warbled music wont to ring  
Along the woods, in ceaseless chime !

Within the covert of the wood,  
When sunset faded o'er the wave,  
And coming night to solitude  
The dreams of superstition gave,  
A Christian lover woo'd his mate,  
The daughter of an Indian chief,  
Who listening look'd, and lowly sate,  
With smiles that seemed to strive with grief.



*The Star of Night.*

There bloom'd upon her dusky cheek  
 A bright carnation, glowing through,  
 As, melting in the shadowy deep,  
 The coral sends its blushing hue.  
 So softly heaved that gentle breast,  
 The parted lips appeared so red,  
 And, Love's soft witchery all confest,  
 Those eyes a timid lustre shed ;  
 So warm her blush, the virgin hue  
 That tells of feelings pure and bright —  
 Her tribe, her lover, all who knew,  
 Had named the maid the ' Star of Night.'

A gentle heart St. Aubin bore,  
 Though he the hunter's craft pursued,  
 A gallant heart beside, with more  
 Than human energy endued.  
 And though fierce rivals frowned to see  
 The ' pale-face ' prosper in his love,  
 And though the whispering green-wood tree,  
 The waving grass and blossomed grove,  
 Might prove the shelter of a foe—  
 He fearless roved the forest wild,  
 Prepared to strike, or ward a blow,  
 He thought of danger — but he smiled.  
 And happy now, he sang a strain —  
 A woodland melody untaught —  
 And Echo breathed the song again,  
 With passion's tender fondness fraught.

## THE HUNTER'S SONG.

Away in the East, in the land of my birth,  
 That, vine-clad and olive-wreathed, borders the sea,  
 There dance, in the glow of their innocent mirth,  
 A thousand pale-faces — but none are like thee.  
 Through deep, tangled forests I wandered forlorn,  
 And sighed for some planet my pathway to light,  
 When, bright as the rose-cloud that heralds the morn,  
 I saw thee appearing, my sweet Star of Night.

Oh ! when wilt thou gladden my home on the wild,  
 Its darkness and solitude chasing away,  
 Thus making my heart like yon dark pool that smiled  
 As it caught in its bosom the moon's tender ray ?  
 Turn not from my arms, for I sigh for thy face,  
 As flow'rets in darkness still pine for the light —  
 Enfold me for aye in thy gentle embrace,  
 Dear lamp of my darkness, and Star of my Night.

For thee will I speed to the prairies so green,  
 And strike the wild bull in his headlong career —  
 No forest, though dismal and tangled, shall screen  
 The fierce prowling bear, or the fugitive deer.  
 Oh ! how can my rifle prove other than true,  
 Or how can my courser prove other than fleet,  
 When success will restore me more quickly to you,  
 And Love give new wings to the wanderer's feet ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Days, weeks rolled on — St. Aubin knew  
The joy for which he long had sighed —  
And time, alas ! full fleetly flew,  
As smiled he on his Indian bride :  
A bride no more — but dearer far —  
A wife — a fonder, holier name :  
Still, as of yore, the brightest star,  
That lit his path to deeds of fame.

\* \* \* \*

The night was dark. — Why lingers he ?  
His hunting-lodge is dear as ever,  
His Star of Night as true — for she  
Sits gazing on the rolling river,  
Dim-lighted by the transient flash  
Of some wild meteor, sudden streaming,  
Displaying waves that rudely lash  
The wintry banks with white foam gleaming.  
A rough hand shakes the cabin door —  
It opens — ' St. Aubin is it you ? '  
A stranger stalks across the floor —  
A brother huntsman, staunch and true.  
His words were brief : outlying game  
Had led St. Aubin to prolong  
The chase ; himself returning, came  
And brought a hunter's spoils along.  
He lingered by the calm fire-side,  
His dripping moccasins unlaced,  
His trusty rifle laid aside,  
The belt that held his pouch unbraced.  
They sat — conversed — a woodland strain  
The cheerful huntsman gaily sang,  
And paused upon the last refrain —  
When, loud and near, a gun-shot rang.  
Up from his seat, with sudden start,  
The woodman sprang — a moment stood,  
While, from his faintly throbbing heart,  
Gushed forth a welling tide of blood :  
A moment round he wildly gazed,  
With feeble fingers sought his wound —  
Then closed his eyes, already glazed,  
And dying, sank upon the ground.  
And high in air a wild hurrah  
Arose without — ' The deed is done ! '  
A fiendish voice exclaimed — ' Bright Star  
Of Night, thus strikes the Susseton ! '  
That voice she knows — St. Aubin's foe,  
His worst, his deadliest, slew their friend —  
And on the ground, sedate and low,  
Behold her o'er the pale corpse bend.  
The morning comes — that weary night !  
How passed its tearful hours away ?  
But morning came — and calm and bright  
The sun shot forth its early ray,  
Regardless of the bitter grief  
That filled the heart of that young wife,  
Who, thinking of the vengeful chief,  
Despaired of hope, of joy, of life.

*The Star of Night.*

St. Aubin came -- but what a tale  
 Is told to his unwilling ear !  
 How turned his cheek with sorrow pale,  
 How throbbed his heart with anxious fear !  
 Not for himself -- for her, his Heaven,  
 The rainbow of his cloudy way,  
 The Star that, when the rack was riven,  
 Poured through its clefts a gentle ray.  
 ' No time to waste ! -- The Indian tribe  
 Are mustering on the dark frontier,  
 Yon fiendish chieftain is their guide,  
 Ourselves the sacrifice, I fear.  
 Of yore you spurned the youthful brave,  
 Nor breathed upon his taper bright \* --  
 To him my murdered comrade gave  
 His life, by error sought last night.  
 Their war-dance -- the wild dance of death --  
 At eve the Sussetons have trod ;  
 They gather on the distant heath,  
 And trampling chargers shake the sod.  
 For thee I fear -- our steeds are fleet --  
 Seek we the prairie, green and far ;  
 Again our life shall be most sweet,  
 And thou shalt smile again, my Star.'

They fled -- the gallant steeds flew fast  
 Above the withered, trackless wild ;  
 The wearied riders paused at last,  
 And o'er their camp-fire faintly smiled.  
 Chill was the eve, and near the blaze  
 The horses chose their leafy bed ;  
 Above the earth, a surging haze,  
 Dark as a funeral-pall, was spread.  
 Together on the tentless ground  
 The chilled and wretched wanderers crept --  
 Fatigued, a deep repose they found,  
 Their cares, their miseries unwept.  
 The wild wolf prowled around the fire,  
 The hooting owl swept rushing by,  
 The fitful wind rose high and higher,  
 Yet these but breathed their lullaby.  
 Midnight ! -- the dry grass rustled near --  
 Was it a stealthy, venomous snake,  
 Low coiling, with a sound of fear,  
 Within the seared and leafless brake ?  
 Great God ! an Indian rifle rang !  
 The sulphury flash blazed broad and bright --  
 The whistling ball a death-note sang --  
 And all again was darkest night.

The morning dawned upon a sight  
 Almost too sad for mortal eye --  
 St. Aubin's soul had winged its flight,  
 And she, his bride, had seen him die --

\* Among the Susseton Indians, it is customary for the lover to approach the couch of his mistress with a lighted taper. If she blows it out, he may consider himself accepted ; if his taper is permitted to burn, his advances are repelled. This I learned from a sketch in prose, by the gifted author of 'Tales of the North-West,' from which I have borrowed the plot of the story, now first done into rhyme.

Yet not survived : all stark and cold  
 His corpse was resting on her knee ;  
 And stooping downward, to enfold  
 His marble breast, thus perished she !  
 The cold wind raised her streaming hair,  
 And frozen tear-drops dimmed her cheek —  
 But there she sat, all coldly fair,  
 As sculptured forms that seem to speak.  
 Still, of the gentle Indian's wo  
 Young lovers tell the mournful tale,  
 And roving huntsmen pause to show  
 That sorrow-consecrated vale.

## RAIN.

## A COLLOQUIAL LECTURE.

‘SAINTS,’ saith Mistress Barbauld — who was more a saint herself, James, than most old rhymers — she made nice hymns — nay, boy, curl not thy pretty lip — a good hymn-book, unfingered by modern revision, is very good reading, as you may come to know, when you are wiser — (perhaps you have yet to learn that a hard biscuit and olives make a royal supper — another crumb of philosophy in store for you) —

‘Saints have been calm when stretched upon the rack,  
 And Montezuma smiled on burning coals ;  
 But never yet did housewife notable  
 Greet with a smile a rainy washing-day !’

Because, forsooth, it forbids her to hang out the subjects of her lotion. It gives her the means of washing them, but forasmuch as it does not dry them, too, she thinketh no shame to rail in its honest face. Marry — she must learn that the world was not made for clothes-lines, nor can the wind, ‘that whirleth about continually,’ be a respecter of wet linen !

Housewives notable are we all, in this regard. We scruple not to ‘fret our spleen’ against a rainy day, or a moderate series of them, as against a common nuisance — a vexatious defeasance of all the purposes of life. As if the air were not to be disburdened, earth not to imbibe her seasonable beverage, nor the circulations of Nature to go on — lest our napkins dry not — or some other fatal let, or pregnant mischief befall !

Truly, James, we need a frequency of rainy days to dash our petulant presumption ! to assure us that ‘the great globe’ was not

made for our poor service — that we are a transient company of 'squatters,' indulgently suffered to pick a living off it. And when 'this goodly frame, the Earth, and the brave, overhanging Firmament' would hold their natural commerce, of generous effusion and loving receipt, it is well that we have to retire from between them and withdraw our interloping insignificance — peeping forth from under cover, and feeling that we are in the way in the world. 'Tis a wholesome lesson of humility.

Indeed, James, such moist abatement of the busy vanities and turmoil of life is truly edifying. So plainly does it let us know that our shows and exchanges and combinations, our perpetual pervasion of streets, and going up and down in the earth, are of no essential import — inconsequential fooleries — very lightly esteemed above. So that he who is sorely vexed with rainy interruptions, may conclude that he lives wrong — is too bitter in his worldly activity — makes 'much ado about nothing' — and the sweet heavens will not countenance him in it; they check and detain him; and the continuous rain preacheth him a sermon. Why will he not profit by it — and sweeten his humors — and be quieted?

Right monitory also, to you youngers, 'if pondered fittingly,' and to all the minions of fortune and pleasure, is the hueless sobriety of a rainy day. It washes off, as it were, the paint and gilding from the face of Life, beats down her gay feather, and puts her wanton fancies quite out of countenance. It dethrones and blinds the 'garish day,' and dresses him in sackcloth. It holds in abeyance all 'the new-born gauds of the time'; or if they venture forth, they show right sorrily — tempt not to envy or imitation. You are not solicited by 'the vile screaming of the wrynecked fife,' to look out upon 'Christian fools with varnished faces,' nor doth 'the sound of shallow foppery enter your sober house.' The streets, that seemed to concentrate within them a world of frivolity and pride and fantastic gayety, are no longer paced by wanton feet. You look forth and see nothing going forward but the homeliest offices of society — the supply of the necessities of life, by humble agents; and thus you see what life and society, in their coarse under-texture, really are.

In cities, we are apt to intercourse too much, and reflect and study too little — no better acquainted with ourselves, often, than with anybody else. Now rain tends to keep people apart, except so far as Providence has put them together, in families. This is well. Were Lucullus oftener seduced to sup with Lucullus, he might recover his dissipated thoughts and his individuality, worn away by promiscuous intercourse; and the undesigning approaches and familiar communion of his family could not but win and intenerate his heart.

Yes, James, a rainy day nurses more amiability than half a

dozen dry ones. *Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.* It makes the folly of ill-humor so manifest. When a testy gentleman salutes a wet morning, and finds himself condemned to the inside of the house for the day, at first, perhaps, he frets and scolds sadly. He chokes himself with fish-bones, and, to comfort the wounds, swallows scalding coffee; his questions are sharp — his answers brief or none; he walks the house with rueful aspect and impatient steps; he plants himself at the window and looks straight out. But the sky relents no more than a cope of lead, and its watery issues rather thicken than fail. A very dull spectacle! *Monsieur* soon tires of it; he gradually becomes less peripatetic — then more quiet — then serene — then placid; he keeps his seat for some minutes; now and then he relapses — but the fits are less and less outrageous; he reads the newspaper, and laughs at something in it; he calls his wife by her first name. She talks and smiles, and ventures timidly nearer. He is disappointed of his ennui. The clock surprises him — it must be too fast; indeed, he is confident he shall outlive the day; and at length takes up a pen or book — entirely master of himself, in love with his wife, and tolerably complaisant even with Providence.

Now ten to one, James, that he applies himself more effectually than if the sun shone. Give me a rainy day, for close and continuous thought. It invests you with quietness; you are hermetically sealed. It dulls the pert prattle of the piano. It quenches the 'fierce loves and faithless wars' of all small beasts; so that no canine bark nor feline ululation rises 'on the wings of silence,' to startle your seclusion. It blanks your windows. In the intervals of application, you look through them, but eye nor thought finds anything to detain it. Your subject seems diffused through the overcharged air, and you gaze and gaze, with intent abstraction, till your flow of thought becomes as permanently sober and steady as the day itself. A day, that solicits not or tickles the sense — plays no fantastic tricks — but stands over you with the vast, grey, motionless, thought-moulded aspect of an Egyptian Sphinx. What a preceptress — what a Muse — what a foster-mother of studious thought, to political economists, and lexicographers, and deep divines! They should mark it white, in their calendars. Our rains, of week on week, must be their triumphant seasons — their *magni menses* — their high tides. Then labors the mind with weighty incumbency — with a long, patient, ox-like draught. Then are all logarithmic tables calculated and corrected — then is the circle squared — then are the first principles of trade and exchange proved — then are clouds of metaphysics generated; then is logic chopped; then is black letter read, and the 'Revolt of Islam' attempted — then do they that write Histories of the World, and they that read them, make large advances 'into the bowels of the land.'

Then, too, methinks, better than when everything is dry, bright, and rampant, beneath the sun's 'flaring beams,' may the deep-revolving poet 'build the lofty rhyme.' Was it of a gadding, sunshiny day, think you, when the world and his wife were abroad, and all creatures prated, that Dan Homer

——— 'Heard the Iliad and the Odyseey  
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea'?

No, James ; be assured, 'tis to rainy days we owe the conception of most good and great thinkings, sayings and doings. A man is commonly alone, when he is great — alone, when he studies hard — alone, when he discovers, invents, creates — alone, when his spirit plumes herself, cherub-like, and soars on the wings of vast aspiration — alone, when he communes with God. Therefore, James, accept the early and the latter rain, as kind signals to retire and be alone. We have men of action enow, James — exhibitors enow — forwarders of movements — stirrers up — talkers — men who lead lives of speaking and being spoken to — men, whose pocket-minds are furnished with nothing but a mere circulating medium — enough and more than enough of them all ! We want mediators — devotees — still-thinkers — rainy-day men. So did the Persians and Assyrians, of old. Their history is a long tract of darkness. But, from Hebrew and Greek historians, we learn that they were powers of great duration, made immense conquests, and reared hundreds of magnificent cities. They abounded, therefore, in the active, ambitious and bold. Yet have the mighty empires of Babylon and Persia left behind them absolutely nothing for the benefit of mankind — not a precept or a truth — not a monument of grandeur — and no other trace of their existence than three heaps of bricks and clay on the banks of Euphrates.

Gracious Rain ! how long wilt thou vouchsafe thyself to us, thankless groundlings ? Wilt thou never tire, serviceable priestess, of thy great lustrations ? From a thousand mountain-torrents, and emerald meads, and imperial rivers — from those pleasant homes of thine, the great lakes of the wilderness — from thy palace of Ocean — painfully art thou ever ascending — suffering the intolerable sun-stroke, and expanding to bodiless vapor that thou mayst climb the air, and re-gather thy weary atoms — not to sail off, in thy gorgeous cloud-squadron, to a better world, or to live in soft dalliance forever with the blue Heaven and the silver star — but to hang anxiously over our unworthy heads, and descend seasonably upon city or field, without a murmur from thy hard-earned elevation. Ay ! and during that aerial watch of thine, heavenly benefactress ! while thou art waiting to be gracious — tempering the meridian and unutterably decorating sunset and the dawn — art thou not exposed to the rude and wanton

winds, who rend thy skirts, and hurry thee shivering about the inhospitable skies? And dost thou not entertain, perforce, the lightning — fearful guest! — deafened with his monstrous music, the thunder-peal, and scorched and riven with his fierce love? Yet wherefore that toilsome ascent — that dread sojourn — but to descend at last, purified by the sublime ordeal, in beneficent cadence, upon an oft ungrateful world? Oh! our offence is rank! One heart, at least, hereafter shall humbly and thankfully welcome thee, whenever thou fallest, ‘sweet rain from Heaven, upon the place beneath.’ Whether in the genial infusion of thy fitful April favors, or in the copious and renovating magnificence of the summer shower, or under thy heavy equinoctial dominion, or in the loud, black storm — wintry or autumnal; welcome — ever welcome — in all thy seasons and in all thy moods!

For in none, fair minister, art thou not benignant; in the least amiable of them, most singularly dost thou deserve our love. Well would it please thee, doubtless, to usher in perpetual May-mornings with a soft suffusion — to fall never but when fanned by zephyrs and the sweet south-west — or from the breathless skies of June, when a verdant world pants for thy bountiful down-coming! And do we upbraid thee, in our heartless stupidity, because, rather than withhold thy life-giving dispensations, thou allyest thy gentle nature with thy opposites, and comest in unwelcome company — in chilly league with Eurus, or riding on the stormy wings of night-confounding Aquilo — subduing him to thy soft purpose, and charming away his rage — daring all things, so thou mayst reach and nourish the bosom of thine ancient Mother? Pious child — dear invader — forgive us!

Cosmo.



## A BULL-FIGHT AT MADRID.

BULL-FIGHTS are still much in vogue in Spain, but among the Spaniards of the better classes, there are few who are not ashamed to confess their partiality for so cruel an amusement. They seek, therefore, many grave reasons to justify it. For instance, it is a national amusement. This word *national* would alone be sufficient, for the patriotism of the anti-chamber is as strong in Spain as in France. Then, say they, the Romans were still more barbarous than we, because they pitted men against men. And the economists come to their aid with the argument, that agriculture profits by the custom, for the high price of fighting bulls encourages the owners to raise them in large numbers. You must know that all bulls have not the courage to rush upon men and horses, and that out of twenty you will hardly find one brave enough to figure in a circus; the nineteen others answer for the farms.

The only argument which they are afraid to advance, and yet which would be unanswerable, is this — that the spectacle, whether cruel or not, is so interesting, so attractive, and causes such powerful emotion, that it is impossible to give it up after one has conquered the repugnance of a first sitting. Strangers, who enter the circus for the first time with a degree of horror, and only to acquit themselves of a duty as faithful travelers — strangers, I say, soon become as passionately fond of bull-baiting as the Spaniards themselves. We must confess, to the shame of humanity, that war itself, with all its horrors, possesses irresistible charms to those who contemplate it from its borders.

St. Augustin relates that, in his youth he had an extreme repugnance for gladiatorial combats, and had never witnessed one. Being induced by a friend to accompany him to one of these splendid butcheries, he swore to himself that he would keep his eyes closed during the whole exhibition. For a while he kept his promise manfully, and managed to think of something else; but on a shout raised by the whole assembly at the fall of a celebrated gladiator, he opened his eyes; he opened them, and could not close them. From that time and to the period of his conversion, he was one of the most devoted amateurs of the sports of the circus. After so great a saint, I feel rather delicate about citing myself; but you know that I have not the tastes of a cannibal. The first time that I entered the circus of Madrid, I feared

\* One of the most spirited and popular of the French magazine writers, is Prosper Mérimée. Some of his sketches have been collected in a volume, under the title of *Mossique*; from one of them we have translated this description of a Bull-Fight.

that it would be impossible for me to bear the sight of the blood which was to flow so liberally ; I feared especially that my sensibility, which I distrusted, would render me ridiculous in the eyes of the veteran amateurs who had given me a seat in their box. There was nothing of it. The first bull appeared, was wounded ; and I thought no more of going out. Two hours rolled on without any intermission, and I was not yet fatigued. No tragedy in the world could have interested me to such a degree. During my stay in Spain, I never missed a single fight, and I blush to confess that I prefer the death-combats to those in which they are content with teasing the bulls, and fix balls to the end of their horns to prevent any serious injury. Here is the same difference as between actual combats and tourneys with blunted lances. However, the two kinds of bull-fights are very much alike, except that in the second the men escape all danger.

The evening before a bull-fight is already a fête. To avoid accidents, they do not lead the bulls into the stables of the circus till night ; and the evening before the appointed day, they graze in a pasturage but a short distance from Madrid. It is a favorite walk to go and see these bulls, which are often brought from a distance. Great numbers, in carriages, on horseback and on foot, resort to the pasturage. Many young men, on this occasion, assume the elegant costume of the Andalusian \* *majo*, and display a magnificence and luxury which the simplicity of our ordinary dress does not admit. Besides, this promenade is not without danger ; the bulls are at liberty, their conductors find it difficult to manage them, and it is a matter of some skill to avoid the blows of their horns.

There are circuses in almost all the great cities of Spain. These edifices are very simply, not to say rudely constructed. They are in general nothing but great plank barracks — and the amphitheatre of Ronda is cited as a wonder, because it is built entirely of stone. It is the most beautiful in Spain, as the Chateau of *Thunder-ten-trenkh* was the most beautiful in Westphalia, because it had a gate and windows. But what matters the decoration of a theatre, when the spectacle is attractive ?

The circus of Madrid can contain about seven thousand spectators, who enter and leave without confusion, by a large number of doors. They sit on benches of stone or wood ; some boxes have chairs. That of his Catholic majesty is the only one elegantly ornamented.

The arena is surrounded by a very strong palisade, about six feet high. About two feet from the ground, and on both sides of the palisades, extends a projection of wood, a kind of footstep or *surrup*, which serves to assist the pursued bull-fighter in leap-

\* Fashionable among the lower classes.

ing the barrier. A narrow gallery separates it from the seats of the spectators, which are also protected by a double cord fastened by strong pickets. This precaution has been practised but a few years. A bull had not only leaped the barrier — a matter of not uncommon occurrence — but had even thrown itself among the seats, and killed or wounded several of the spectators. The tight cord is thought sufficient to prevent the recurrence of such an accident.

Four gates open into the arena. One communicates with the stable; another leads to the shambles, where they skin and dissect the bulls. The other two are used by the human actors in this tragedy.

A little before the trial, the *toreadors* assemble in the hall contiguous to the circus. Hard by are the stables of the horses. A little farther is an infirmary. A surgeon and a priest attend in the neighborhood, in readiness to yield their aid to the wounded.

The hall, which serves as a green-room, is ornamented with a painted Madonna, before which some tapers are burning; under it, we see a table with a little chafing-dish containing ignited charcoal. On entering, every *torero* \* takes off his hat to the image, hurries over the fag end of a prayer, then pulls a cigar from his pocket, lights it at the chafing-dish, and smokes through a conversation with his comrades and the amateurs, who have come to discuss the merits of the bulls which are to be brought into the arena.

Meanwhile, in an interior court, the combatants who are going to tilt on horseback, are trying their steeds. For this purpose, they drive them at full gallop to the wall, which they dash against with a long pole, made after the fashion of a pike; and without quitting this rest, they exercise their horses by turning them rapidly, and as near to the wall as possible. You will see at once that this exercise is not without its advantage. The horses made use of are old hacks, bought for a trifle. Before entering the arena — lest the cries of the multitude and the sight of the bulls should terrify them — their eyes are bandaged, and their ears are filled with moistened tow.

The aspect of the circus is exceedingly animated. The arena, before the combat, is filled with people, and the benches and boxes show a confused mass of heads. There are two kinds of places. Those on the shady side are the most convenient and expensive; but the sunny side is always thronged with the boldest amateurs. We see much fewer women than men, and the greater part are of the lower classes. In the boxes we observe, however, many elegant dresses, though few young ladies. The Romans, French and English have recently perverted the Span-

\* One who fights on foot.

iards, and diminished their respect for ancient customs. I know not that it is forbidden the clergy to engage in these amusements ; but I have seen but one ecclesiastic in costume at Seville. I am told that many come here in disguise.

At a signal given by the president of the day, a high constable, attended by two constables in the costume of Crispin, all mounted and followed by a company of cavalry, clear the arena and the narrow gallery which separates it from the benches. When they have retired with their suite, a herald, escorted by a notary and other constables on foot, enters the middle of the place to read a proclamation, which forbids the casting of anything into the arena, or the disturbing of the combatants by cries, signs, or in any other manner. Hardly does he appear, when, in spite of the reasonable formula — '*In the name of the king our lord, whom God long preserve !*' — shouts and hisses are raised in every quarter, and continue during the reading of the proclamation, which is never observed. In the cities, and there only, the people are sovereign, and can do and say just what they please.

There are two classes of bull-fighters : the *picadors*, who fight on horseback and with spears ; and the *chulos*, on foot, who harass the bull by shaking drapery, of various brilliant colors. Among the last are the *banderilleros* and the *matadors*, of whom I shall again speak. All wear the Andalusian costume, very like that of Figaro in the *Barber of Seville* ; but, instead of breeches and silk stockings, the picadors wear pantaloons of thick hide, ribbed with wood and iron, to protect their legs and thighs from the horns of the bull. On foot, they walk straddling like a pair of compasses ; and when thrown, they can hardly raise themselves without the aid of the *chulos*. Their seats are very high, after the Turkish fashion, with stirrups of iron, like a shoe, entirely covering the foot. To guide their horses, they wear spurs with points six inches long. Their spear is large, very heavy, and topped with a very sharp point ; but, as the pleasure must be economized, this point is furnished with a bandage of cord, which allows but about an inch of steel to penetrate the body of the bull.

One of the constables catches in his hat a key, which the president of the sports throws to him. This key opens nothing, but he carries it to the man who opens the door which confines the bull, and then escapes at full gallop, followed by the shouts of the multitude, who cry out to him that the bull is out and in pursuit of him. This joke is repeated at every exhibition.

Well — the picadors have taken their places. There are usually two mounted in the arena ; two or three others hold themselves in readiness to take their places, in case of any accident, such as death or severe wounds. A dozen *chulos*, on foot, are

distributed about the place, within reach, if their assistance be required.

The bull, which has been previously irritated in his cage, by picking with the pike and rubbing with nitric acid, comes forth furiously. Ordinarily, he passes by a bound to the centre of the arena, and there stops short, astounded by the noise and spectacle about him. He wears on his neck a knot of ribbons, fastened by a little hook, which enters the skin. The color of these ribbons indicates the drove to which he belongs; but an experienced amateur knows at a glance to what province and race he belongs.

The chulos draw near, shake their brilliant capes, and try to draw the bull towards one of the picadors. If the beast is brave, he attacks without hesitation. The picador, holding his horse well collected, is placed, his spear under his arm, directly in the face of the bull; he seizes the moment when he lowers his head, in readiness for a blow with his horns, to give him a thrust in the nape of the neck, *but nowhere else*; he bends on this blow all the strength of his body, and at the same time gives the horse a direction to the left, so that he may leave the bull on the right. If all these movements are well executed, if the picador is strong, and his horse manageable, the bull, borne along by his own impetuosity, passes him without touching. Then it is the duty of the chulo to engage the bull, while the picador has time to recover himself. But the animal often too well distinguishes his enemy; he turns abruptly, overtakes the horse, plunges his horns into his belly, and overthrows him with his rider. In this event he is also rescued by the chulos; some raise the fallen combatant, others divert the bull by throwing their capes at his head, draw him upon themselves, and escape him by gaining the barrier, which they leap with astonishing agility. The Spanish bulls run as swiftly as a horse; and if the chulo were any distance from the barrier, he could hardly escape. It is seldom, therefore, that the rider, whose life always depends on the skill of the chulos, trust themselves in the centre of the arena; when they do, it is thought a mark of extraordinary boldness.

Having once regained his feet, the picador remounts his horse, if the horse can again rise. It matters little that the poor beast has lost torrents of blood; if he can stand, he must face the bull. If he remains utterly prostrated, the picador leaves the arena and returns immediately with a fresh horse.

I have said that the spears can only give a slight wound to the bull, and that they have no other effect than to irritate him. However, the onsets of the horse and rider, his own action, especially the shock that he suffers in stopping himself short on his hams, soon weary him out. Often, also, the pain of the spear-

wounds overcome him, and then he is afraid again to attack the horses — or, to speak the jargon of the bull-fight, he refuses to *enter*. However, if a bull of vigor, he has already killed four or five horses. The picadors now rest themselves, and the signal is given to throw the *banderillas*.

These are staffs, about two and a half feet long, terminating in a sharp and barbed point. The chulos hold one of these darts in each hand. The surest mode of giving them effect is to advance quietly behind the bull, and then to excite him by striking these *banderillas* against each other with a sudden clash. Astonished, the bull suddenly turns and attacks his enemy without hesitation. At the moment when he almost touches him, as he lowers his head to strike, the chulo at once thrusts the two darts one on each side of the neck — a feat which he can perform only by standing a moment directly opposite the bull, very near, and almost between his horns; then he slips aside to put himself out of harm's way. A mistake, a movement of doubt or fear, would be his destruction. Connoisseurs regard the offices of the *banderillo* as the least dangerous of all. If he fall by accident, in planting his dart, he need not attempt to rise; he remains quiet in the place where he has fallen. The bull but seldom strikes on the ground, not from generosity, but because in the onset he closes his eyes, and passes the man without seeing him. Sometimes, however, he stops and smells him, to ascertain whether he is alive; then, recoiling some paces, he lowers his head to raise him on his horns; but the comrades of the *banderillo* surround him, and engage him so busily that he is obliged to abandon the pretended carcass.

When the bull has shown cowardice, that is, when he has not gallantly received four blows of the spear — for that is the requisite number, the spectators — sovereign judges — condemn him by acclamation to a process, which is at once a punishment and a means of exciting his fury. On all sides they raise the cry of 'Fire! Fire!' Then they distribute among the chulos — instead of their ordinary arms — *banderillas*, whose hafts are surrounded with fire-works. The point is provided with a bit of lighted tinder. As soon as it penetrates the skin, the tinder is forced back upon the fire-works; they ignite, and the flame, which turns toward the bull, burns him to the quick, and drives him to leap and bound about, to the great amusement of the spectators. It is indeed a wonderful exhibition — the sight of this enormous animal, foaming with rage, shaking the burning *banderillas*, and driving about enveloped in fire and smoke. Poets to the contrary notwithstanding, I must say that, of all animals that ever fell under my observation, none has less expression in his eyes than the bull. None changes the expression less; for his is almost always that of brutal and savage stupidity. He rarely

indicates his suffering by groans ; wounds irritate or frighten him ; but — pardon me the phrase — he never seems to reflect on his fate ; he never weeps like the stag ; consequently, he never inspires pity, except when it is excited by his courage.

When the bull has three or four *banderillas* fixed in his neck, it is time to finish with him. A roll of drums is heard ; when one of the *chulos*, designated beforehand, advances from the group of his comrades. He is the *matador*. Richly clad in garments of gold and silk, he carries a long sword, and a scarlet mantle attached to a staff, that he may the more easily manage it. This mantle is called the *muleta*. He advances under the box of the president, and with a profound reverence asks permission to kill the bull. This formality is observed but once for the whole exhibition. The president nods assent. Then the *matador* raises a *viva*, makes a pirouette, throws his hat on the ground, and advances to encounter the bull.

In the bull-fight there are laws as strict as those of the duel ; to violate them, would be as infamous as the assassination of an adversary. For instance: the *matador* can only strike the bull at the point of union of the nape of the neck with the back, which the Spaniards call the cross. The blows ought to be struck from above, never underneath. Better a thousand times die than strike a bull below, on the side, or from the rear. The sword used by the *matadors* is long, strong, and double-edged ; the handle, very short, terminates in a ball, which rests against the palm of the hand. Great practice and skill are requisite in the use of this weapon.

Now to kill a bull handsomely, it is desirable to understand his character. On this knowledge depends not merely the fame, but the life of the *matador*. We can suppose that there are as many different characters among bulls as among men ; however, they are separated into two divisions: the *clear* and the *obscure*. I speak here the language of the circus. The *clear* bulls attack openly ; the *obscure*, on the contrary, resort to a variety of *ruses* to entrap their enemy. This last class are exceedingly dangerous.

Before trying to strike the bull with his sword, the *matador* presents the *muleta*, excites him, and observes carefully if he rushes openly forward as soon as he perceives it, or if he approaches gently to gain ground, and not to rush upon his adversary till he seems too near to be able to avoid the shock. We frequently see a bull shake his head with an air of menace, grate the ground with his foot without advancing, or even recoil with a slow pace, trying to draw his enemy towards the middle of the arena, where he could not escape him. Others, instead of rushing on in a straight line, approach by a roundabout course, slowly, and affecting fatigue ; but when they feel satisfied with the dis-

tance, they spring forward with the swiftness and directness of an arrow.

To any one who understands the matter, it is very interesting to witness the approaches of the matador and the bull, who, like two skilful generals, seem to divine each other's intentions, and every instant vary their manœuvres. A motion of the head, a side glance, the sinking of an ear, are, to an experienced matador, unequivocal signs of the intentions of his enemy. At last, the impatient bull shoots against the red drapery, with which the matador has enveloped himself. His face is such that he would batter down a wall with his horns ; but the man avoids him by a pliant movement of the body ; he disappears as by enchantment, and leaves him only the light drapery, which, in escaping, he throws over his horns. The impetuosity of the bull makes him pass his enemy some distance ; he then stops himself short by stiffening his hams, and these sudden and violent reactions are so exhausting, that, if the combat were prolonged, they would alone be sufficient to cause his death. This led to the remark of Romero, the famous professor, that a good matador ought to kill eight bulls by seven blows of his sword. One of the eight would die of fatigue and rage.

After many passes, when the matador thinks that he understands his antagonist, he prepares to give him his last blow. Taking a firm attitude, he places himself directly in front of the bull, and remains immovably at a suitable distance. The right hand, holding a sword, is raised to the height of his head ; the left, extended, holds the *muleta*, which, almost touching the ground, induces the bull to lower his head. It is at this moment that he inflicts the fatal blow, with all the strength of his arm, aided by the weight of his body and the impetuosity of the bull. The sword, three feet long, often enters to the very hilt ; and if the blow is well directed, the man has nothing more to fear. The bull stops short ; the blood hardly flows ; he raises his head ; his legs tremble and he falls suddenly, like a weight of lead. Then, from all the benches, rise the deafening *vivas* ; handkerchiefs are waved ; hats are thrown into the arena, and the victorious hero kisses his hand modestly to the spectators on all sides.

Formerly, it is said, they never carried more than one rapier ; but in these days of degeneracy, it is seldom that a bull falls by the first blow. If, however, he appears mortally wounded, the matador does not repeat his thrust ; aided by the chulos, he turns him about the circle by exciting him with the mantles, so as to make him dizzy in a very short space of time. When he falls, a chulo finishes him by planting a poniard in the nape of his neck ; the animal dies at the moment.

It has been observed that almost all the bulls have a place in



the circle to which they always return. It is called their *querencia*. Usually it is the gate by which they enter the arena.

We frequently see the bull bearing the fatal weapon in his neck — the hilt only appearing above his shoulder — traversing the arena at a slow pace, disdaining the chulos and their draperies, with which they pursue him. He thinks only of dying at his ease. He seeks the place that he has taken a fancy to, kneels, lies down, stretches out his head, and dies tranquilly, if the blow of a poniard does not come to hasten his end.

If the bull refuses fight, the matador runs towards him, and, always at the moment when the animal wavers his head, he pierces him with his sword; but if he keep his head erect, or still flees, it is necessary to employ a more cruel method for his death. A man, armed with a long pole, terminating in a sharp iron, shaped like a crescent, strikes him, assassin-like, from behind, and when he is prostrate, completes the work with his poniard. It is the only episode of the combat at which every one revolts. Fortunately, it is seldom necessary to resort to it.

A flourish of trumpets announces the death. Three coach-mules then enter the circus at a full trot; a knot of cords is fixed between the horns of the bull, a hook is passed through it, and the mules gallop from the arena. In two minutes, the carcasses of the horses and the bull disappear from the arena.

Each combat lasts about twenty minutes, and usually they kill about eight bulls in an afternoon. If the entertainment has been but indifferent, and the public demand it, the president of the exhibition usually permits a supplement of two or three courses.

You see that the profession of a *torero* is sufficiently dangerous. On an average, two or three are killed in it during a year, in all Spain. Very few reach an advanced age. If they do not die in the circus, they are obliged to give it up at an early day, in consequence of their wounds. The famous Pepe Illo, in the course of his life was wounded twenty-six times by the horns of bulls; the last thrust killed him. The high salary of these people is not their only inducement to embrace their dangerous business. Glory — applause — make them brave death. It is pleasure to triumph before five or six thousand people. So it is not rare to see amateurs of distinguished birth sharing in the dangers and honors of professional bull-fighters. At Seville, I have seen a Marquis and a Count discharging the functions of a matador at a public exhibition.

It is true, however, that the public is not very indulgent to the toreros. The least sign of cowardice is punished by cries and hisses. The most atrocious insults are showered from all sides; and sometimes by order of the people — and it is the most decisive mark of their indignation — an *alguazil* advances towards the

combatant, and commands him, under pain of imprisonment, to attack the bull on the instant.

One day, the actor Maiquez, indignant at seeing a matador hesitate in the presence of the most *obscure* of all the bulls, loaded him with insults. 'Monsieur Maiquez,' said the matador, 'look you — there is no such make-believe here as there is on your boards.'

Applause, and the desire of acquiring fame, or preserving that already obtained, oblige the bull-fighters to go beyond the dangers to which they are, of necessity, exposed. Pepe Illo, and Romero after him, presented themselves before the bull with irons on their feet. The coolness of these men, in the most urgent dangers, is absolutely miraculous.

Recently, a picador, named Juan Sevilla, was overthrown with his horse, by an Andalusian bull, of prodigious strength and agility. This bull, instead of permitting himself to be defeated by the chulos, threw himself upon the man, stamped upon him, and gave him repeated thrusts in the legs with his horns; but perceiving that they were too well protected by his pantaloons of iron-ribbed hide, he turned and lowered his head, to thrust his horn into the man's breast. Then Sevilla, raising himself by a desperate effort, with one hand seized the bull by the ear; and thrust the fingers of the other into his nostrils, whilst he kept his head fastened under that of the infuriated beast. In vain did the bull try to shake him off, trample him under foot, hurl him to the ground — he could never force him to quit his hold. Every one regarded with a beating heart this unequal struggle. It was the agony of a brave man; they almost regretted that it should be prolonged; they could neither cry nor breathe, nor turn their eyes from this horrible scene which lasted nearly *two minutes*. At last the bull, vanquished by the man in this close struggle, left him in pursuit of the chulos. Every one expected to see Sevilla borne out of the enclosure. They raise him, and he is hardly on his feet when he seizes a mantle, and wishes to attract the bull towards him, in spite of his heavy boots and the inconvenient casing of his legs. If the mantle had not been forcibly snatched from him, he would certainly have been killed. They bring him a horse; he leaps on it, foaming with rage, and attacks the bull in the centre of the arena. The shock of the two valiant adversaries was so terrible, that the horse and bull both fell upon their knees. Oh! if you had heard the *viva*, if you had witnessed the frantic joy, the crazy ecstasy, at the display of so much courage and good fortune, like me you would have envied the lot of Sevilla! This man has become immortal at Madrid.

## A REAL SCENE.

It was a lowly dwelling. Round the room,  
The half-raised curtain threw a twilight gloom ;  
Beside a scanty fire, upon her breast,  
A mother rocked her infant to its rest :  
Coarse was their humble fare and hard their lot —  
Yet, mid their keenest wants, they murmured not.

In that small room, through each successive day,  
In lingering pain, a grey-haired woman lay ;  
Her body worn by toil and ill at ease,  
Stricken in years and feeble with disease.

I stood beside her bed. Her quick-drawn breath  
Brought to my saddened mind the thought of death —  
(If by the name of death we call that strife  
Which leads the spirit to Eternal Life.)  
I gazed upon her face. Her sunken cheek  
The trial told, of which she did not speak :  
Trusting, by kindness, to give faint relief,  
I spake in love and sorrowed for her grief.

‘ Oh, sir,’ she said, ‘ how can I speak the praise  
Of Him, who so has blessed me all my days,  
And, mid the sickness and the wants I’ve known,  
Has taught my heart His holy will to own ? ’

I stood amazed. What ! could the human mind  
Remain, amid such bitter pangs, resigned ?  
Still feel that every grief was sent in love,  
And meekly drink the cup, and look above ?  
Could Christain faith have such stupendous power,  
To soothe the mind in such a trying hour ? —  
I looked upon her pallid face again :  
Her parted lips were quivering with pain —  
Her cheek was ashy white — her spent frame shook ;  
Yet there was calmness in her tranquil look —  
A leaning upon God — a faith sublime,  
That he would aid her in his own good time.

R. C. W.

## LETTERS FROM ARKANSAS.

NO. I.

SIR, — You have been pleased to assure me that a passing sketch or two of Arkansas, its men and manners, would be admitted into your Magazine. If the hasty and imperfect fragments, which I shall from time to time send you, written in moments stolen from severe professional avocations, should merit a place in the New-England Magazine, I shall be gratified by affording your readers some information concerning a country, of which almost as little is known as of the interior of Mexico. If, as is equally probable, they should be deemed too uninteresting to find a place there, I shall be sufficiently rewarded if you yourself derive any pleasure from perusing them.

My knowledge of Arkansas, and of the people of the West, has been derived from personal observation and actual residence among them. I know their peculiarities well. I am like one of them — an adopted son of the West ; and I love my brethren and their character. To New-England, however, mine ancient home — to Boston, my mother city, I look back with love and affection ; and could I be the means of making more fully known to your readers the character and virtues of the inhabitants of the West, I should hold myself a fortunate man.

It will be my object, in the few letters which I shall indite at odd seasons and scattered moments, to give you, in the first place, a general sketch of Arkansas. What order I may afterwards pursue, is entirely uncertain. I think, however, that I shall not weary of my task until I have given you a description of some of the principal curiosities, including courts of justice and distinguished men in Arkansas.

The Territory of Arkansas, as every one knows, is bounded on the east by the river Mississippi, on the west by the Indian Territory, on the north by the State of Missouri, and on the south by Red River and a part of Louisiana. It is with the portion of the Territory lying on the river Arkansas, that I am most conversant ; and it is therefore natural that this river should first engage our attention. It rises in the Rocky Mountains, about three hundred miles north of Santa Fe. I have crossed it and been on it in many places, but never within five hundred miles of its head. In the mountains, however, it is, like all other mountain streams, a clear, rapid river, and so continues until its color is changed in its passage through the prairie. I crossed it, in October, 1831, at a considerable distance above the mouth of the Semaron, where it was a shallow and clear stream, with low prairie on one side and sand hills on the other — about an eighth

of a mile wide. Farther down it receives the red and salt waters of the Semaron, and above Fort Gibson the waters of the Canadian, which come from under the Rocky Mountains. In the Cherokee territory, it receives the waters of the Grand River, or *Neosho*, *Illinois*, and *Salisau*, and at Fort Smith, of the *Potteau*. Above Fort Smith, the river is generally about a quarter of a mile wide; and in fact, its width is not much increased from that point to its mouth. Above that place the river is shallow, and not often navigable by steamboats. Below Fort Smith, the river continues of about the same size and depth — passing, in succession, through the counties of Crawford, Johnson and Pope, to Pulaski. Within the boundary of the Territory, that is to say, below Fort Smith, the Arkansas is a muddy, red and brackish stream — though much more so at one time than another, according to the stages of water, or the places where the *rises* come from. At low water it is the worst river of the West, except Red River, for snags and difficult navigation. To a person passing down the river, the country presents generally a uniform appearance, owing to the low *bottoms* which extend in a continuous belt on each side of the river from Fort Smith to the mouth, except in places where a point or bluff juts out upon the river, immediately succeeded by the monotonous *bottom*.

The bottoms, as they are called, being entirely alluvial, are generally from one to three miles in width on each side of the river — of a fine black and rich soil, producing excellent corn, and the best cotton in North America. The stranger who enters one of these bottoms for the first time, in spring or summer, is astonished and delighted. Imagine a New-Englander, familiar with the clear, silver-sanded, pebbly brooks and rivers of that country — the level, verdant, and heavy-swarded meadows through which they run, and the forests of pine, oak, maple and birch — imagine him entering a solid mass of greenness, a heavy and unstirred body of verdure. He enters, by some narrow path, into the depth of the bottom. The first idea that strikes him is, that he could have had no conception of such a depth and solidity of greenness. There is not a hand-breadth of barrenness about him. The immense trees, standing close together, are completely covered and laden with leaves to their very tops — and their trunks, twined round and garlanded with vines, appear like pillars of embodied greenness. The undergrowth of small trees and bushes is matted with vines and green briars; and the ground is covered with grass and weeds, or perhaps with the never-failing greenness of the cane. Such is the character of a great proportion of the Arkansas bottom. The cottonwood — a tree similar to the poplar, but of gigantic size and immense height — is the most common tree in these bottoms. There is, besides, an abundance of ash, black, Spanish and yellow oak — all growing

luxuriantly — the branching mulberry, the tall and graceful persimmon, and the humble but beautiful passaw, with multitudes of others unknown in your country. The dogwood, with its fine, close grain, and its multitudinous red blossoms; the hackberry, similar to the beech, the honey and black locust, and that splendid evergreen, the *holly*, appearing like a huge boxwood tree; blossoms of many kinds shine among the greenness like gems; while on the river-bank, the tall sycamore stands, hoary with age, and its silver trunk outlasting many men's lives. In some places, are impervious forests of cane, twenty feet high, as thick as they can be stuck. In others, are low, swampy places, where the water stagnates, and where there is little or no vegetation. Out of these bogs, or 'swamps,' rise the protuberances, or knots, called knees, from which the straight trunk of the cypress (a tree similar to the hemlock) shoots up.

This is a picture of the Arkansas bottom in summer. In the winter everything is reversed. The vegetation has passed away; the leaves are massed and rotting below; and the tall cottonwood sighs mournfully in the wind; while the dark and sullen river rolls on under them. Everything seems dark, filthy, and desolate, and high on the trees are the red marks of the great inundation.

The soil of the Arkansas bottoms is inferior to none in the world; and the facilities offered a man for making a living and a fortune there, are nowhere equalled. A poor man comes here, whose necessities have driven him from the States. He has not a cent in the world — nothing but his axe and his rifle. He goes into the Arkansas bottom, cuts a few logs, and his neighbors help him raise a hut, with a wooden chimney, daubed with mud. If it is summer, he leaves the crannies open; if it is winter, he *chunks* them with bits of wood, and daubs them with mud. He chops out a hole for a door, and another for a window; splits and hews out some thick slabs, or, as we call them here, *puncheons*, for a floor; hires himself out for a month or two, till he earns some corn and two or three hogs, and then 'turns in to work' on his own farm. He cuts his hogs' ears in some mark or other, turns them out to *root* for themselves, and goes resolutely to work, chopping timber, grubbing up cane, and performing the various operations necessary to clearing up land. Then you may hear a mile off, the continual musketry which the cane keeps up in burning, as the air contained in the joints expands and explodes. Having burned up the underbrush and the smaller trees, he *girdles* the larger ones — that is, cuts off a girdle of bark around them, for the purpose of deadening them; breaks up his ground a little, and throws in his corn. In four or five years that man will raise twenty bales of cotton and a thousand bushels of corn, and be steadily enlarging his crop and increasing his income.

The Arkansas is a singularly winding river, during the whole of its course. The distance from the mouth to Dutch Rock — which is by land only one hundred and twenty-five miles — is by water about three hundred miles. On one side, the river is continually forming new land, while on the other it is continually encroaching upon Father Tellus; and frequently, when a high overflow comes, the river breaks over the neck of a promontory, around which it has made a bend, and forms a new channel — while the old one becomes a lake. Thus, in 1833, it broke across a point of bottom, about one hundred yards wide at the place, through which new channel, steamboats now pass. The old channel, fifteen miles around the point, is filling up. And thus also, on the south side of the Arkansas, above the fort, are a long chain of lakes, in the former bed of the river.

Below Fort Smith, the Arkansas receives the waters of *Mulberry, Frog Bayon, Horse Head, Spadra, Petit Jean, Point Remove, Cadron, and Palarne creeks*. The three latter are deep, filthy and disgusting bodies of water, sluggish, and resembling the river Styx or the Dead Sea. The former are very pretty, clear running bodies of water. Below Dutch Rock, the river becomes more sinuous. It receives various creeks on its way down — among others, *Fourche and Bayon Metre*. Within twelve miles of the Mississippi, it separates into two channels — the northern called the Cut-off, while the latter preserves the name of Arkansas. The Cut-off is the most commonly-used channel. The bottoms on each are low, and the greenness extends to the water's edge. Immediately after entering the Cut-off, you see a change in the water. Instead of the red color of the Arkansas, it assumes the chalky color of the Mississippi — is cooler and more pleasant. Within a mile or two of the Mississippi, White River comes into the Cut-off, from the north. It rises in Missouri, and is called White River from the extreme clearness of its waters, before Big Black runs into it above its mouth. The junction of White River with the Cut-off, is a most singular sight. Here is a mass of red, or chalky water, there a mass of water which seems to be black — boiling and whirling around, and seeming as distinct as though the latter was not water but oil. A little further on, and the waters mingle and discharge themselves into the great Mississippi.

Two years ago, in the month of June, the crops were promising in Arkansas. There came a succession of heavy rains, and the river rose to *high-water mark*. The *rise* was red, and salt, and evidently came from the desert prairie. The rains ceased, and the people supposed the rise was over. Suddenly the river began to swell higher and higher. The water came down colder and clearer. The snows had melted on the Rocky Mountains. Higher and higher it rose — *fifteen* feet, at Fort Smith, above high-water mark. The bottoms from Fort Smith to the mouth

were overflowed. The river was filled with fragments of houses, dead cattle, huge trees, rushing on to the Mississippi. Cattle, hogs, even deer and bear, unable to escape from the bottoms, were all drowned. Many people built rafts, and placing themselves and their horses upon them, fastened them to trees, and lived out the inundation. The crops were ruined; whole farms were filled up with sand; and the channel of the river entirely altered. Such is the Arkansas.

I entered the Territory of Arkansas at Fort Smith, which is situated on the Arkansas, on the Indian line. At that time there were no troops there, and the only appearance of a military post about it, were some few old buildings which had served as barracks. It is a place containing three or four stores and some half dozen houses; and is very prettily situated on a huge bluff on the south side of the river. The county of Crawford, except on the river and creeks, is generally low land, thinly covered with oak timber; and though a large county, it is but thinly settled.

As the August election approached, there began a stir in the county on the subject of politics. Candidates were riding in every direction, electioneering; and now and then a hot quarrel took place among the excited partizans.

The overflow had covered the little town of Van Buren, and the population thereof, in number about a dozen, had established themselves in booths at the foot of the hill beyond the town; and there, where I rode in one day in June, I found a multitude assembled.

'Holla, stranger!' cried one tall fellow, in a hunting-shirt of leather, as I rode up; 'Come, 'light — and take a little old rye, anyhow.'

'That 's the master,' cried another; 'dern my skin, if he can't speechify it better nor any of 'em. Master, if you 'll run for the Assembly, dern me if I do n't vote for ye.'

Twenty such greeted me, as I dismounted and made fast my horse. I soon discovered the object of the *gathering*. There was a barrel set on end, with a board across it, and I at once divined that the rival candidates were to address the people. I inquired if the candidates for Congress were there, and found they were not. It was a meeting for the county candidates, whom I saw busy among the people, shaking them by the hand, and making themselves boon companions. It was a perfect Babel.

'Hurra for Sinclair! He 's a horse. Who 'll drink Crittenden's liquor? Here goes for Seviér! Good morning, 'Squire; how 's your family? Come up and drink with an old acquaintance, who 's a candidate. Bates forever! the people's candidate! He 's a horse in a cane-brake! Go ahead, steamboat! Brown 's a roarer! Five dollars on Martin!' Such were some of the cries which struck my ear.



Directly, Martin — one of the candidates for the House of Representatives, a warm Crittenden man, and afterwards elected — mounted the barrel. I assure the reader that he may hear as much oratory in the West on a stump, as in the East in a Court-house, or in old Faneuil itself. The impression of oddity soon wears off; and I am inclined to believe that the Western manner of electioneering is to the full as proper, and more honest and open-handed than the silent canvassing in the East.

Martin is a lawyer, who had quit brick-laying for brief-making and special pleading. He is a man of strong natural good sense, and a sarcastic and satirical humor, which tells well in a candidate. His speech was about half an hour long, and he was succeeded by Judge Bates, a man of great talent, a polished writer, full of classic lore, but no speaker. When he was on the bench in Arkansas, a lawyer — also formerly a Judge, and of whom I may hereafter speak — named Hall, was in the habit of interlarding his speeches at the bar with frequent Latin quotations. In one cause, particularly, he was very profuse of his learning, so much so, that when Bates delivered the opinion of the Court, he did it off-hand in *Latin*. Hall listened, but only knowing a few quotations learned from law books, he was compelled, to the great amusement of the bar and the spectators, to require of the Judge to *translate* his opinion into English.

Bates was succeeded by three other candidates, two of whom were farmers and the third a lawyer — the latter by far the *weakest* of all. I had expected a display of bombast and noise, and was agreeably surprised by good strong sense, keen satire, and almost an entire freedom from violence or affectation in all the speeches. I was still better pleased when I afterwards saw Crittenden and Seviér — the rival candidates for Congress — meet on the stump. Robert Crittenden is since dead. He was a brother of John J. Crittenden, Senator from Kentucky, and is universally allowed to have been a more talented man than either of his brothers. I have listened to him frequently, since then, in various places, and I esteem him one of the most eloquent men I ever heard. His voice was full and rich, his language copious, strong and yet brilliant; and he excelled equally in pathos and irony. His opponent, Colonel Seviér, is a very common man. He never made any figure at the bar, and his only character in Congress has been that of an industrious and persevering man. He was evidently no match for Crittenden on the stump, and seemed to be well aware of it.

I am extending this letter to an unwarrantable length, and with one tale of perilous adventure, by *flood*, if not by fire, I shall close.

In the month of January, 1833, there was an inundation of the Arkansas. I was living at that time opposite Fort Smith, and,

in company with my host, got into a pirogue, when the rise was at the highest, and took a trip, like fools, seven miles down the river, to the town of Van Buren aforesaid. After reaching that place, we began to consider — what we had not thought of before — how we were to get back ; and the result of our joint cogitations was that, as it was impossible to get back in the pirogue, we must return on foot. The first four miles were easily accomplished, as it was over the upland ; but at the end of that distance, we arrived at the edge of the bottom, through which we had about three miles to go. It was overflowed in some places to the depth of ten feet. We looked down upon the cane — for it was full of that article — and held another consultation. On we pushed, however, and commenced floundering through the water, among the cane. It was generally about deep enough to immerse us to our necks ; and when the reader remembers that it was in January, he will doubtless be aware that it was not very pleasant. We had proceeded but a little way, when my companion lost his reckoning, and became lost. He turned from home, and commenced wandering about in every direction, until I took the lead, as the oldest woodsman. After proceeding about a mile and a half, with great caution, we came at length to the bank of a little gully, about fifteen feet wide, as we learned by the break in the cane. Here we halted, and consulted how we should cross. I cannot swim an inch, and nothing was left but to hunt for logs. We proceeded down the creek until we had found a small one, when I held one end until he straddled it, and *cooned* it over ; and he did me the same service at the other end. We kept onward. The ground became more elevated ; and just as we got out of the water, we found ourselves on the bank of what is called Garrison's creek — a stream about sixty feet wide. At low water, the banks are twenty-five feet above water ; now, the water was level with them. We attempted to build a raft, but could only find one log, about twenty feet long, and two others about eight. We stripped some hickory bark and tied them together, and straddled the further end of them — but were no sooner on than the long one toppled over, the short ones went under, and so did I, clothes and all ; so we gave up that idea. I then took one of the short logs, put one end under my breast, and tried to cross in that way. It would n't do. Over and over went the log, and I got another bounteous ducking. By this time it was getting dark, and the air was growing keen and cold. Just then we heard an axe across the creek, and commenced hallooing, which soon brought a man down, splashing through the water, to the bank of the creek. I advised my companion to go over and hire the man to fell a tree, on which I could cross, and therefore he took to the water, with his breast on one end of the long log. He kicked away manfully, and when the end of

the log struck the shore, jumped off and swam for it. Having made his bargain with the stranger, he went home, and the latter went again to his house and brought his axe and a brand of fire. In the meantime I was nearly frozen. There was only one place where I could move, and that was in a circle about six feet in diameter, round a tree. On one side there was a man, with a fire flaring near him, chopping away at an oak tree four feet through; and on the other I was pacing round my circle, which I wore as deep, hard and smooth as a buffalo-path. At the expiration of about three hours, the tree came down, and barely reached the shore. The upper end was covered with water, and I had to get on it a-straddle, with the water up to my neck. However, I reached the shore in safety; and though I suffered no inconvenience from sickness, in consequence of my adventure, I learned never to go down river again, in an overflow, without knowing how I was to get back.

Yours,

ALBERT PIKE.

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#### THE INCONVENIENCES OF BEING LYNCHED.

MR. EDITOR, — Do you remember Pierce Parker, *the Rogue in spite of himself*? Well, it is he who now addresses you. They have just done Lynching me. If it were not that I am used to these things, I should have perished under the operation. I begin to think that there was sound sense and humanity in the reply of the old woman, who on being rebuked for the cruelty of her manner of skinning eels, said, ‘La, sir, they dont mind it — they’s used to it.’

On my last escape from jail, where I was confined for unknowingly passing a counterfeit bill, which had been given me by an old gentleman, whom I had saved from drowning — I determined to try my fortune farther South. Seeing one day in the Richmond Enquirer an advertisement offering one hundred dollars reward for a runaway slave, and being pressingly in want of money, I determined to go in search of the individual described. With this view, I rambled through the country, kept a watch in out-of-the-way places, and looked very hard at all the negroes who passed. On the second day of my search, I reached the little village of Featherville. I had just given up all hopes of attaining my object, and was sitting on a rock, with my chin resting on both hands, and my elbows on my knees, hungry and disconsolate, when a rough gripe was laid on each of my shoulders.

I attempted to start up, but was prevented. On looking round, I saw that Judge Lynch and his whole posse comitatus had pounced upon me. With a skilful celerity, they tied my hands behind me, and then, amid shouts and execrations, drove me towards the village square.

‘My good friends, you are mistaken in the person — whom do you take me for? — let me ent-tr-tr—’

My expostulations were abruptly broken off, by one of the foremost of my captors, whom I took to be his Honor, gagging me with a handful of shavings. Finding it quite difficult to talk, after being supplied with this mouthful, I submissively held my peace. My amiable conductors dragged me towards an old poplar tree, and tied me to the trunk.

‘Now, my lads,’ exclaimed his Honor, with a horrid grin, rubbing his hands — ‘now my lads, we’ll show you a biped with feathers. It cant be said now, that the devil’s to pay, and no pitch hot. Hand along the tar-kettle, Mike, my lad, — and, Jemmy Dickin, toss us along that bag of feathers.’

With a horrible alacrity, these orders were obeyed. I tried to speak — to move — O, the dastards! I was bound fast. I could not. I looked unutterable things. Dust was flung in my eyes. What could I do? I ground my teeth in agony, in wrath and in scorn. There is but one step from the farcical to the tragical. Like imps of Pandemonium, the good people of Featherville, flocked round me, and beheld unmoved such tortures inflicted, as an uncivilized Arab would weep to witness. The tar and the feathers were bestowed with a liberal hand. There was no lack of generosity in *these* articles. I believe they are both the natural productions of the State.

As soon as there was a cessation in the tender mercies of *Messieurs*, the mob, I unclogged my right eye from the tar that surrounded it, and looked forth. On the slope of the opposite hill, I noticed a horseman riding at full speed, and making vehement gestures towards the crowd. They were arrested in their valiant doings, by these pantomimical appeals. In a few moments, the rider arrived on the spot, and dismounting drew the Judge aside, and communicated to him the intelligence with which he was charged. The result was, that his Honor approached me, relieved my mouth of the shavings which he had thrust into it, and untying my arms, told me, ‘that I might go; that he believed there was some mistake, but that it was better that fifty innocent ones should suffer than that one guilty should escape — and that he took me for a d—d abolitionist.’ The jury shouted acquiescence in the decision of the Judge.

I attempted to speak, but could not — not that my heart was too full of gratitude for utterance — but because my lips were glued with the tar.

At the tavern, at which I had casually stopped that morning, I had given my name as Andrew Jackson Smith. It seems, that a trunk with that name upon it, was received after my departure, and as it was tied with red tape, sealed with wax, the landlord remarked, that 'it was very mysterious.'

'Very, indeed,' echoed the editor of the Featherville Banner of Liberty, as he threw his tobacco quid away, and swallowed a mint julep.

'Upon my word, it's very odd,' said the Postmaster, trying the lock. 'Landlord,' continued he, 'bring me a hammer and chisel, and I'll take the responsibility, as the old Gin'ral says. Amos will bear me out in it.'

The hammer and chisel were brought — the trunk was forcibly opened — and in the dressing-case, carefully concealed under some soap and razors, was found a torn page of a murderous print, published in New York, called the Emancipator.

'Treason!' shouted the Postmaster, holding the scrap up to view.

'Bloody treason!' echoed the landlord. 'What is it?'

'Lynch him,' said the editor, lighting a cigar.

'Call the Judge — call the Judge,' said the Postmaster.

'Ay, ay,' rejoined the editor; who, by the way, was a pig-eyed gentleman, rather slim and snugly dressed, with light eye-brows, and hair — a blackguard in print and a vulgarian out of print.

'Where is he?'

'Who is he?'

'Is he here?'

'Is he gone?'

'Where in the devil is he?'

These questions were poured in upon my host in rapid succession. He finally recollected, that a wo-begone looking gentleman, in a suit of rusty black, had bought a loaf of bread of him that morning, and that his name corresponded with that on the trunk. The reader knows the rest of my story. The whole village was soon at my heels, and I was regularly Lynched. It was afterwards ascertained that the trunk containing the incendiary article, belonged to the son of an eminent slave-holder, whose name I had unwittingly borrowed.

I write, Mr. Editor, in a good deal of a hurry, but a person is apt to feel a little confused after being treated as I have been. An eminent author has depicted the inconveniences of being hung — they are not equal to those of being tarred and feathered. I beg the good people of Featherville to bear in mind this homely truth; that 'the very worst use you can put a man to, is to *Lynch him.*'

The morning after this unpleasant affair, on taking up the Banner of Liberty, I saw the following flattering version of the transaction.

## ANOTHER ARREST.

A white man of the name of Andrew Jackson Smith, was yesterday arrested on a writ issued by Judge Lynch. It seems, that the suspicions of the Postmaster were aroused by the singular appearance of Smith's trunk; and on breaking it open, his worst conjectures were more than realized. It was found full of inflammable papers, Emancipators and Liberators, evidently intended for distribution among the slaves. On this being known, the people of the town, headed by his Honor, Judge Lynch, turned out in pursuit of the monster Smith. He was soon caught, and being brought into the village, was furnished gratis with a new coat — of tar and feathers — black turned up with white. The craven roared lustily during the operation, and manifested the most cowardly impatience. He has had a lesson, which he will not soon forget.

P. S. We learn that it has been satisfactorily ascertained that Smith is innocent of the charges against him. We are glad of it. The man, who would come here at this time, to raise a rebellion, is unworthy the name and the respect of a man. He is indeed 'fit for murder, stratagem and spoils.' We congratulate Mr. Smith that the suspicions against him have proved to be unjust.

And this, Mr. Editor of the New England Magazine, is all the satisfaction that I have had for my martyrdom! I am not the man, they took me for! Very consoling, upon my word. But with all this — believe me — there is no mistake about the inconveniences of being Lynched. Farewell!

P. P.

## SONNET.

TO A FRIEND IN ITALY.

Yes — you will thrill with rapture while you gaze  
 On the rich relics of that sacred shore,  
 Made holy by the tales of classic lore,  
 And its own dreamlike beauty. You will stand  
 In the lone places of that distant land,  
 And see its crumbling temples — while the rays  
 Of the glad sun will fall on Arno's rills,  
 And bathe with gold fair Tempe's leafy floor,  
 And the old towers of Rome's imperial hills,  
 And Tuscan vales, and Istria's sandy shore.  
 Yes — fairer scenes than ours will greet thine eyes  
 Beneath the azure of Italian skies; —  
 But let not these win thy affections more  
 Than the bleak rocks that gird thy native shore.

R. C. W

## MY JOURNAL.

In traversing a newly settled country, rich in the gifts of nature, and rapidly becoming populous, the imagination naturally turns upon the appearance it will present after being inhabited and cultivated long enough to acquire the name of an ancient land. It is not to be denied that natural scenery is greatly increased in beauty by the addition of works of art ; and though our majestic rivers and mountains, our broad lakes and fair fields, our cataracts and precipices are perhaps among nature's master-pieces, there is still a possibility that art may one day heighten their charms ; not that nature is to be moulded and formed and perverted by man ; the Lord preserve us from the false taste of clipped trees and formal gardens and artificial cascades. There is another way in which art adorns nature. To one who has ascended the Rhine, or wandered through the vales of Italy, who has seen the traditionary crag surmounted by the battlemented ruin, or the picturesque waterfall, and the clear, cool stream, on whose margin stands some classic temple, of ' delicate proportion,' or some ruptured bridge, festooned with the clustering ivy, which dips its leaves into the dark waters beneath, — there is no mystery in the fact that nature is heightened in loveliness by art.

But how is our country to be thus adorned by art ? The wars and the rapaciousness and tyranny, which reared the stately walls and the embattled towers of the feudal castle, have passed away, and with them have passed away the weakness and terror which drew men together, and caused them to build their little romantic-looking cities, walled and trenched around, on the hill-tops, high as the eagle's flight. The enthusiasm in religion, which called into being the magnificent Gothic order, founded the abbey and the cathedral, and poured the treasures of monarchs into the lap of the church, is lost perhaps forever. For us there is no romance. Our ruins, if we ever have any, must be the ruins of factories and warehouses ; our temples are raised to the worship of Mammon ; our cities grow up at the voice of commerce, not of war ; our waterfalls are prized in proportion to their ' power ;' our hills are to be levelled and our vallies filled up for the accommodation of the railroad.

Still, as time rolls on, the objects of art are unavoidably invested with some degree of romance and interest, be their character what it may. Indeed, many of the ruins of classic land were, in their original purpose, of anything but a romantic character : the long arcade which stretches across the *campagna di Roma*, and forms a very striking and beautiful feature in the landscape, was built for an aqueduct ; and one of the most interesting

objects of Roman art which remains—the *Piscina mirabile*—was only an enormous cistern, intended to hold fresh water for the use of the Roman fleet ; even the common-sewer of Rome, the *cloaca maxima*, is pointed out to the traveler as an object of great interest. Thus it is that time, while it destroys the works of man, confers additional value upon the small remnants which it leaves, just as the Sybil of old placed the same price upon her three mystic volumes which she had at first demanded for nine.

How much, then, will there be in our land two thousand years from this time, which the traveler will visit and muse upon with the same feeling of reverence and solemnity, with which he now contemplates the time-hallowed structures of Greece and Rome ! I could not but think, as I crossed the viaduct on the Boston and Providence railroad, that the arcades of the Roman aqueducts were not more stupendous nor enduring ; the far-famed bridge of Caligula is not a work of the same magnitude as the western avenue ; the pyramids themselves do not seem destined to a longer existence than the monument on Bunker's Hill. If we are to have ruins, too—which God forbid, for they are more the work of war than of time—if we are to have ruins, they will not be less astonishing and beautiful than those which we visit in the old world. We smile at the notion of a manufactory in ruins ; yet, invest it with all the charms which a ruin in England or Scotland gathers around it, and it becomes at once romantic and beautiful. The traveler of twenty centuries hence arrives in the neighborhood of some one of these celebrated remains, hires his guide from the town, and leaving the high road, takes his path through the richly cultivated meadow shaded by venerable elms and oaks, till he reaches the banks of a beautiful stream, pouring down its bed in leaping cascades ; at the point where the waterfall is most striking, stands the stupendous ruin, the crumbling and vine-covered walls, rising from the water's edge ; he passes the broken door-way and pauses in the enclosure, in which are standing trees of the growth of centuries ; and on one side he looks down into a chasm deeper than the subterranean dungeons of the feudal castle, at the bottom of which he discerns the dark waters of the stream, rushing furiously by : no remains of the huge water-wheel are there to tell him why such a gulf was excavated ; he wanders around the adjacent grounds, and ponders over the remnants of stone bridges and the dried and half-choked beds of canals, and still finds other ruins and other wonders, till he is lost in speculation and bewilderment, and exclaims that a mightier race must have once held the soil. If he visits what will then remain of our naval amphitheatres—the dry-docks ; if he penetrates into the interior till he reaches that superb piece of masonry, which time itself can hardly destroy, the stone bridge by which the Erie canal crosses the Genessee, at Rochester ; if he goes still farther



west, and observes the solid and enduring work of the great national road, extending to the banks of the Mississippi, — he will not cease to be impressed with the power, energy and wealth of the ancients.

In the meantime, our villages will grow up into cities ; our cities will be adorned with architecture and sculpture ; our lands will teem with the richness of full cultivation, and universal wealth will display its creative and beautifying power over the whole country.

Such are the dreams in which a lover of his country will occasionally indulge, though wild they be ; but there certainly seems to be no portion of the land of America, which is more likely to realize them, than that beautiful tract which lies between the upper falls of the Mohawk and the lakes which form the western boundary of the State of New-York. Enough has been said, again and again, of the lovely scenery and the productive soil of this tract, and I will not attempt to echo the praises. It does, indeed, seem formed to be the garden of America, as Lombardy is the garden of Europe ; and Joseph Bonaparte remarked, a few years ago, that it reminded him more of Lombardy than any tract he had ever seen. But there is, in the heart of this extensive region, a sweet valley, which does not appear to me to be sufficiently known and prized. The tourist on his way to Niagara, passes, not long after leaving Canandaigua, the little village of Avon, famous for its sulphur-springs ; and continues on his journey through Batavia to Buffalo. But it is unknown to many that, in keeping straight on through Avon, they leave unexplored, on the left hand, one of the sweetest spots in the western world. Between two chains of hills, extending in a southward direction from Avon to the distance of about thirty miles, is a valley which varies from a mile to two miles in width, through which meanders the Genessee. It seems originally to have been the bed of a lake ; and the surface is a perfect level, covered with the richest vegetation, and spreading away in fair fields, some planted with Indian corn, some reserved for pasturage, over which the herds of cattle are scattered, and some waiting the scythe. The soil is too rich for any kind of grain. The earliest settlers found this valley unwooded, and the grass growing so high as to conceal a man on horseback. Clusters of oaks and elms are scattered over it, and give it the soft and rich appearance of an English park ; and the banks of the river are fringed with alder bushes and sycamores. The hills — which rise up on each side, and form the shores, as it were, of this verdant lake — are covered with pretty villages and waving fields of grain, or deep and dark forests.

The county-town, and the prettiest town in the county, Genesee, is about ten miles from Avon ; and I recommend to all travellers who are not in a great hurry, to turn aside from the

high road to Niagara and stop a day or two in this town, not only for the sake of the fine scenery which it contains within its precincts, but for the beautiful drives in every direction about it. One of the pleasantest excursions is to a spot about nine miles from the village of Geneseo, called the 'high banks,' where the Genessee bursts through the western range of hills and finds its way to the valley. After crossing the flats from Geneseo, you follow the parallel of the valley for some distance, and then ascending to the highest point of the range of hills, you find yourself in a vast grove of oaks, clear from underwood; and wandering through this, you come suddenly upon the verge of a precipice at least twice the height of Niagara. Far, far down beneath your feet rolls the river, on the opposite side of which rises another bank similar to the one upon which you are standing. These banks seem absolutely perpendicular — yet such is their height, that although their inclination from the margin of the water is almost imperceptible, the strongest man standing on the brink cannot throw a stone so that it will fall into the water. I saw a boat pass by one day as I stood upon the bank; it looked no larger than the cradle of an infant and the men who rowed it seemed like puppets. Next to Niagara I think this water gap the most majestic scene in the western land.

Geneseo is about sixty miles from Buffalo. On the 24th of Dec. 182—, I started early in the morning with one companion, resolved to witness what few travelers see — viz. the falls of Niagara in winter, and to eat our Christmas dinner within sound of their roar. We reached Buffalo at night, and pursuing our journey the next morning arrived at Niagara on the American side at 12 o'clock, having performed nearly the whole distance in a sleigh. As it was our first visit, we were both eager to behold this wonder of nature, and as soon as we had established ourselves at the inn we went to the bank just below the cataract — and gazed upon a scene which for desolate and awful grandeur has not its equal in the world; the rushing of the rapids, the majestic roll of the waterfall, the rising spray and the roar were the same that the summers tourist finds, but in all other respects the scene was entirely changed. The trickling water at the edge of the cataract freezes as it falls and constantly increasing in size now stood in immense collonades, a hundred and fifty feet high, of glittering ice, each pillar from ten to twenty feet in diameter. The spray wafted down by the breeze had gathered and frozen on each bank below the falls, and there it hung like the most graceful drapery in festoons and folds, the winter curtains of nature's palace; and becoming opaque from their thickness presented the appearance of white muslin. The evergreens and other trees on the banks were completely frosted with the spray and hung in silver fringe-work over the abyss. But how can pen describe the gorgeous

magnificence with which Goat Island was clad ! It looked like one vast grove of chrystal ! Every tree covered — trunk and branch, with ice, every spear of grass and every shrub glittering like silver and the outer edge of the island where it divides the fall, supported by the gigantic columns which I have already described and bristling with pendent icicles which resembled the most florid Gothic sculpture ! In the distance were the shores and hills of Canada, as far as the eye could reach — one bleak and dreary waste of snow. The next morning, we descended the steps to the water's edge, a somewhat perilous task as they were covered with ice, and a false step might have been fatal — we crossed to the Canada side, and with much ado, mounted up to the plain — our guide would not allow us to go upon table rock as it was so slippery that it was almost certain destruction to approach its edge. Having viewed the falls from the best accessible points, we returned to the American side to visit Goat-Island. As we were re-crossing, we observed another canoe also approaching the American shore with a large and gay looking party. It happened to be an Irish wedding party who were coming to this side to have the marriage ceremony performed in order to avoid the expense of a license in Canada. The bridegroom was however, as Sir Walter expresses it, 'most particularly drunk' and did not at all like the prospect of mounting up the slippery stair-way. After some consultation at the spot of landing, one of the party very respectfully approached my companion (a most grave looking man in spectacles,) and begged him to perform the service for them where they stood. He had some difficulty in persuading them that he was not a parson nor even a magistrate, so much did his looks give the lie to his words : and he was very sorry not to be able to gratify their wish — a wedding on the shore of the Niagara in mid-winter is a scene very rarely witnessed.

Having ascended the bank we crossed the bridge to Goat Island and traversing the whole distance, descended upon the little foot-bridge which runs out towards the Canada side, and projects over the abyss. The sun had been obscured all the morning till this moment ; — but as we were standing on the little bridge, it came out in full splendor and our eyes were blessed with beholding a scene compared with which the mountains of gold and the vallies of diamonds in the fairy tale are tame. Every tree was radiant with all the hues of the prism, the Sun was reflected from the immense pillars of ice, the spray fell in showers of diamonds and a rainbow forming almost a complete circle stood in the middle of the river below the fall. I have since that time visited the falls in summer and found the scenery far lovelier than when I first saw it. But I have never in any land, beheld a scene so truly sublime as Niagara in winter.

## NAHANT.

WHEN fervid Summer crimps the shrinking nerve,  
 And every prism'd rock doth catch the ray,  
 As in a burning-glass, 't is wise to seek  
 This city of the wave. For here the dews,  
 With which Hygeia gems the flower of life,  
 Are ever freshening in their sacred founts.  
 Here mayst thou talk with Ocean, and no ear  
 Of gossip-islet on thy words shall feed.  
 Send thy free thought upon the winged winds,  
 That sweep the castles of the older world ;  
 And what shall bar it from their ivied heights?  
 — 'T is well to talk with Ocean. Man may cast  
 His pearl of language on unstable hearts,  
 And — thriftless savor ! — reap the wind again.  
 But thou, all-conquering element, dost grave  
 Strong characters upon the eternal rock —  
 Furrowing the brow, that holdeth speech of thee.  
 — Musing beneath yon awful cliffs, the soul —  
 That brief shell-gatherer, on the shore of time —  
 Doth hide itself in its own nothingness,  
 And feel a brother to the dross that hangs  
 A moment trembling on thy crest, and sinks  
 Into the bosom of the boundless wave.  
 — And see, outspreading her broad, silver scroll,  
 Forth comes the Moon, that meek ambassador,  
 Bearing Heaven's message to the mighty surge.  
 Yet he, who listeneth to its hoarse reply,  
 Echoing in anger through the channel'd depths,  
 Will deem the language all too arrogant,  
 And earth's best dialect too poor to claim  
 Benignant notice from the star-pav'd skies,  
 And man too pitiful to lift himself  
 In the frail armor of his moth-crush'd pride,  
 Amid o'ershadowing Nature's majesty.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

*Nahant, August 3, 1835.*

## ROME. MICHELANGELO. THE LAST JUDGMENT.

It was a lovely afternoon, a few days before I left Rome ; the sun was mildly effulgent, — the sky was very blue, the air whispered soft things most poetically from the Alban hills and the Campagna, and I had given up my mind to the pensive influences of the ruins, among which I had been wandering, when I found myself in the neighbourhood of the Vatican. I entered its precincts, and having rung at a private door, was admitted by the custode into the Sistine Chapel, the sanctum of the palace, where the Pope performs mass in person during a season of the year and where are conducted some of the most solemn rites of the Catholic worship. It is a room some hundred feet perhaps in length and some fifty in breadth, lighted by windows placed high on either side, and furnished with cushioned benches for the cardinals, and seats for the spectators at one end, separated from the rest of the room by a quilt. The vault, and the wall behind and over the altar, are painted in fresco, by Michelangelo. It is upon these works that his reputation as a painter rests ; for he had no partiality for the easel, and used to say that any other style than fresco was for old women and children, not for men.

His easel paintings are few and highly prized. The three fates of the Petti Palace, at Florence, though generally reputed to be by him, are probably not from his hand. The Holy Family, in the tribune, is perhaps the only noted work of the kind generally ascribed to him by good judges. This is painted on tempera ; and the sombreness of the coloring, the harsh distinctness of outline, the graceless energy and want of aerial perspective, make it flat and unpleasing. Surrounded by the *chefs-d'œuvres* of inferior but more gentle artists, it attracts little attention and less commendation. Visitors express surprise when told that it is by the great father of the arts, by various ejaculations or mute exhibitions, characteristically, individual, or national. The English exquisite sighs, twists its moustaches, and whistles to its poodle ; the Frenchman exclaims, ' Mon Dieu ! ' and takes snuff ; and the Yankee spits on the floor once more, in preparation for his grin of incredulity.

Fresco is rightly reckoned the highest branch of painting. It calls for great rapidity in execution ; and the conception must therefore be definite and marked in the mind of the artist. It is *extempore* painting. None but master-strokes take effect. It is a style entirely interdicted to the quiddlers — who rely upon diligent imitation, who combine from memory, rather than draw from imagination — and quite out of the reach of such placid little men as the timid, gentle, industrious Carlin' Dolci, excelling in ex-

quisite finish, and affecting not the high walks of the art ; excellently suited, however, to those great painters, whose conceptions were *rivers*—grand in their free, onward dash, and indeed waxing more grand at every obstacle—but weakened and diminished in effect, by compelled to dally among soft hues and artificial shades.

The vault of the Sistine chapel is divided into compartments, a few feet square each, in which Michelangelo has represented scenes of the Old Testament—the mysteries of the creation, the prophets, sybils, and the Deity himself. He dared much ; but, in daring so much, he knew himself. Who but Michelangelo would not have meanly failed in endeavoring to portray the Inspired and the Inspirer ? Angelo\* has failed. But he has failed, anything but meanly. His conceptions were sublime ; his subjects were sublimer.

Upon the wall behind the altar is the so much discussed work of the ‘ Last Judgment,’ which has been much praised and much censured, and which is, by most travelers of our day, not deemed worthy of iterated visits. Our friend T\*\*\*\*\* declared it to be a ‘ gum,’ and said he would not give his dog Beppo for a church-full of such. L\*\*\*\*\*, the swaggerer, swore ‘ t’was a h—l of a piece.’ Had he meant it, his remark would have been clever.

We doubt not, the Buonaroti has exhibited all the science, for which the ‘ conosciuti ’ give him credit, in the accurate and strong anatomy of his great piece. Of this we cannot judge. The picture is certainly not an attractive one. It appals rather than pleases. Its situation is bad. The lights are cross ; and the dusky, monotonous coloring—in part the characteristic of fresco, in part the author’s style—make a long examination of the piece necessary to understand its plan and full force. From a confusion of legs and arms and bodies, the figure of Christ in judgment, occupying the top of the middle of the picture, is conspicuous, ejecting the wicked, ‘ thunderstruck, pursued with terrors and with furies,’ from the regions of the blessed. The rest is at first sight a dismal indefinitude. Figures appear, gradually, as objects on shore to the seaman who approaches in a fog. Here peers out, from the horrible obscure, a countenance, just animated, not yet relaxed from the stiffness of the grave : there, an avenging demon glowers from the darkness, over writhing

\* We take a liberty with the artist, in dividing his name, which, being complimentary, we trust will be forgiven. An Italian would, without doubt, be much amused at seeing the Buonaroti thus written down ; as we should be at hearing Shakespeare called Mr. Speare or Mr. Shak. Angelo, however, is a soothing, musical word, and we like to write it. We follow Ariosto, too, who has made a very melodious line, by an intersyllabic parenthesis :

\* \* \* e quel, che a par sculpe e colori,  
Michel, pin che mortal, Angel divino. — *Canto xxxiii, St. 2.*

forms of the damned. The dead arise in their winding-sheets, at the summons of the angel's trump — not by the use of limbs, but as if by a necessary and unintentional obedience to God's command. The apostles crowd around their master, and Mary (sainted mother!) shelters herself tenderly and meekly under her son's, her Saviour's arm. As these different parts of the composition waxed more distinct to our eye, the feeling of indifference or fastidiousness, with which we entered the room, gave place to awe, and we felt that we were carried away by a superior spirit. The conception takes mighty hold on the mind. Once seen and studied, it never fades from the memory. Every part is masterly — the work of a great mind. You may criticise; you may say this or that is bad; you can call none indifferent.

The Buonaroti was more inferior to Raphaël in colouring, and in grace, than he was superior in drawing and energy. He knew it: and very sore, that himself — the Dictator of Italy, worshipped in Florence almost as a God, whose decisions had been received with as implicit faith in the world of the fine arts, as Dr. Johnson's have been in the world of letters, whose *bon mots* were the topics of every circle, and whom the Pope with a whole train of sacerdotal robes had visited at his domicile, — should have to resign his admirers to this little bird from the fields, just fledged, with hues of light and tuneful note, — he employed one of his scholars, F. Sebastiano del Piombo, who had studied at Venice, with the inimitable colourist Giorgione, to fill up his sketches; thinking that this union of great drawing and great colouring (in one of which Raphaël yielded to the Venetian, in the other to the Florentine) would bear away the palm. The happy effect of this division of labor is felt in a Flagellation at S. Pietro in Montoris — one of the master-pieces of Rome. In vain, however: Raphaël was the angel, and Michelangelo was the great man.

If there ever was a man truly original, — whose greatness was his own, — whose fame was maintained by the self-moving springs of his own nature — it was Michelangelo. He imitated none. He formed himself upon no models. His sculpture is as different from that of the Greeks, as the mountain-ringing cantations of Polyphemos, from an Italian opera. I know it is the fashion of tourists to decry Angelo, and to call his statues rude names. They style his Jesus a galley-slave, and I know not how much ridicule the horns and beard of his Moses have elicited. Such decided strictures upon great men and great works, are spirited — independent. The censurers are above the vulgar prejudices of such narrow minds as the Carraccis, Cav. Mengs, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Madame de Staël, Canova. Barefaced paradox is one of the easiest means of attracting attention; and a writer seems to set forth a fair claim to the reputation of genius in him-

self, who ridicules with sufficient assurance, what the servile world have revered as such in others. Painting must appeal to the general eye — the strolling critics of Italy will tell you ; and therefore, they conclude, a single glance from a prejudice-piercing eye is sufficient to discover the whole merit of any piece whatsoever : as if a five-minutes gratification of their sterile fancies were the only view to be taken of such a work as the Last Judgment — the child of ten years travail of the tremendous Florentine. In the fine arts we should approach one of the consecrated works of genius, with much the same reverence with which we open the sacred Scriptures, with which we read Paradise Lost. The same spirit informs each, we are told : and if we do not weigh lightly the adoration of ages, the judgments of elevated minds, we shall approach it with deference, as a creation upon which the Holy Spirit has breathed its fervor, as a sanctuary where the Deity in part resides.

To me Angelo's works are full of genius. They are true, energetic, often sublime. He threw forth his conceptions hot and huge, from the furnace of his soul, and the world looked and wondered and was changed. He has been called the Dante of the arts — not without cause. Madame de Staël might have written of him, what she has written of Dante so musically and well : 'Michelange, poëte sacré de nos mystères religieux, héros de la pensée, plongea son génie dans le Styx, pour aborder à l'enfer, et son âme fut profonde comme les abîmes qu'il a décrits.\*' The painter, like the poet, loved the large, the difficult, the terrible. 'Come quel poëta prese materia sempre difficile a cantare, e da astruso tema trasse lode di profondo e di grande ; così Michelangiolo cercò it più spinoso del disegro, e nell'eseguirlo comparve dotto e granpioso.' And again : 'Vi ha fra loro qualche altra convenienza : una certa pompa di sapere ; onde Dante parve ai critici talvolta più cattedratico ché peëta, il Bonarruoti più anatomico ché pittore : e una certa noncuranza della bellezza, per cui spesso it primo, e se dee seguirsi il parere dé Carracci e di Mengs, talore il secondo cade nel rozzo.' The 'pompa di sapere,' of which Lanzi speaks, the pomp of knowledge, the display of science, is the artist's most marked characteristic ; and hence he sometimes seems 'more anatomist than painter.' Fond of energetic expression, he was too apt to represent the muscles always in tense action. His art was thus more conspicuous. His 'noncuranza della bellezza,' his carelessness of beauty, seems (as is shown by the Eve on the vault of the

\* The exclamation of L. recorded above, translates this passage ; or more literally, — Michelangelo, 'sacred poet of our religious mysteries, plunged his genius into the Styx to arrive at Hell, and his soul was profound, like the abysses he has revealed.'



Sistine, or still more by the tender loveliness of Mary in the Last Judgment) to have come, not so much from his being naturally an unfit companion for the graces, as from his having sat too long with Orcus and with Jove to love their company. He despised, or rather, undervalued the minor excellencies of art — the finish, the tasteful arrangement of trifles, in which Canova has so excelled, and gave the whole force of his mind to the strong expression of one stern idea. He was too occupied with higher things, to receive Cupid's dallying visits. His head was too burdened by the master-strokes of genius to be able to twine roses into delicate wreaths. He elevated himself above rules and sported with men's fancies. 'The paltry jargon of the marble mart' would christen many of his works monsters, because they are prodigies. To try him by the ordinary rules of criticism, is to examine Vesuvius with a torch. He is sufficiently lighted by his own fire, and can only be judged by his volcanic glare.

Michelangelo and Canova had nothing in common. Each was excellent where the other failed. The one was as graceful as the other was awkward<sup>1</sup>. The one was refined : the other rude. The one was critical, gentle, finished : the other impetuous and careless of rule. Canova dealt little with the heroic. He entertained, he understood not the strong passions. Even his boxers at the Capitol (which he made as a proof of his wrathful power, when piqued at the insinuation that he was master only of the feminine parts of our nature) are gentle boxers, though they strike hard ; and you know they must have just been smiling, though their present frown is fierce. What Canova means for majesty, is rather stateliness of beauty ; and what is more charming than the grief of his mourners ? Michelangelo's majesty is severe, and when he represents distress, he creates it. Oh ! there is no likeness between 'the dear little Canova' and the fearful Tuscan.\*

In painting, Angelo was original ; for he was first. Before him the art was mean, — not founded upon science, — not warmed by genius. It was no art. Michelangelo made it. From the small beginnings of Cimabue and Giotto, upon whose style there had

\* We cannot refrain from illustrating our remarks with the comparison of our little French companion Monsieur Petit. 'Tink, said he, dat Canova is like de little pig, dat squeal very gentle and sweet, or de little pigeon-turtle, dat warble melodious ; but Angel Michael (he continued, thinking it necessary to translate proper names literally, according to the practice of the French, into the language he was speaking) but Angel Michael is de roar of de bull. Dey are, sans doute, bote very good in dere place ; but I should rather have de dove in my chamber, dan de bull, just as I like better to read our Racine (ce parfait maître de la pensée, !) dan your Shakspeare, though he do roar very loud, but not very delicate. Canova will always please more than Angel Michael, just as our divine teatre (say what you will) will be loved and read by all de civilized world, while yours is only wondered at.'

been little advance for two hundred years, to the full power and truth displayed in the Sistine Chapel, the stride was immense. He who made it was a very great man. He had little to help him in his study of nature, but the ancient marbles, the value of which to the arts was beginning to be felt. For Massaccio's and Ghirlandajo's paintings, do not bear to their pupils' productions a comparison so honorable even as the seed to the full grown tree whose germ it contains.

Michelangelo Buonaroti was born in 1474. In Ghirlandajo's study, he showed such talent for painting, as to excite the jealousy of his master ; and when Lorenzo de' Medici, having, for the promotion of the art of sculpture, collected many ancient marbles in his garden in St. Mark, applied to Ghirlandajo for one of his pupils to take charge of the collection, the young Buonaroti, against the will of his father Ludovico, who thought the situation beneath him, was recommended and received by the Grand Duke. The 'magnificent' monarch saw into the young man's genius, prized it, and entertained him as the companion and equal of his sons and courtiers. He remained four years in this office, accomplishing himself in polite education, — reading, and imitating his country's great, and then almost sole poet, the recondite Dante. He studied anatomy for ten or twelve years, with great application ; and in his love of the clay and the marble, had, it seems, renounced painting entirely. In 1508 he was called to Rome by Julius II. for whom he executed the Moses, and was afterwards obliged, against his inclination, to accept a commission for painting the vault of the Sistine Chapel in fresco. A tyro, in this style of painting, he sent to Florence for the best professors to aid and teach him. His great and grasping mind soon made itself master of all they knew, and already, while nominally pupil, had taken in, transformed, and new made the art. He dismissed the Tuscans to their city, effaced the figures they had begun, — shut himself up in the chapel, — in a twelvemonth exhibited half, and in 1511 the whole of the vault to his wondering countrymen. Raphaël was then quietly surpassing him. Angelo, determined to be nowhere second, returned to Florence, and was occupied in scripture and architecture till 1533, thirteen years after Raphaël's death, when, upon the solicitation of Paul III., he commenced the fresco of the Last Judgment, at the Sistine Chapel, which he discovered in 1541. This was a critical moment. The modesty of Paul IV. was so shocked at the unclad simplicity of the Saints in Heaven—his worthy predecessors—that he ordered the walls of the sanctuary to be whitewashed ; and it was with great difficulty that some lovers of the art protected the work from the ruthless hand of the decorous pontiff, by employing Daniel of Volterra, a pupil of the Buonaroti, to add such parts of clothing as would cover the most offensive nudities from the eye of the holy

man. For this office, Daniel received the nick-name of *Brachetore*, or *Big-breeches*. Michelangelo lived to a great age — and left us in his eighty-ninth year, having done enough, say his admirers, in each of the sister arts to immortalize himself.

Raphaël died young. He lived just long enough to show, by his greatness in one department, how much he would have excelled in all; then, like a vision of all that is pure and noble and good, he vanished — leaving the world divided between joy at his coming and regret at his being taken away. His works are foot-prints of cherubim.

P. ROSA.

#### THE SPIDER.

HABITANT of castle gray,  
 Creeping thing in sober way,  
 Visible, sage mechanician,  
 Skillfullest arithmetician,  
 Aged animal at birth —  
 Wanting joy and idle mirth,  
 Clothed in famous tunic, old  
 Vestments black of many a fold,  
 Spotted mightily with gold —  
 Weaving, spinning in the sun,  
 Since the world its course has run;  
 Creation beautiful in art,  
 Of God's providence a part —  
 What if none will look at thee,  
 Sighing for the humming bee,  
 Or great moth with heavenly wings,  
 Or the nightingale who sings —  
 Curious Spider, thou 'rt to me  
 Of a mighty family!

Tender of a mystic loom,  
 Spinning, in my silent room,  
 Canopy that haply vies,  
 With the mortal fabric wise.  
 Everlasting procreator,  
 Ne'er was such a generator —  
 Adam wondered at thy skill;  
 And thy persevering will,

That continueth to spin —  
Caring not a yellow pin  
For the mortal's dire confusion ;  
Sager in profound conclusion,  
Than astronomer at night,  
When he brings new worlds to light —  
Heaven furnished thee with tools  
Such as ne'er a heap of fools  
Have, by dint of sweat and pain,  
Made for use, and all in vain.

When mild breeze is hither straying,  
Sweetest music kindly playing,  
Raising high the whispering leaves  
And the covering of the sheaves —  
An inhabitant with thee  
Of a mighty family —  
Thou art rocking, airy thing,  
Like a proud, exalted king ;  
Conqueror thou surely art,  
And majestic of heart.  
There are times of loneliness  
When a living thing we bless ;  
Times of miserable sin,  
Cold without and dark within ;  
Then, old Spider, haply, I  
Seek thy busy factory —  
Always finding thee at home,  
Too forecasting e'er to roam ;  
So we sit and spin together,  
In the gayest, gloomiest weather.  
Friends that come and go away,  
Now and then amuse a day ;  
But, for all sad times, gay seasons,  
And intelligible reasons,  
Careful Spider in the sun,  
We will this existence run.  
Brothers we, by God connected,  
Ne'er with bitterness infected —  
So, when ends this mortal life,  
We, with joy and goodness rife,  
Shall wing the air, to happiness,  
And everlasting blessedness.

### THE EXTENT OF OUR COUNTRY.

THE vast extent of our country has, in every point of view, been looked upon as a source of danger and alarm. It brings about, we are told, diversity of interests, and plants deep-rooted prejudices in the minds of the people. It prevents that intercourse which alone can establish kindness and esteem between the different States of the Union. It is unfavorable to literature, since there can be no mart of learning where men of letters and of leisure may meet and live together ; and it teaches the people to pay their allegiance to the State, rather than to the federal government. Without doubt, the boundless extent of our territory is the occasion of much inconvenience, and perhaps real injury. But it often happens that what is dreaded as a source of evil, proves, when probed to the bottom, to be the fountain of good ; and what is lamented as a certain element of national ruin, is really a mainspring of national greatness. We are always too apt to be led astray by the surface of things, and sometimes throw ourselves into the arms of fear when we ought to recline in the lap of hope. Bad men never fail to seek, in interest, an apology for what their sense of duty revolts at, and to make their love of country a veil for their still greater love of self. It is thus that mighty revolutions have in all ages been built upon imaginary wrongs ; and what professes to be for the good of the people is really for the benefit of a few individuals. Restless spirits, who are fired with an ambition which they are unable to gratify, and soured with disappointments, of which they themselves have been the cause, are willing to convulse a whole people, so that they may have a chance of acting on the stage ; or despairing of being first in the councils of the nation, burn to break the bands that unite the people, if they can only be at the head of a single, a sovereign, and an independent State.

Such men, however common, are new neither in this age or this country. As soon as the Constitution was proposed, and before it was adopted, they shot forth, rank and luxuriant, like weeds in a newly-ploughed garden. They have increased in numbers, and have distorted the Constitution into the most various shapes ; but, with all their zeal, they have touched no doctrine that was not already old, and propagated no principle that was not already condemned. They have left no means untried, no passion untouched or prejudice uninfluenced, to excite faction and discontent among the people. They have dwelt, especially, upon the extent of our country, and the rival interests of which it is the immediate cause. They have portrayed the sleepless avarice of one part, and the too patient suffering of another.

Whatever their motive may be, however high their object, or honorable their intentions, every word which they have uttered, and every step which they have taken, tend directly to one point — *the severance of the Union.*

Strange that, — where nature loved to trace,  
As if for gods, a dwelling-place,  
And every charm and grace hath mixed,  
Within the paradise she fixed, —  
There, man, enamored of distress,  
Should mar it into wilderness,  
And trample, brute like, on each flower,  
That tasks not one laborious hour,  
Nor claims the culture of his hand,  
To bloom along the fairy land,  
But springs as to preclude his care,  
And sweetly woos him — but to spare !

Most of the republics that we read of in history, were small in population and limited in territory. When their bounds were stretched too far, they fell either into the hands of one man, or under the still more lawless sway of the rabble ; so that, from the misrule of the few and the tyranny of the many, they passed through all the ills of usurpation and anarchy. The notion has hence become common, that republics can flourish only in small tracts of country, and that the powers, with which it clothes the people, are too limited to keep in order the population of a large and thinly peopled continent. But the example of the ancient republics did not serve as beacons to the framers of our Constitution, and can throw but little light on our course. It cannot be too often observed, that they teach us what paths we should avoid, and do not point out those which we ought to pursue. The time was, when men feared that the federal government would be swallowed up by the daily increasing power of the States ; and that a doctrine, which most people declared to be unsound in theory, would soon be put extensively into practice. No one, however, can have been so deaf to what he hears, or so blind to what he sees, as to indulge at present in such antiquated notions. No one need be reminded that the tide of power has taken exactly an opposite direction. Is the federal government at the mercy of the States ? Is Congress at the foot of the people ? Is the executive a mere pageant, a shadow and show of authority ? So difficult is it to frame a system upon general reasoning, that will not prove different from what is expected ; — and so much mistaken are those who hope to reduce politics to a science, and who believe that time and experience will prove their notions of government as successful in practice as they have already fancied them beautiful in theory.

Neither, on the other hand, is a large continent favorable to the schemes of selfish ambition or the establishment of individual

power. The people are scattered over a vast surface and can never be collected into one mass. They are not therefore so apt to be carried away by any single passion or sudden impulse, or so prone to fall under the sway of man. They view both men and things in various aspects ; what one State admires another condemns ; what one struggles to put up, another strives to pull down ; and thus a healthful difference of opinion is kept alive throughout the land. What would be, or rather what would not be the fate of this nation, if the several parties, that now divide the people, were crowded into the walls of a large capital or even in the limits of a small republic ? Could any one bring himself to foresee the danger, the bloodshed and the tyranny that would ensue ? Would any one be so idle as to say *then*, that the French Revolution and the civil wars of Rome would never have a parallel in the history of America ? What would not be the force of power and patronage, the corruption of magistrates, the slavery of the people and the ruin of the state !

Large Capitals, though frequently the scene of anarchy have never been sound and constant friends of good order and true liberty. They have indeed usually been foremost to set up resistance to arbitrary power, but they are always hurried away by a whirlwind of passion ; and while they escape the evils of capricious misrule, run through the still more dreadful terrors of anarchy. They are for the most part stirred up by the artful intrigues, the pretended patriotism and vulgar eloquence of dangerous and designing men, and I know of few things that they have left better than they found them. To pass by the slaughter with which the streets of Rome was daily drenched, I am not prepared to say that the Roman empire was less happy and prosperous under the dynasty of the Cæsars, than was the republic, before it was torn to pieces by the wars of Marius and Sylla. Perhaps the English nation did not gain much by exchanging the exaggerated tyranny of Charles I. for the boasted liberty of the Commonwealth and the popular reign of Charles II. And while every one knows that France was not made happy by passing through the orgies of a revolution and the arbitrary reign of the great Emperor, the impartial historian perhaps will say she was not freer under the rule of Louis Philippe, than she was under that of the Bourbons.

Besides, it is well known that capitals, gathering as they do within their walls all the talents and corruption of the land, control the opinions and direct the movements of whole nations. Paris and London have only to lead the way, and France and England will soon follow in their track. Men are too much disposed to take their opinions on trust : and nothing can be more hurtful to the freedom of a people, than that a country should be taught to look up to any particular individuals or even any par-

ticular city for its sentiments, either in morals, politics or religion. Fortunately for us, we have no overgrown metropolis that can hold such boundless sway, either for good or for evil, over the minds of the people. I do not mean to say that the people of the United States are free from influence. But while I cannot deny that some men — taking advantage of their own popularity and the many defects in our otherwise perfect constitution — have established an authority dangerous in its kind and still more so as regards the use which they have made of it, still I say that there is a large portion of the American people who think and act for themselves. A majority of them, I hope, follow the light of reason and do not obey the dictation of others. At any rate, there is yet freedom of opinion and freedom of speech to those who *choose* to exercise them, and if these precious privileges have in any manner or to any degree been curtailed, that curtailment has sprung from other causes than the extent of our country. Indeed, this extent is a great barrier to the further progress of the evil, and we can only say that if the disease prevails so sensibly over so large a surface, how destructive would it not be, if narrowed down within the limits of a city or a small republic !

As the grandeur and permanence of our government must depend upon the intelligence of the people, it has been feared that this country is too wide spread and thinly peopled to stand the test of time and the rude shocks of party and of prejudice. But this, to use the cant language of the times--language, however, which is not the less true because it is trite — is the age of improvement ; and the spirit of enterprize is a more prominent feature in the character of this nation than in that of any other. States and cities, that are apparently at a great distance from each other, are really very close together. Prejudices, that would otherwise be deep rooted, are now almost eradicated by the great facility of intercourse. It is not too much to say that the communication between the different portions of the Union is as great and as easy as was that between the different parts of the Roman republic, during the dawn of its greatness, and before it had burst into the mid-day of its magnificence. There, is besides, in the very extent and situation of our country and in the value of its commerce, many causes that will bring this facility of communication to a still greater height of perfection and make the American people, in an emphatic sense of the word, a traveling people. Most of the merchandize that is brought into the United States is imported by the cities on the Atlantic seaboard. From these it is purchased in large quantities and retailed in smaller through the whole of the interior. Almost every merchant then, in the whole valley of the Mississippi, and indeed in the whole of the inland, has to perform, periodically, his trip of business to the cities of the East. On the other hand, also, large supplies of the



staple produce of the most distant sections of the Union, find their way to the Atlantic markets, and indeed can find a vent only in them. This trade is not confined to any one city or State, but extends along the sea-board from New-York to New-Orleans. In the East, every gentleman is expected to know something of the lakes, the rivers, the mountains and the people of the West. On this side of the Alleghanies, there are few that are not acquainted, either from early recollections of the place of their birth, from recent visits, or from the information of others, with the opinions, the feelings and the manners of the people in the New-England and Atlantic States. A great deal of knowledge (sometimes indeed not very correct or impartial) is spread among the lower classes by means of the press. At any rate, men of the most influence, those who guide the movements of the people and who hold in their hands the destinies of the nation, are not entirely ignorant of each other, and if they sometimes profess to labor under the vulgar prejudices that were formerly so much in vogue, it is not because they really entertain them, but because they desire to attain some end by means which, to say the least, are neither liberal nor reputable. The many works of internal improvement which are already completed, have sensibly diminished the jealousy and heart-burnings between the States, that so long and so unfortunately prevailed. The people are beginning to perceive virtues where they had only fancied the lowest meanness, and to afford another proof how quick are the gradations between acquaintance, kindness and esteem. And we may now, I think, safely affirm that neighboring States of the Union know more of each other than adjoining provinces of France or contiguous Counties in England. For my part, I cannot but regard with infinite contempt, those little men, who take a pride in keeping alive these petty prejudices. Such men have either a low ambition or narrow minds. Strange indeed is it that their patriotism is so intense that it can compass only the surface of a single State. And stranger still, that such narrow views should be regarded by anybody, as allied with the noble feelings of love of liberty and of country.

It would be very easy to shew that there is no ground for any such prejudices. The interests of most of the States are different rather than rival interests. To prove the dependence of the various sections of the country upon one another, for their commerce and prosperity, I will take a very familiar instance, which perhaps will suggest itself to the mind of every one. If the mouth of the Mississippi were closed, or occupied by a foreign power, there would be no outlet for the produce of the western soil. Produce would fall in price, credit would be broken; the pressure would be felt by every one; and we should see revived that noble excitement and just indignation, which swelled every bosom

in Kentucky, and her younger sisters of the valley, when New-Orleans — contrary to the solemn faith of a public treaty — was closed in open day against them. The merchants of the east would suffer great loss in the sale of their goods and recovery of their debts. And thus, as if the nation were one regular and well-devised system, the malady that taints a particular part would infect and prostrate the whole body.

Without denying that intelligence always goes hand in hand with commerce, I may be allowed to say that those employed in agriculture are usually more fixed in their abode and firm in their opinions. A large majority of the people either are or shortly will be engaged in this noblest of pursuits. The grandeur of the Roman republic was owing in a great degree to the respect in which agriculture was held : for, from the tilling of the soil, spring the virtues of honesty, hospitality and magnanimity. People are much more attached to a country when they own land, than when they merely own money in it ; not only their interests, but their feelings also — which are sometimes more powerful even than interest — are closely linked with its welfare and prosperity. Our boundless domain, and the cheap prices at which the public lands are sold, put it into the power of every man to become a landholder ; and it is among the landholders that we must look, if not for the intelligence of the country, at least for honest intentions and sterling patriotism.

But these advantages of extensive territory are trifling when compared with the real power which it gives us at home, and the respect which it inspires for us abroad. An attack may be made on one State, and it will be resisted, although not felt by another. It is true, that foreign prints and foreign travelers decry our government and our manners. But we are a great people, and they know it. Else, whence this torrent of abuse ? — this ceaseless tide of emigration ? Indeed, recent events have shewn that, although our right may for a time be disregarded, our power is yet dreaded on the other side of the great waters. W.

*Lexington, (Ky.)*

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

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*The Token and Atlantic Souvenir; a Christmas and New-Year's Present. Edited by S. G. Goodrich. Boston: published by Charles Bowen. 1836.*

It is a pity that some efficient method could not be adopted to do away with the present system of indiscriminate puffery. Little or no reliance can be placed on newspaper opinions about a new book; and we are sorry to add that contemporary periodicals, of a weightier character, which pretend to some slight critical discrimination, cannot be consulted with a better chance of finding out the truth. The editors of journals seem to conspire with the authors, editors and publishers of books, to practice the grossest deceptions upon the reading community. Let a stupid volume hang heavily on the publisher's hands, and — to use a slang phrase of the trade — he 'gets it off' by procuring a certain number of puffs to append to his advertisements.

Let 'an elegant annual' make its appearance, and it is foisted into the favor of young masters and misses, protesting lovers and too-confiding damosels, by the recommendation of 'The New-York Mirror,' and some dozen other frail porringers of sentimental pap. Bachelors of 'a certain age,' and subdued husbands, who may be connected with the daily press — the former to keep alive the embers of decayed hopes, the latter to buy some respite from 'the continual dropping' which patters them at home — are glad to be favored with copies, 'very splendidly embossed,' of the new-year's wonder, to lay at the shrine of the particular goddesses whose smiles they may desire to invoke — and so they puff. When 'puffs' are not voluntary, the editor becomes a sort of literary recruiting-serjeant, and forces them into service.

'Have you any facility for writing in the newspapers?' says Mr. Parleyvous, to a young friend; 'any intimacy with the conductors of the press? If you have, I will present you with a copy of my very elegant work — if you will write a notice of it!'

The person addressed, with the rare and lovely blush of modesty upon his countenance — a blush not for himself, but for the shameless individual who thus tempts his virtue of opinion — disavows any influence with the press, and declines receiving a present of — ay! let us suppose it — *THE TOKEN*; for this precious volume has led us into this train of remark.

This 'Christmas and New-Year's Present' has been puffed and plastered, during the present season, as liberally as usual. If one could believe all that is said about it, it would be thought more splendid than were the illuminated tomes of the Alexandrian library. Not a spot can be discovered on its radiant surface. Is not the publisher aware that such outrageous puffery fails of its intended effect? — that it is like

'Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself  
And falls on the other?'

Though the volume has not been sent to this Magazine — probably from a shrewd suspicion that nothing but justice would be awarded — we are disposed to be charitable, and bestow a little gratuitous criticism and advice, — seeing that we have the loan of a copy (we beg to be spared the imputation of having bought it) from a generous bookseller. Few people, including those who foolishly spend their money for them, read the annuals. It was thought good taste, many years ago, to have them displayed upon centre-tables. It is now thought very bad taste. But as the happy custom still prevails of making presents at Christmas and new-year, these books are yet purchased and presented, though seldom read, even by the presentee. Their chief if not only value, then, consists in their appearance and the beauty of their embellishments; and by these, they must be judged.

The stories and poetry are, in general, poor stuff. The editor makes his selection, guided rather by the celebrity of the writer than the merit of the papers. In the present instance, this rule has been somewhat disregarded; for in printing his own pieces, Mr. Goodrich must have been aware that they could lay claim to neither advantage. He (or somebody in his name!) is a tasteful prose-writer; but he is a most wretched versifier, as we shall presently show. But, without regard to the desert of its editor, (whom we look upon as occupying the same rank in literature, as a quack vender of universal nostrums in medicine) let us proceed, gentle reader, to glance rapidly over the leaves of 'The Token, for 1836.'

We have here a very pretty cover; let us look at the engravings!

*The Presentation Plate*: a lovely design — tolerably engraved. Young Brown has a pleasant fancy, and it is a pity that he should not always give it full play; for 'The Panther Scene,' taken from Mr. Cooper's 'Pioneers,' is not well done. The conception is indifferent, and the engraving bad enough — for Natty Bumppo's long rifle seems pointed in any direction except towards the panther. The face on the title-page is exquisite, worth everything else, without doubt. *The Fair Pilgrim*: misty and dark — an unpleasing picture. *Beatrice*: engraved from Allston's fine painting. *The Wreck at Sea*: has the appearance of a wood-cut — stiff, but distinct. *The Spirit of Poesy*: a miserable engraving, from a miserable design. The moon is a white theatre-moon; and Mrs. Poesy, who sits on the rocks, looks like a dowdy house-maid, with goggle eyes, vast neck and shoulders, and 'awful paws.' *The Emigrant's Adventure*: the landscape beautifully done; the figures bad, as most of Fisher's pictures; not very well engraved. *I'll think of that*: rather a bad engraving, from a homely painting. We are happy to see that the lady is about 'to think of that,' for she certainly does not look as if she had ever thought of anything else. *The Pilot's Boy*: exceedingly fine, and most exquisitely engraved. We have seldom seen it surpassed. How touching! See the poor child, lying dead — observe the expressive attitudes of the mourners! How perfectly is utter woe depicted on the father's countenance! The heavy clouds droop and roll along the air! Far away fades the dim landscape on the left. On the right, view the sky-kissing foam of the sea, and the dimly-defined ship, and the wheeling storm-birds! Mr. S. W. Cheney, you have redeemed the Token and immortalized yourself! After this, we will not bestow either praise or censure on the other two engravings — *The Hunters of the Prairie*, and *The Spy* — for they seem to deserve neither; but lay the volume aside after two or three words concerning its literary pretensions — which, for honesty's sake, we have been compelled to examine.

Heigho ! what a laborious life is an editor's ! How much stupidity he is compelled to encounter ! What nonsense ! Here are verses addressed to the face in the title-page ! Who wrote them ? The editor ? Infatuated man, forbear !

'It is not for thine ample curls,  
Where glowing sunset ever lingers —  
It is not for the simple pearls  
Thou'at placed there with thy rosy fingers !'

(What a line ! — read it again.)

It is not for thy banded hair  
Or snowy brow I ask thine aid —  
These, these are gifts that thou may'st share  
With many a fair and favored maid.'

No ! Impossible ! What lots of 'ample curls' and 'simple pearls' and 'rosy fingers' and 'banded hair' and 'snowy brow' the young woman must have had, to be able to share them with all her acquaintance.

'No, Necromancer, not for these  
I seek to claim thy sense of duty.'

Now why is the dear creature called such a wicked name as 'necromancer' ? ('The sound, Master Quince, the sound !') And what has the female necromancer's 'sense of duty' to do with the matter ? Of this we are not informed in the remainder of the verses, for here the poet's Pegasus bolts — and capers on the 'bordering features of a level lake.'

'And all aside from beauty, powers  
Like these to such as thou are given.'

These lines are introduced here with as much connection as in the piece itself. We confess them beyond our comprehension, as well as the following :

'For there is *truth* upon thy brow,  
That mirrors forth a world of love  
Within a form of earth — so thou  
Hast caught enchantment from above.'

Here is *truth* mirroring a world of love within a form of earth upon a brow ! The 'necromancer' is next requested to attend with a 'wand,'

————— and befriend  
These pages ever with thy look."

Why ?

'Twill turn aside the critic's curses  
And change his gathered gall to honey,'

(And so it might but for the verses.)

'Convert to gold our leaden verses,  
And turn our rhymes to ready money.'

Ah ! here we have it ; but it would take a subtler alchemy than even beauty can boast, to convert *such* lead into gold ; the rhymes jingle, however, like 'ready money.' We should have thought Mr. S. G. Goodrich would have been the last

person in the world to make such a request, considering his reputation for driving a bargain. He is said not only to be gifted with a touch like Midas, but to resemble that worthy in richly meriting a similar punishment.

The invocation ends —

‘I trust to thee, and those who choose  
May go to Helicon for aid.’

We trust no ill-natured individual will read the last line with only one syllable in the proper name.

The rest of the poetry in the volume is very little superior to the elegant specimens we have exhibited. It is mostly made up of ‘gold’ and ‘silver’ and ‘sunbeams’ and ‘cerulean’ and ‘brown’ and ‘love’ and ‘hearts’ and ‘rose-leaves’ and ‘melody’ and ‘moonbeams’ and ‘bliss’ and ‘kiss’ — with the few other necessary ingredients which give flavor to the cream and syllabub of a favorite annual. The only lines that have more than ordinary merit, are entitled, ‘Youth Recalled, by J. G. Percival,’ and a sonnet — which last is disgraced, however, by a paltry attempt at wit. These are the concluding stanzas of Percival’s piece, and they smack of the rich spirit of his earlier poems.

‘Ye greet me fair, ye years of hope and joy,  
Ye days of trembling fears and ardent loves,  
The reeling madness of the impassioned boy;  
Through wizard wilds again my spirit roves,  
And beauty, veiled in fancy’s heavenly hue,  
Smiles and recedes before my longing view.

‘The light has fled ; the tones that won my heart  
Back to its earliest heaven, again are still :  
A deeper darkness broods ; with sudden start  
Repelled, my life relapses from its thrill :  
Heavier the shades descend, and on my ear  
Only the bubbling fountain murmurs near.’

The worst attempt — and it must be very bad where all are so indifferent — the very worst — if anything can be worse than the ‘words, words, words,’ and the hop skip and jump movement of the editor’s own rickety rhymes — by far the worst in this book, or any other that we ever saw, is, ‘I WILL FORGET THEE,’ by B. B. Thacher ; and we declare this truth more in sorrow than in anger. Yet we are vexed that a man of such excellent sense should have committed such an unmeaning absurdity. It is, *first*, incomprehensible ; *second*, silly ; *third*, vulgar ; *fourth*, far-fetched ; and ‘finally, to conclude,’ altogether pitiable. As we esteem the author very highly, nothing but the strictest sense of justice would have induced this sentence. There are other instances of vulgarity in this ‘gift for ladies,’ which would forbid its presentation to a female by any gentleman of refinement. To prove this, we cite two verses from a wretched piece of doggerel — ‘*The Muse and the Album, by J. L. Gray.*’ Speaking of his muse on Parnassus, (in a styè rather) when he ‘softly wakes’ to write in ‘L. H.’s album, he says —

‘The vixen, vexed because I woke her,  
Was stiff as if she’d eat a poker’ !!

So much for the articles in which the lines commence with capital letters. The stories are by Miss Sedgwick, by W. L. Stone, by the authors of ‘*The Affianced One,*’

'Sights from a Steeple,' and 'The Gentle Boy,'—by Miss Leslie, Grenville Mellen, and John Neal; besides those who have the grace to be anonymous. The author of 'The Gentle Boy,' whom we regard as the most pleasing writer of fanciful prose, except Irving, in the country, and 'John Neal,' have displayed their usual freshness and originality. 'The Young Phrenologist,' by the latter, is very pretty, but slightly *inuendoish* (to adopt the author's own fashion of coining words) and Anacreon Mooreish. 'Dante's Beatrice' commences with a significant truism, which the author—a lady, we doubt not—would do well to remember. 'A title to immortal fame is usually acquired by women at a dangerous expense.'

'The Token' has one advantage—and we presume the only one—over the rest of the annuals. It has appeared first, and earlier this year than usual. Why a Christmas and New-year's present should be published in the middle of September, we cannot guess. When the proper season shall arrive, will appear 'The Magnolia,' (a splendid title) edited by H. W. Herbert, Esq., author of 'The Brothers,' one of the editors of the American Monthly Magazine. The illustrations are, we are told, very beautiful; and if a name can be an assurance of merit, its literary character, under the surveillance of Mr. Herbert, will be very high.

We advise those readers who do not particularly wish to make Christmas and New-year's presents three months before the occasion, to wait for the appearance of Mr. Herbert's volume; and, after comparing it with *Mr. S. G. Goodrich's*, choose the best.

*The Miseries of Human Life; or, The Groans of Samuel Sensitive and Timothy Testy, with a few Supplementary Sighs from Mrs. Testy.*

An old book out of print; a book, which we have vague recollections of having heard praised in our boyhood, (and we have fallen somewhat into the sere and yellow leaf) but a book so much better than the ephemeral things of the day, that we have determined to bring it again before the public. Who knows but we may induce Dearborn, of New-York, to issue a new edition of it?—as for expecting anything of a lively character from the press of a Boston publisher, that would be useless. '*The Miseries of Human Life!*'—some one exclaims; 'this then, is some doleful misanthropic effusion, full of sentiment and sadness!' By no means: it is a record of certain minor annoyances, which all of us experience, treated in so witty and original a manner, that we are compelled to laugh at the most troublesome mishaps; the smaller ills, to which flesh is heir, being ingeniously rendered the cause of merriment. And what alchemy is so useful as that which turns misfortunes into jests, and enables us to make merry with our own disappointments? Mr. Berensford, the author, deserves a conspicuous niche in the fair temple of fame. Women and music, they say, should never be dated; and we are quite sure that good books never should be, because, like sweet airs and ladies, they never grow old, and their society is always welcome. Now we have laughed over this book a thousand times; in earlier years have screamed with laughter—in later ones chuckled gravely over its immortal pages; and very dear to us is our veteran copy of it, worn and tattered, but yet possessing something of a genteel shabbiness, like the decayed finery of a broken-down beau. We are not sure

that the jokes would read as well in fair type and on handsome paper, as they do now from the brown page and blurred bourgeois of the *ancien regime*. But the fickle world has forgotten Beresford. We read the miseries of mortality in the great book of human life, but not in his less ample and more pleasant pages. We were amused by the reply of the female keeper of a circulating library, in a distant town, to whom we applied for our favorite work, (having forgotten to put it in our carpet-bag, on setting forth upon a journey:) — ‘The Miseries of Human Life! Dear me, sir! I have n’t seen that book for many a day; it is gone quite out of fashion!’ And so it is! Fashion has crept into the walks of literature, and the dictum of dandies is supreme. The ‘Miseries of Human Life’ is laid on the shelf with the contemporary fashions — powdered hair, buckskin breeches, and Suwar-row boots. A part of the introductory dialogue gives some insight into the nature of the book.

‘*Sensitive.* \* \* \* \* Cast, then, but a glance on man, and man’s addictions; or look at his stations and aberrations, as delineated in one general map of the world; and what will you discover? — ‘*Horresco referens!*’ — an universal wilderness of blanks or blots! What, my poor sir, are the senses, but five yawning inlets to hourly and mementary molestations? What is your house, while you are in it, but a prison filled with nests of little reptiles; of insect annoyances; which torment you the more, because they cannot kill you? And what is the same house, when you are out of it, but a shelter, out of reach, from the hostilities of the skies? What is the country, but a sandy desert at one season, or a swallowing quagmire at another? What the town, but an upper Tartarus of smoke and din? What are carriages but cages upon wheels? What are riding horses, but purchased enemies, whom you pamper into strength, as well as inclination, to kick your brains out? What are theatres, but licensed repositories for ill-told lies, or stifling-shambles for the voluntary sacrifice of time, health, money, and morals? A senatorial debate, (when you have fought your way to it) what is it but a national main of cocks? What are games, sports and exercises, but devices of danger and fatigue to the performers, and schools of surgery to the practitioner who may happen to look on? What are society and solitude, but each an alternate hiding-place from the persecutions of the other? Libraries! — What are they but the sepulchres of gaiety, conservatories for the seedlings of disease? Nay — to descend still lower — what are the indispensable processes of eating and drinking, but practical lectures on the art of spoiling food? Or what, even the familiar operations of dressing and undressing, but stinging remembrances of the privileged nakedness of the savage?

‘*Testy.* \* \* \* So much, then, for generals: as to particulars, we shall find no great difficulty in gathering and sorting single specimens: O yes! a store-house of ‘miseries,’ or a chest of ‘groans,’ might be soon filled, and —

‘*Sen.* Admirably imagined! Mr. Testy. Your idea had certainly escaped me, and I embrace it with both my arms. We shall not have far to ramble, as you seem to say, in botanizing for weeds, nettles and thistles; let us, from time to time, pursue the search; and, at our next meeting, compare and house the first produce of our heavy harvest.’

We add some of the ‘Groans,’ selected at random, without regarding their connexion in the book.

‘*Testy.* Suddenly rousing yourself from ennui of a solitary walk, by striking your toe (with a corn at the end of it) full and hard against the sharp corner of a fixed flint: *pumps*.

‘*Ned Testy.* Nay, father, such a kick as that would pay you for the pain, by driving out the corn:

\* \* \* \* ‘*Segetum ab radicibus imis  
Expulsam erueret.*’



'*Testy*. Setting out, on a fine morning, for a review, and, on your arriving at the ground, violent rain coming on, and continuing without one moment's intermission during the whole of the spectacle; just at the close of which the sun peeps out from his hiding-place, and laughs in your face.

'*Sensitive*. So much for a *wet* review; but I can more than match you with a dry one; ecce signum:

Attending, on foot, a review of cavalry, on a deep sandy plain, in a furious wind, which ushers the dust into your eyes from every quarter of the compass to which you turn for refuge; not to mention the *costume* of a *miller*, in which the said wind and dust agree that you shall appear.

It was just such a review, I doubt not, that poor Young was inspired with when he wrote the following most remarkable lines:

\* \* \* \* \*  
Asserting its indisputable right  
To dance, would form an universe of dust.'

'*Testy*. On paying a visit to your garden, in the morning, for the purpose of regaling your eyes and nose with the choice ripe fruit, with which it had abounded the day before, finding that the whole produce of every tree and bush has been carefully gathered — in the night.'

'*Testy*. In your evening walk, being closely followed, for half an hour, by a large bulldog, (without his master) who keeps up a stifled growl, with his muzzle muzzling about your calf, as if choosing out the fleshiest bite: no bludgeon.'

'*Sensitive*. In returning from a long, hot ride, being overtaken in a common, many miles from home, by a torrent of rain, which so completely drenches your heated body, that you are obliged, for the preservation of your life, to stop at some lone, mean, public house — undress and get between the blankets, while your clothes are drying: then, after you have lain awake, like a fool, for a couple of hours, doing nothing in the busy part of the day, finding, when you have re-dressed yourself, night coming on, and no messenger to be had by whom to send word to your anxious friends, that you must remain where you are all night.'

'*Sensitive*. After having sent from the other end of the kingdom for a quantity of well-chosen books, all particularly named, receiving in return, six months afterwards, a cargo of novels of *their own* choice, with such titles as 'Delicate Sensibility,' 'Disguises of the Heart,' 'Errors of Tenderness,' &c. &c. Then, if you venture in despair on a few pages, being edified in the margin by such pencilled commentaries as the following: 'I quite agree in this sentiment' — 'How frequently do we find this to be the case in real life!' — 'But why did she let him have the letter?' &c. &c. — concluded by the reader's general decision on the merits of the book, stamped in one oracular sentence; for example: 'This is a very good novel;' or, (to the horror and confusion of the author, if he should ever hear of the critique) 'What execrable stuff!'

'*Testy*. On springing, at the right distance, the only covey you have seen, at the end of a long day's fag — flash in the pan.

'In hunting — While you are leading the field, and just running in upon the fox, with the brush full in your hopes — being suddenly left in the lurch, or in other words, in the ditch.'

An *infantine* misery — *Testy's* baby:

'A dry *wet-nurse*.'

A boy's miseries, Tom *Testy*.

'Waking in a bitter winter morning, with the recollection that you are immediately to get up by candle-light, out of your snug, warm bed, to shiver out to school, through the snow, for the purpose of being flogged as soon as you arrive.

'Being obliged to take a severe licking from a boy twice as big, but not half so brave, as yourself; then flogged for fighting, because you first aimed the blow, which, however, did not reach the long-armed rascal.'

'Sensitive. I will now give you a ball-room 'Groan,' with which nothing in Holbein's 'Dance of Death' can stand a moment's comparison.

'When you have imprudently cooled yourself with a glass of ice, after dancing very violently, being immediately told by a medical friend that you have no chance for your life but by continuing the exercise with all your might; then the state of horror in which you suddenly cry out for 'Go to the devil and shake yourself,' or any other such frolicsome tune, and the heart-sinking apprehensions under which you instantly tear down the dance, and keep routing all the rest of the couples, (who, having taken no ice, can afford to move with less spirit) incessantly vociferating, as you romp and gallop along, 'Hands across, sir, for heaven's sake!' 'Set corners, ladies, if you have any bowels!' 'Right and left, or I'm a dead man!' &c. &c.'

'Sensitive. In shuffling cards, (your party all strangers) squashing them together, breaking their edges, and showering them in all directions, so as to make you long for a trap-door to open under your feet.'

'Testy. Going to see a party of strolling players, on the strength of an encouraging report that they are execrable, but finding them so intolerably tolerable, that even the most heart-breaking scenes of their tragedy scarcely afford you one hearty laugh.'

'Sensitive. Dressing in a coffee-house, in a great hurry to dine out, and on your arrival at your friend's house, suddenly finding that you have nothing in any of your pockets; then the flash of horror that runs through you, as you recollect that you have involuntarily confided your watch, pocket-book, love letters, and uncounted cash and notes to the care of the public, by involuntarily leaving them on the table of the coffee-room, in which you hastily changed your coat and waistcoat.'

'Testy. On leaving the house at which you have been visiting, finding that a rascal has taken your new hat, and left you his old one; which, on the one hand, either cuts your scull, if you press it down, or barely perches on the tip of your head if you do not; or, on the other hand, wobbles over your head and ears, and keeps bobbing on your nose—to say nothing of wearing another man's hat, even if it fitted like a glove.'

'Sensitive. Being accelerated in your walk by the lively application of a chairman's pole, *a posteriori*; his 'by your leave' not coming until after he has taken it.

'In the room of an inn, to which you are confined, by the rain or by sudden indisposition, the whole day, finding yourself reduced to the following *delasemens de cœur*; and first for the morning: examining the scrawled window-panes, in the hopes of curious verses, and finding nothing more *piquant* than 'I love pretty Sally Appleby of Chipping Norton;' 'Sweet Dolly Meadows!' 'A. B., G. M., T. S., &c. &c. dined here July the 4th, 1789;' 'I am very *unhappy*—Sam. Jennings;' 'Life at best is but a jest;' 'Wm. Wilkins is a fool,' with 'So are you' under it; 'dam pitt,' &c. &c., together with sundry half-finished initials scratched about.

'Then for your evening recreations:—After having for the twentieth time, held a candle to the wretched prints or ornaments, with which the room is hung, (such as female personifications of the Four Seasons, or the Cardinal Virtues) daubed over, any-how, with purple, red, and raspberry cream colors; or a series of half-penny prints, called 'Going out in the Morning,' 'Starting a Hare,' 'Coming in at the Death,' &c.; or a Jemmy Lenamy lover in a wood, in new boots, but without spurs, whip, horse, or hat, with his hair full dressed, on one knee, in the dirt, before a coy May-pole Miss in an old-fashioned riding-dress; both figures partly colored and partly plain; or a goggling wax queen, bolt upright in a deep glass case, among the minikin pillars of a tawdry temple, wreathed with red foil, tinsel, and green varnished leaves; or the map of England, with only about four counties, and no towns in it, worked in a sampler by the landlady's youngest daughter, 'aged 10 years;' or a little fat plaster man on the chimney-piece, with his gilt cocked hat at the back of his head, and a pipe in his mouth—being the centre figure to a china Shakspeare and Milton, in Harlequin jackets, at the two extremities; after getting all this by heart, (I say) asking in despair for some books, which, when brought, turn out to be Bracken's Farriery, three or four

wrecks of different spelling-books, Guaging made easy, a few odd volumes of the Racing Calendar, an *abridged Abridgement* of the History of England in question and answer, with half the leaves torn out, and the other half illegible with greasy thumbing--an old list of Terms, Transfer days, &c. &c.; in each of which you try a few pages, nod over them till nine o'clock, and then stumble to bed in a cloud of disgust.'

We agree with Testy, that this is 'horror, horror, horror, horror, horror!' and yet it is equalled in ludicrous misery by many of the 'groans' that form the staple of this inestimable book.

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'*The Musical Library.*' Edited by Lowell Mason and Geo. I. Webb. Published by E. R. Broaders.

We are glad to see this work, because we are of opinion that it has been long needed. It is always desirable for persons who cultivate music, to have some means of obtaining information with regard to the various subjects connected with the science and art, and to have access to as many as possible of the most recent musical compositions. In the present state of the art in this country, it is not to be expected that many original compositions should be produced here, and it would not perhaps be very difficult for a moderately industrious person, to keep himself tolerably well informed with regard to the productions of our own artists. But it would be almost impossible for any but professional men, to keep pace at all, with the progress of music in foreign countries. Musical compositions are poured forth in such overwhelming abundance that no mere amateur can afford to purchase them all. Besides, their merits are so various, there is such a mass of trash, overlaying a few precious gems of genius, that even if the expense were disregarded, one would still be reluctant to have such a collection of rubbish gathered about him.

We want then a regular Musical Review. We want that some competent person should undertake to watch the musical press, and give an account of what comes from it. We want that fair, candid and judicious criticism, which can only be expected from men, who are themselves thoroughly acquainted with the science and art of music, and which alone can be of any use to us in selecting from foreign catalogues.

We also need a re-publication of foreign music judiciously selected. The re-publication of music has hitherto been in the hands of persons whose only object was to gain, and they have consequently aimed at selecting such music only as would sell. Music of a popular character, or such as was recommended by the name of a fashionable compositor, has too often usurped, on the *counters* of our music-sellers the place of compositions of real merit. We do not intend, in saying this, to impute any blame to the publishers of music. It was their business to follow, not to lead the public taste; that they have done so faithfully is fully proved by the piles of miserable stuff which load their shelves. A publication which should aim to lead, rather than follow public taste, and in which music of a pure and high character only should find a place, would, we think, be a public benefit.

But this is not all. Among the works of the old masters, there is much that has a permanent value. No length of time, no change of opinion, no whims or caprices of taste, can ever obliterate the eternal impress which genius has stamped upon the rich works of the old classical composers. The massive grandeur of Handel—

resembling in its pure and majestic simplicity, the noblest monuments of Grecian architecture — the inexhaustible fertility, and the exquisitely finished ornament of Haydn — reminding us of the light and graceful Gothic, in its infinite variety and splendor of decoration — the sublime and solemn tenderness of Mozart, the wild chivalrous romance of Weber, the deep and awful enthusiasm of Beethoven, can never pass from the memory of men, so long as there exist souls that can be warmed by the sacred fire of genius. But the student in music requires aid in studying the works of these great men. He needs the judicious advice of some able artist capable of directing him to those portions of their works which will be most pleasing and instructive. And it cannot fail to be useful to the community to have some of the works of these masters published in such a form as will render them generally accessible.

In what has been said, we have endeavored briefly to point out, what we think are the objects most desirable to be kept in view, in such a publication as the 'Musical Library,' and these are some of the objects, though not the only ones, which the editors propose to themselves. It is their purpose to leave no subject untouched which is connected with the improvement of the musical art in this country. The work could not be in better hands. Mr. Webb and Mr. Mason are justly considered as standing foremost in their profession. We are persuaded they have both the will and the ability, to edit such a work as well as it can be done at this time, in this country. The first number contains four pages of letter-press, and twenty pages of music, all executed in a very beautiful and correct manner.

The idea of this work was probably suggested by the 'London Musical Library,' a publication, the second volume of which is now nearly completed. The 'London Musical Library,' with its supplement, contains twenty-four pages of letter-press and thirty-four of music — making in the whole more than twice as much matter as is contained in the American Library. The price of the London publication at the Boston bookstores, is for the Library and Supplement about half a dollar, while the American publication, containing not quite half so much, costs about thirty-three cents. We see no reason why the 'American Library' should be so much more expensive than the British. Besides the difference in expense, we do not like the plan of the American so well as the 'English Library.' Its smaller size will, we think, make it inconvenient ever to publish entire any pieces of considerable length, and we think that on this account, it would be necessary to omit the publication of many compositions which would be most useful in forming a correct style and taste, especially in the study of the piano-forte. We suppose that the editors were influenced by a belief that a larger work would not be supported, but we hope that the success of the undertaking will be such as soon to induce them to enlarge their plan, so as to make the work at least equal in size to the 'English Library.'

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*An Address delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, August 27, 1835, on the duties of Educated Men in a Republic. By Theophilus Parsons. Boston: Russell, Odiorne, and Co.*

This is a forcible and eloquent address. It is the truth, fearlessly declared. It is just the speech which might have been expected from a bold and upright man. It has beauty without pretence — strength allied to simplicity. No apter subject could have

been chosen for the occasion. Men of all parties met at a literary festival on common ground. Here was a theme on which it was the duty of all to think alike. There could exist no political distinctions, no sectional differences. 'Surely' exclaims the orator, 'there should be some cities of refuge into which the din of partisan warfare shall not penetrate: hours when the attention may be given to wider interests than can be embraced within the limits of a sect. We may belong to a party, to different, to opposing parties, but we all belong to our country: and each in his place owes to his country a debt of duty, and owes it to himself to learn how best this duty may be done. We are here as members of a literary society: and I know no subject which ought to interest us more than the measure and the kind of usefulness demanded from the literature of this country, by the fact of its democracy.'—

The aim of the speaker is to convince educated men that they will effect more good by giving direction to popular opinion than by railing against popular acts — that they should take an interest in political matters, give their votes, exercise their influence, and endeavor to restrain the career of unlicensed liberty, by active interference and participation in the government.

We note the following beautiful passage :—

'What will help us even to imagine the whole of the good, or of the evil, which must grow out of unchecked freedom. Of the good, the marvellous growth of this country, from a colony into an empire within the span of a man's life, is but a feeble type; and on the other hand, the ruins, the many ruins which now deform our land, the riots and the crimes, the violence, the murders, which we read of in every newspaper, until we turn from them as from a thrice told tale, they tell us of the possible evil that awaits us, only as the spray that wets the seaman's cheek tells him of the wave which is even now gathering its might to overwhelm him.'

The orator dwells long and forcibly on the effect of that 'law of political change, than which the experience of the world suggests none more universal, none more absolute: the law that power and property cannot long be separated.' He boldly and truly says, that no danger is to be apprehended in our own country from the increase of monied influence, but rather from the power of country, which is the sovereign people attacking the property; evinced by the rabble shout of 'the poor against the rich.' To avert the evil which impends, he says that the people should be taught the clear and simple truths on which the rights of property rest — so that power and property should meet to subserve the general good. He then goes on, with peculiar felicity, to treat of the absolute worship paid by demagogues to the sovereign people. All sovereigns have their flatterers, but none so many or so gross as our sovereign — the mob. He combats the absurd notion that the will of the people *makes* the right: but considers 'the true idea of a republic, not that the will of the people makes the right, not that might is right, but that no earthly power can or should control the people in their inquiry as to what is right.' The greatest *liberty* is found where there is the least *license*. It is the duty of educated men to correct false ideas of liberty disseminated by base politicians; and every man should esteem it his business to use every exertion to maintain order — and to teach the people that true freedom rests on the observance of the laws.

We have been somewhat amused to witness the abuse bestowed on this oration in an administration print. Nothing can be said about vile political dogmas, despicable demagogues, intrigue, corruption and misrule, that certain members of the

Jackson party do not consider themselves insulted — even when there is not the remotest allusion to affairs of party.

We heartily commend Mr. Parson's address to the attention of all thinking men : for much good would arise from an observance of the precepts which it so eloquent-ly enforces.

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### *The Boston Book. Boston ; Light and Horton.*

And this is 'the Boston Book !' Well ! for want of a better, we are willing to say it deserves its name. Yet think with us a moment, Mr. Editor, whomsoever you are — think what an incomparable volume might be made up from the efforts of Boston boys and sent proudly forth to the world with your happily-conceived title ! We will not say that your work has been indifferently done — by no means ; there are many admirable selections ; still, a juster estimation of the best things of your authors might have been evinced. 'The Bugle' is undoubtedly the very best production of GRENVILLE MELLEN, but the 'Bird of the Bastile' does no especial credit to B. B. THATCHER. It is a mere imitation of Mrs. Hemans. His lines commencing

'Bury me by the Ocean's side !'

are far superior.

Of all our poets, Charles Sprague stands indisputably first, and yet the Boston Book does not present us with the most favorable specimens of his muse. When we assign to Mr. Sprague this high rank, we do not mean that he exceeds all in original genius ; but that the great cultivation of his powers, his happy expression, his melodious versification, and the remarkable care with which he polishes every line, combine to render his poems the most perfect of any which have been produced among us. Both Willis and Holmes, in our estimation, transcend him in the play of wit and fancy. Neither are the most charming lines of these last to be found in the elegant volume before us. Mr. Willis's poems have been so universally read and admired, that we need not dwell on their merits at this time ; but the productions of O. W. Holmes, though circulating all over the Union and in England, in the newspapers and literary journals, have not won for their author that meed of fame which he so eminently deserves ; simply because they were published under different signatures and at different times — and without the slightest care for their preservation. Deeply engaged in the study of an arduous profession, their author placed but little value on his genius for poetry ; his verses were written as the amusement of leisure hours : and we will venture to assert that, so indifferent is he with regard to their destiny, he is utterly unconscious at this moment whether they are still afloat or have vanished, like other gilded bubbles, on the surface of popular regard.

It is a curious fact that his pieces, never claimed nor even marked by their owner, have been appropriated by various poetasters, and palmed off on the simple editors of new journals as first-hand articles ; and we think it not improbable that they have made a reputation for many a starveling bard. We often see his old verses, written perhaps five years ago and then copied into all the Boston newspapers, printed again in the self-same journals, as 'remarkably pretty lines,' and credit given for their authorship to some brown-paper hebdomadal, issued to subscribers

whenever the editor has nothing more important to transact, somewhere between this and the Rocky Mountains. And such transformations as they are compelled to undergo ! We fancy their gifted father would be amused to see and somewhat puzzled to recognize the bright little offspring of his muse, under the dirt, rags and patches bestowed by their present self-constituted sponsors ! We have beheld even our own children — little darlings, whom we had sent into the world of letters with such ‘smiling morning faces,’ and so tastefully dressed that we hoped every one would fall in love with them — returned to our sight so bedizened and bedevilled, that, had it not been for a sort of paternal instinct, we should never have imagined them our own ! There should be some vagrant law for these gipsies of literature, who steal the babies of respectable people, make way with their muslin bib and tucker, and, in old rags, pass them off for their illegitimate brats. We are seldom betrayed into wrath, but cannot restrain a wholesome indignation at such nefarious conduct.

The former volumes of this Magazine owe their best poetical pieces to O. W. H. the signature most frequently adopted by our friend, Oliver Wendell Holmes. ‘The Amateur,’ — a periodical which contained many capital papers, was also made brilliant by the ready sparkle of his wit : and he was also the chief ornament of a journal, formerly conducted by a club of students in Harvard University, under the title of ‘the Collegian,’ — six numbers only of which were issued, but which deserve to be bound and placed on the shelves of libraries by the side of ‘the Etonian’ — without comparison the best manifestation of youthful wit and fancy in the English language.

Had we space, we might extract from our copy of ‘the Collegian’ (which we would have cheerfully loaned to the editor, under promise of its being returned with great care) several verses, which, though the productions of very young men, would have adorned the pages of the Boston Book. Other sources, such, for instance, as the old Literary Gazette, to which the editor does not appear to have had access, might have been resorted to with great advantage. Nevertheless, where such a mass presented itself, it was absolutely next to impossible to discriminate unerringly, and to have made such a selection as would have gratified either the authors or critics. The public will have just as good reason to be pleased with the work as it is, as if the articles had been ‘chosen’ according to our individual taste. The publishers deserve the highest credit for their part of the book. It is an exceedingly handsome volume — printed with beautiful type and clear paper, and adorned by a title page, on which is very neatly engraved, a view of the old elm tree, and the pond on Boston Common.

We regret to notice one or two errors which are chargeable to the proof-reader. Mr. Everett, in his lines ‘To A SISTER,’ is thus made to write nonsense :

‘But when the waning moon-beam sleeps  
At moonlight on that lonely lea,’

At midnight, would have been less tautological. Nothing doubting however, that the volume will be as generally acceptable as if a different judgment had been displayed in the selections, we confidently recommend it, as containing more beauties and fewer faults, than any annual which owes its popularity rather to fine looks than good qualities.

*Third Annual Report of the Boston Academy of Music. Read at the Anniversary Meeting, May 27th, 1835.*

*Address before the Boston Academy of Music, on the opening of the Odeon, August 5, 1835. By Samuel A. Eliot.*

Every civilized nation, except England and the United States, has its own music, as distinctly marked, as strongly characteristic, and as truly national as its literature. The Scotch, Irish and Welsh have their own wild and grand strains, in general incomprehensible to the Southern ear, yet occasionally swelling beyond their native hills in bursts of passion, or breathing notes of the deepest pathos, to which the Switzer and the Italian listen in silence and tears. The French still rejoice in the grand national air of the young Henry, the Marseilles Hymn and the Parisienne, while their musical literature is increased by the graceful strains of Boieldieu and Auber, so fitted to the exquisite pantomime of Taglioni, or by the more grand and romantic measures of their adopted Meyerbeer.

What shall we say, too, of the music of Germany — deep and metaphysical as the thoughts of her sages and her poets! The dreamy grandeur, the profound pathos, the rich ornament, the romantic and lofty style of her national music, are in fine keeping with the solemn splendor of her ancient feudal castles, her vast cathedrals, and her matchless ruins.

Spain, too, is not wanting: the voice of her high-souled chivalry, not unmingled with tones of Moorish gallantry, comes to us in the delicious romances with which the land is filled.

Yet, from all these we turn with delight to the land of song — the fair, the glorious Italy. Music is national in Italy, as painting and sculpture are national — they are born there. In variety and compass, the music of Italy seems to embrace, in a degree, the music of all nations. In the wild and heart-moving tones of the Miserere, the poetry of Ossian seems to be embodied: in depth of pathos, there are passages which rival the deep sentiment of Spain and Germany, in the compositions of Donizetti, and in grace and sprightliness, Rossini hardly finds a rival in France.

Why is it, then, that England has no national music? Why are her performers ever foreigners? Why are the compositions of her doctors, of Oxford and Cambridge, of so short a life? The nearest approach to a national music is the 'Cathedral Chant' — the grandeur and beauty of which, we are ready to acknowledge; but the opera and the oratorio have never been carried to any degree of perfection in England by native composers.

The great secret of a want of a national music in England, we believe to be the want of general taste in the art. It is not enough that the rich and the great should lavish their thousands upon successful performers; that they should build their costly theatres, and import their southern singers by hundreds: the taste must be spread among the people; it must be found in the cottage, rather than in the palace; the peasant must sing at his labors; the midnight chorus must ring in the streets; the public singer must chant the lays of the people, if we would have a truly indigenous music.

Now these are precisely the effects to be expected from that admirable institution, the Boston Academy of Music. Its grand object seems to be the general diffusion of musical taste and knowledge; and though its effects must be slow in be-



coming visible, still we have no doubt—if the plan of the founders be persevered in—the result will be, in the course of two or three generations, that we shall be essentially a musical people. In the third annual report of the academy, the objects of its foundation are recapitulated. The first and most important of these, is the general cultivation of musical taste :

‘The Boston Academy of music is not a musical society in the common acceptation of the term. It is not the object of this association to promote among its members a knowledge of music, or to gratify their taste, or acquire skill in the performance of it. With these matters, as a society, we have nothing to do. The only end and aim of those who compose it, is to raise music, as a branch of education, to the rank which they think it entitled to hold ; to diffuse a knowledge of its principles among all classes, and, as subsidiary to this end, to endeavor to remove the prejudices which impede its progress, and to correct the abuses to which it is liable. In doing this, they use the same means which other societies adopt in advancing their objects. The only personal advantage which they expect to secure by their efforts, is to partake in the gratification which will be common to all, when the art is more justly appreciated, and more generally and successfully cultivated.’

The report goes on to state that, although the Academy consider church music the most important department of the art, their object is not bounded by any single branch, but extends to all in which instruction may be desired. They are desirous of rendering music a part of the system of popular education in the country, which we deem to be the surest way of diffusing the taste in the community at large. Another very important object of the Academy is to publish collections of music, both sacred and secular. The remarks upon this point in the report are admirable :

‘But in order that the art may produce its proper effect upon mankind, it is necessary to provide music which is of a pure character, as well as to cultivate the voice ; to select that which is suitable to be sung, as well as to sing it in a suitable manner. A correct musical taste, in its extended sense, comprises something more than an ear capable of appreciating sounds and their distinctions. Something of a more intellectual nature enters into its composition. He who desires to make any great proficiency in the art, should become in some degree a philosopher, and be able to tell, not only one sound from another, but what sounds are suited to express or arouse different states of feeling. To do this with accuracy, supposes an acquaintance with the depths of the human heart—the fountains of thought and feeling—to which the mere casual observer never attains. There must be likewise an intimate knowledge of the nature of the human voice ; its capacity as it respects modulation, inflection, intonation, etc. As the eloquence of the orator consists in felicity of thought, combined with felicity of expression, so when deep emotion is expressed in appropriate musical sounds, we have the eloquence of music. But if those who have excelled as orators, have found it necessary or profitable to study the productions of the masters who preceded them, it will be found equally necessary for those who would form a correct musical taste, to cultivate an assiduous acquaintance with the works of the best composers. To assist them in this object, the Academy hope to be able, from time to time, to publish collections or pieces of music in various styles, both sacred and secular.’

Much has already been accomplished by this excellent institution. The school for gratuitous instruction, open on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, has been crowded ; between eight hundred and one thousand children, and from four hundred to five hundred adults have been enrolled in the classes ; besides which, the professors have taught large classes in numerous schools in the city, the principals of which give abundant testimonials of the success of their efforts. A class has also been formed of teachers of music, whose qualifications will un-

doubtedly be improved by the assistance of the Professors of the Academy ; and a most important and valuable aid has been afforded to them by the 'Manual' of musical instruction, prepared by Mr. Mason. We have ourselves examined this little work, with great interest and satisfaction, and believe that it will be found to answer the ends proposed better than any work of the kind that has yet appeared ; but we will cite higher authority in praise of it. Mr. William Gardiner, of Leicester, England, the author of that beautiful work, the 'Music of Nature,' speaks of the 'Manual' in the following letter, addressed to James A. Dickson, Esq., of Boston :

'Leicester, February 26, 1835.

'MY DEAR SIR,—I have duly received your letter, also the parcel, for which I am truly obliged to you. I beg of you to make my acknowledgments to the author, Mr. Mason, and thank him for the very ingenious little book he has sent me, and the valuable collection of psalmody. It is remarkable, that in this country, though we have works upon music as far back as Thomas Morley, certainly we have not a book, as yet, comparable with the Manual, printed at Boston. It is highly creditable to the new world, to set us such a pattern.

WILLIAM GARDINER.'

Under the auspices of the Academy, a choir has been formed, consisting of about one hundred members, of both sexes, who meet once a week with the professors, for instruction and practice ; their advance is very great ; they have already given six oratorios, which, though unaccompanied by any other instrument than the organ, were truly delightful ; and we believe that the large audiences who have been assembled to hear them in the Bowdoin Street Church, have never listened to them but with feelings of astonishment at their proficiency, mingled with pleasure at their harmony. The juvenile classes have, during the past year, given three concerts, which have satisfied all who were skeptical, that the plan of giving general instruction in music, is entirely practicable. Many pupils in these classes read music more readily, and perform it with greater correctness and taste, than the leaders of choirs ; many of whom have held the highest places as performers in our churches.

Lectures on the subject of music, accompanied occasionally with illustrations by the choir, have been given in Boston, Hartford, and the city of New-York, and have universally excited attention and interest, showing how much might be done, if the efforts of the Academy could be more widely extended.

The influence of the Academy is already great, and is felt far beyond the precincts of its establishment. A few facts, mentioned in the report, will show this :

'It is gratifying to the friends of music, and especially to the members of this Academy, to know that the cause which they have espoused is gaining strength in the United States. The apathy which has heretofore existed in relation to it, is gradually giving way in proportion as information is disseminated. The influence which this institution is exerting at the present time upon the subject of musical education and taste is extensively felt. Their reports have been much sought after, and read with avidity. The works which they have put forth for the promotion of the art, have met with a ready sale. Inquiries have been made respecting the mode of our operations, from various quarters. Letters have been received from persons in Georgia, South-Carolina, Virginia, Illinois, Missouri, Tennessee, Ohio, Maryland, New-York, Connecticut, Vermont, New-Hampshire, and Maine, besides many individuals and societies in Massachusetts, asking for information relative to measures which they ought to adopt, in order to introduce music as a branch of education into the community where they live. In Portland, they have formed an academy for this purpose, which is doing considerable for that object. Mr. Hiley,

the professor, has had under tuition during the past year, five hundred children and two hundred adults. In Cincinnati, another has been formed which seems to be in active operation. Mr. T. B. Mason, the professor connected with the last named institution, has several hundred children under his instruction, besides a number of adult classes, one of the latter consisting of students connected with the theological seminary in that place. The professor writes, that the subject of music is rising in estimation in Cincinnati; and the influence of that city on the western country is, as we all know, very extensive, and it is important among other things that the inhabitants should set a just value upon *all* branches of education.'

During the past year, an important step has been taken to ensure the success of the Academy, by providing a suitable room for meetings, to practice and for concerts and oratorios. The 'Federal Street Theatre' has been leased and fitted up as a music saloon; and we understand that Mr. Appleton, of this city, is now building a very large organ, to be placed in it—an instrument of moderate size being used in the interim. The building was dedicated as a place of worship, and was set apart for the objects of the Academy,—which partake in a high degree of a religious character—on the fifth of August last; and the address, which we have named at the head of our article, was delivered on the occasion by the President of the association. Before examining this performance, we wish to say a word of the author, in his connexion with the beautiful art of which he appears as the patron. With a fine taste for music, cultivated by long attention to the science, and by hearing the best performers in the old world, Mr. Eliot combines a sincere desire to promote the knowledge of the art at home. His constant and personal efforts, for many years past, to improve the music at the Stone Chapel, where he is himself the leader of the choir, have resulted in great success; and often have we listened, with thrilling pleasure, to their sweet chants, accompanied by the liquid diapason of the delicious old organ. We wish that Mr. Eliot's example might be followed in more instances than it is; that our ladies and gentlemen would not think it a condescension to appear in the singing-galleries of our churches for the sake of praising God.

But enough. If one is found who will render the great service to the community of setting a better example, he has our most hearty thanks.

The address before us is written with the elegance of a scholar, the enthusiasm of an artist, and the fervor of a Christian. In discussing the just claims of music upon the attention and interest of the community, the author considers the importance of the art, in its influence upon society, as an auxiliary to education—as a means of happiness, and as exciting emotion particularly of a religious character. We forbear making extracts, because if we begin we know not where to stop. We should gladly transfer the whole to our pages. We must only entreat our readers, who feel any interest in the art, to read the address themselves; and we are sure they will be richly rewarded.

We will not, however, deny ourselves the pleasure of making one extract:

'If this be so, is it any thing less than a duty we owe to ourselves and to society to watch well what kind of music is to be cultivated among us, what kinds of passion are to be excited by it, what kinds of feeling are to be stimulated by its sympathetic power? It is for the purpose of attempting our part in the performance of this duty, that we now dedicate this hall to pure and elevating and holy harmony. No corrupting influence shall henceforth be spread from these walls; but here shall the child be early taught the beauty and charm of exquisite art. Its own voice shall aid in the development and expansion of the best feelings of its heart; and

love to its fellow mortal, and a holy fear of its God shall grow with its knowledge and its stature. Here shall the adult practise on the lessons of youth, and with maturer powers bring a stronger feeling and a more cultivated understanding to the execution of the most expressive music. Here shall the ear be feasted, and the heart warmed, and the soul raised above everything base or impure, by the sublimity, the pathos, the delicate expression which music only can give to language. Here shall be trained those who not only feel, but shall acquire the power of making others feel those emotions of love, gratitude, and reverence to God, and of sympathy and kindness to men which are most suitably expressed in the solemn services of the Sabbath; and here, too, shall be sung those anthems of praise to the Most High, which, if they delight us now, will constitute and express the fullness of our joy in the more visible presence of Him whose 'name is excellent in all the earth.'

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*Lectures on the Greek Language and Literature. By N. F. Moore, L. L. D., Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College, New-York. New-York: published by Windt & Conrad. pp. 165.*

We are pleased to see a work of this kind — of old-fashioned scholarship and classical taste — proceeding from that huge commercial Babel, New-York; and indeed for the sake of our common country, we are glad to witness the slightest evidence that there are men among us not wholly given up to speculating and money-making, and who, in this hot and restless age, seek no stronger excitement than can be found in those silent companions that line the shelves of their libraries. We are in such a hurry to get into the ranks of busy life — and the odious notion is so gaining ground, that all things, even intellectual acquisitions, are to be valued by the price they will bring in the market — that we are sometimes apprehensive that classical studies will be utterly abandoned, and that a good Latin and Greek scholar will, in another generation, be a matter of faith, not of sight. It is indeed as much as a man's livelihood is worth to be able to construe Sophocles; and a 'little learning,' even, is a 'dangerous thing' to any one who aspires to be 'a practical man' — the highest of all characters among our 'grave and reverend signors.'

We do not think that these 'Lectures' will add much to Prof. Moore's reputation, or that they will be of material service to younger scholars. They are highly respectable in every way, but are not remarkable for learning or originality. Very little indeed could be done with so vast a subject in so short a compass; and we think that an undue space is given to the introductory remarks on the value of classical studies, which are not of a nature to convince a skeptic, or add new warmth to the enthusiasm of an admirer. The second and third Lectures contain little that is not familiar to every respectable scholar. The three last lectures are the most valuable portions of the book, and will be found most useful, both on account of the information actually communicated and the sources to which the student is referred, who is desirous of extending his researches. There is enough to convince us that Prof. Moore is an excellent scholar, and we have no doubt that he has at home, in his desk, better things than he has given us here; and we hope in good time to see some of them.

The style in which this book is got up, deserves all praise. The paper and type are beautiful, and are enough to make our Boston publishers look to themselves, if they would retain their well-earned superiority in such matters.

## LITERARY ANNOTANDA.

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**DEARBORN'S EDITIONS.**—It can no longer be said that no books fit to place on the shelves of a decant library, are published in New-York. Mr. George Dearborn has taken away the reproach. His editions, from their elegance as well as cheapness, deserve to be adopted as STANDARD in this country. They are printed with remarkable accuracy and taste, on clear and firm paper.

On our tables lie his editions of 'THE WORKS OF LORD BYRON, IN VERSE AND PROSE;' of 'ROLLIN'S ANCIENT HISTORY;' and of SHAKESPEARE. Of the last, he has issued two editions; one in six volumes, octavo, comprising the dramatic works, with the corrections and illustrations of Dr. Johnson, G. Steevens and others, revised by Isaac Reed, Esq.; and the other in two volumes, royal octavo, comprising the dramatic works and poems, with notes, original and selected, and introductory remarks to each play by Samuel Weller Singer, F. S. A., and a life of the poet, by Charles Simmons, D. D. The first of these editions will be most generally preferred, and is best deserving a place in parlor book-cases, as it is published in the most generous style, and does not contain the poems, which, magnificent as they are, had better not be read by young misses who have not yet 'come out.' For ourselves, we prefer the second, not on account of its style of publication, but because it contains the poems, and the highly preferable annotations of SINGER. They are both illustrated with very well executed outline engravings.

The **ROLLIN**, which, as every scholar knows, is chiefly valuable as a work of reference, appears in a form best suited to that purpose. Its value consists in its containing one third more than any other edition hitherto issued from the American press; to it is also added 'A History of the Arts and Sciences of the Ancients;' and the prefatory remarks to each history, as originally written by Rollin, are restored. Heretofore, these remarks had been thrown together, in a confused manner, to form a general preface to each work. This is a reprint of the Glasgow edition, which is the only one, entire and unmutated, that has appeared in England for the last eighty years. It is therefore by far the most valuable.

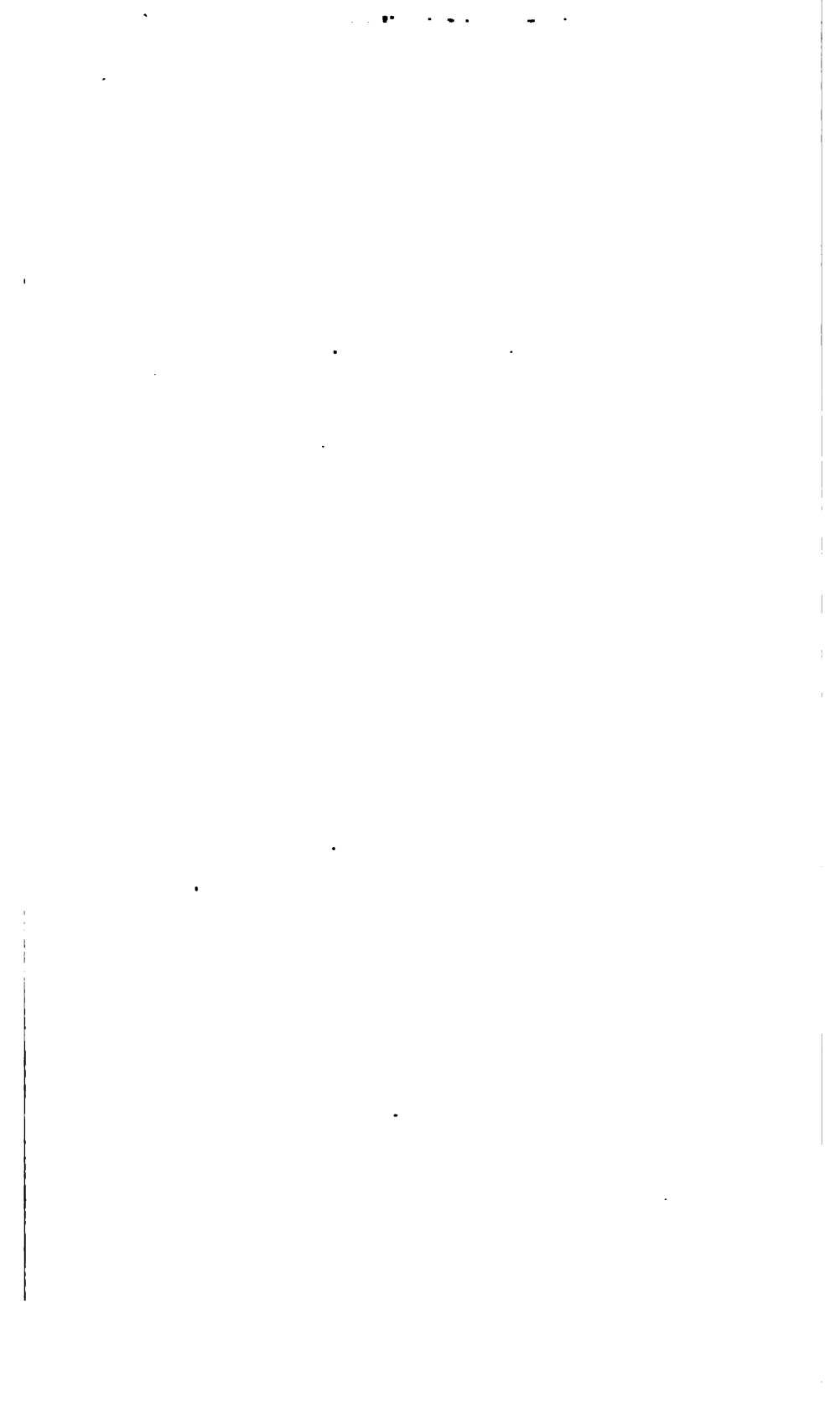
The complete 'Works of Lord Byron,' in which his letters and journals are printed separate from Mr. Moore's remarks, is enriched by a memoir from the pen of FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, Esq. It is a very chaste and elegant volume, and so far appreciated as to continue in great demand, though for some years published. A publisher, of the liberal sentiments and broad views of Mr. Dearborn, deserves ample encouragement.

**JAMES MUNROE & Co.** have in press 'THE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES, WITH NOTES, FOR THE USE OF COLLEGES IN THE UNITED STATES, BY T. D. WOOLSEY, PROFESSOR OF GREEK IN YALE COLLEGE. This is one of a selection of Greek tragedies, intended for the use of colleges and private reading. THE ALCESTES OF EURIPIDES has already appeared, and THE ANTIGONE is to be followed by THE PROMETHEUS OF ÆSCHYLUS and THE ELECTRA OF SOPHOCLES.

Appendix to  
New-England Magazine for  
Oct. 1835 (no.52)

Pietro Bachi's "Review  
of Suralut's Grammatical Disser-  
tation on the Italian Language  
in Reply to the Appendix to the  
New-England Magazine  
for June, 1835"

Removed and placed  
in 7275.47



THE  
NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

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NOVEMBER, 1835.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

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A PEEP AT CADIZ.

A VOYAGER'S welcome to thee, storied Spain —  
As, cloudlike, slumbering on thy ocean pillow,  
Thou greet'st us with the longed-for land again !

*Pilgrimage of Nemo.*

READER, dear ! Have you ever been in Europe ? or anywhere else, as far off, provided it be on an opposite continent ? Of course you have. Well then, be you lymphatic or vivacious, curious or blind, you must remember the prolonged gaze you took, and the corresponding feeling of interest, (overcoming, perhaps, even your appetite for dinner) when 'the hazy outline of a foreign strand' first met your eye. The land might have wheeled up from the horizon, like a railroad car, with all the abruptness of thirteen knots an hour, or coyly curtsied and sidled, and baffled your advances for a series of days ; might have scowled at you, in the shape of a tall Welch promontory, in a green turf jacket and chalk unmentionables, or peered upward, in all the graceful recumbence of the Biscayan coast of France ; the simple, strong impression of novelty is what I would recall ; the prettiest conceivable climax to the relish of a pleasant voyage, and the most grateful interruption to a dull one. There is a peculiar halo about a sunny shore, seen under such circumstances ; though be the weather as sullen and the landfall as gloomy as they may, one can patch up, haply, some kind of a wreath of dear old associations, as a countercheck. But what a flood of excitement, as the cloudy chaos brightens into distinct landscape, and assumes its own ten thousand cherished tints and outlines to shame the monotony of 'the unchanging sea.' You feel somewhat like a 'ready-made' Adam, superintending the process of a second creation. 'Each



hill and dale, each deep'ning glen and wood,' each blue summit and sombre cliff and clustering village and restless wood, throws out a new fibre of attraction, till you find yourself immeshed beyond the extricating powers of anything but an anchovy sandwich or a laughing girl. Then the getting ashore. Travelers have spoken of the bewildering contrast of scenes and manners, which arrests the American visitant to England. Methinks the transition in this case, though somewhat startling, no doubt, is anything but violent, and too much like the Christmas call of a country child upon an aristocratic grandpapa in town, to allow the feeling of wonder adequate scope. England is, in fact, a kind of trusty and familiar gentleman usher — wearing Jonathan's dress and speaking his language, and most admirably calculated to break the abruptness of his fall among strangers, and introduce him gently and decently. But to ensure a due expansion of eye and a proper relaxation of the lower jaw, let me recommend the continent, by all means, to the incipient voyager. Some old greybeard of a city, almost coeval with the deluge, will do for debarkation; where language, costume, architecture, and immemorial custom, are all at utter variance with the 'notions' of our land of shingle palaces and half-rescued cornfields. Let me see. 'Fair *Cadiz* rises on the dark blue sea,' at a most convenient crisis for illustration: the strong-hold of Geryon; the arena of Hercules; the olden site of a temple of Juno — and, for aught I know, of the itinerant pulpit of St. Paul. Darling reader, pray revisit Cadiz with me. It may be done, to all intents and purposes, before you have finished smoking that cigar — (i. e. if you improve your time, always supposing that your brain has been trained to such tarry-at-home excursions.) There — give us your hand; one long leap — here we are, on the deck of a staunch ship, with Cape St. Vincent just abaft the beam, standing in cautiously for

'The city of fruits and kind ladies,  
Most white and voluptuous Cadiz.'

'T is night — starlight — and no moon; wind steady; time, about six bells in the second watch. In the morning, you and I will land; the crew — poor fellows — must linger out a fortnight's quarantine. 'Keep a bright lookout forward there! 'Aye, aye, sir.' 'Another man at the larboard cat-head!' Ah, here we have it, at last: '*Land ho!*' Come forward now; do n't stumble over that spare anchor-stock and *land* in the cook's dishwater; let's hear what the watch have to say — hist! — 'Them's chalk hills, by Guy!' 'Avast — it's a white sand-beach!' 'Noa 'tis n't — 'ts walls and buildins.' And walls and turrets they are, sure enough, whose timid sheen, through the darkness, gives the eye its first intimation that we are nearing the prettiest town that

ever was clapped on the brow of ocean, by way of a mural crown.

We must 'stand off and on' till daybreak, and the rosy dawn shall give us a true, legitimate, oriental welcome. Earliest morning — beautiful here, is it not? Wake up, most lethargic reader! One would think the guns might have sufficed to rouse you. I imagine it must be a special holiday; for Cantera and St. Banez are pealing as if the Corsican were again intruding on the 'volcanic apathy' of the Andaluz. How do you like the light-house? I'm inclined to think it very tasty. And here are the guarda costas, hurrying in, three abreast, for a tumbler of aquadente, a lunch, and a morning nap. Do look at the harlequin array of shipping! Danes, Levantines, Dutch, Spanish, English, French, with here and there a Yankee — the three latter — alas! — the only national representatives tidily rigged and manned. Our pilot has been on board three quarters of an hour; but of course you recognized his egregious 'lingua Franca,' and now, unless you choose to tarry for the health boat, we'll to the landing at once.

\* \* \* \* \*

What an old-world air everything wears about this venerable pier! and what a sublime illustration of the *dolce far niente*, is that whiskered porter, with his little, round, romantic hat, his laconic breeches, and smart crimson sash, struggling with the draggletail intrusion of an ample white cotton shirt; how voluptuously he leans on that post, inhaling the questionable fragrance of a dingy brown paper cigar! What! not yet up the steps? Fie upon you! — Come, toil on, and you shall have a ripe pomegranate for your pains directly; we are within the walls — and fatigue is out of the question, as we have but just reached the verge of the habitable earth, if one may credit renowned geographers of old, into whose hearts it never entered (no wonder!) to conceive 'a down-easter.'

'Much food for marvel he enjoys, I ween,  
Who scans the livery of the motley band'

on each side of us, as we stroll beneath the walls, towards the seaboard entrance of the town; and much irritation of nerves, too, may be anticipated from the incessant clatter of ill-tuned voices, where all seem to possess the gift of tongues, and none, alas! that of controlling them. The custom-house officers, who attend at the gate, are anything but mutes, and incline to be very Cerberine, unless baited with a 'consideration.' But suppose us free of all detention, loungingly threading the narrow portal, under the grateful unction of 'gracias à ustedes, senores,' and just in full view of the Plaza del Mar. We shall need much traveling, to find a livelier panorama; mart, lazaretto and exchange — the rallying-point of all that is novel, bustling, or grotesque; hedged

in by tall Venetian-looking houses, and surrounded by the outlets of numerous, clean, flagged, very narrow streets, which give an American almost the impression of being within doors ; it is well worthy, I think, of at least twenty minutes' pause in our walk. Now this fruit-stall be our rendezvous. You may buy figs, or inquire for grasshoppers, if you like, (for, trust me; the 'shrill cicala' has been a marketable article here, being held in almost Athenian repute among the ladies, as a household chorister) and I will sketch that quaint little marine, as he stands relieved against the sable paunch of the gross Dominican, opposite ; or stay — yonder Moor is a shade more imposing ! — a most peerless specimen ! Then he strides with such convenient deliberation. Oh for a crayon of treble-refined French chalk ! How cosily the dank smoke of the sempiternal chibouque caresses his beard ! What a superb scimeter ! But thy caftan, O son of Othman, is slightly, (forgive the liberty) very slightly awry. How singularly out of unison is such a figure with

‘The merry matins, which, from tower to tower,  
Fling back their consecrate and gladsome chime.’

I need not call your attention to the ghastly group of mendicants in this square, as you seem to be their nucleus already. I shall make no remarks, either on the feasibility of relieving them, for fear of involving myself with the political economists ; but I *shall* call your attention for a moment, to that pretty Gaditana, who glides so gracefully up the street, which, as it leads to a chocolate-house, we had better follow, and enable ourselves to study the species — a kind of modern Proserpines, ever in black. The *basquina* seems to me, in its effects, almost a renewal of the ancient *cestus* ; it certainly lends a wonderful symmetry to the bust, and is exquisitely fitted to entrap the unwary. Have you seen the manual exercise of the fan, as practised by *senoras* of the present day ? if not, you shall soon have an opportunity.

\* \* \* \* \*

A Spanish *café* : a cool, spacious, inviting apartment, a few feet above the street level, has the honor to receive us ; a marble pavement is under foot, and a marble colonnade, of two stories, surrounds the area ; lemons and citrons and almond and jonquil, in pots and boxes, are, or should be, at hand — the air redolent of their perfume ; before us is a marble table, whereon, limpid as nectar, is placed a sturdy pitcher of ‘*aqua fresca*.’ Start not, zealous and unlearned votary of temperance ! — I mean fresh water. Were you a Gaditan, you would know how to prize it, as the drinkable water in Cadiz is brought from a distance, and has been sold here — aye, and for a pretty price — during a ‘*solano*,’ that most unwelcome wind, which occasionally strays hither from Barbary, bearing despatches from the deserts beyond. On

the counter (of a neat marble, too) is chocolate, in classic cups ; and O, such chocolate ! 't is as if the most elaborate cake of that wholesome preparation were reduced, by chymic fusion, to a liquid — so intensely hot and so substantial ! Then the delicate maceration therein of finely crystallized sugars ! but I dare not dwell upon it, as I seldom indulge in the pathetic ; besides, (between ourselves) it was once the means of excoriating my mouth, and (shall I say it ?) of very nearly choking me, in addition. As for wines — will you have some Sherry ? — secondly, are you at all enterprising ? — if so, to Xeres we will go, and imbibe the blessing at its fountain, (i. e. when the chocolate is duly honored, and we have read the Madrid papers.) Xeres is so near, (I forget the number of miles) that we may visit it and return to supper. I would recommend a felucca to Santa Maria, and, should we meet with a Levanter, which is not improbable, we may drift over the lost fane of Hercules, for our consolation ; it was snatched away, in past ages, with its site, and a sad mouthful of land besides, by the Sea ; so say the antiquarians — and as every one knows of the later encroachments hereabouts of that hungry personage, I doubt he must be brought in guilty. Forgive my pedantry, cherished reader ! but I must warn you that in this temple were deposited Teucer's belt, and Pygmalion's golden olive, and that costly statue of Alexander, before which Cæsar wept, when quæstor in Spain, on comparing his own early achievements with those of Philip's warlike son. Now, is not the very 'dust inurned' of such a ruin worth floating over ? One would expect the very fish of the neighborhood to have acquired a taste for vertu ; and I have noticed, among those which I have caught here, a peevish fretfulness at being pulled out of their twilight element, that savors strongly of the nervousness of mouldy research. \* \* \* \*

Here we are, at St. Mary's — far-famed for dark-eyed girls. Did the boatmen doff their hats and patter a prayer, on passing the Guadalete ? — for I have been quite asleep, from the lulling effect of the chocolate. They were used thus to interest themselves for the souls of the many passengers drowned, as the surf at times is highly dangerous — swamping a felucca with a giant wave, conjured up from the ripple at a moment's warning, as if by a freak of some sour-tempered old river-god. Shall we take a mule or a calesin to Xeres ? The route is pleasanter as we recede from the shore, and we may possibly find a fringe of dwarf almond trees by the road — rather scanty and irregular, however, and reminding one ('if such a thing might be') of a ragged sap-green ruffle to a brown shirt. But Xeres is very attractive, with its vines and its jennets and its legendary honors, and hallowed to the patriot and the historian, as well as in the ruddy eyes of the worshipful fraternity of wine-bibbers. It was, as you are proba-

bly aware, the scene of the memorable battle between Taric and Don Roderic, which sealed the destinies of Spain ; and we can guzzle and expatiate alternately, though it would be hard to realize any chivalric vision among the puffing caleseros and the coal-eyed and slippered coquettes about us. 'Ah, too seducing, dangerously dear' flask of Séco ! how I hate to leave you ! But we must return. The sun already glances a red warning through the vines ; and I like not a land of unanalyzed shadows. \* \* \*

Again at Santa Maria — (we have missed the bull-fight, I find, which occurred this morning) — and again leisurely undulating across the bay. Look ! look at the salmon, over the side ! You may trace them by the soft phosphoric light that streams in their wake. 'Tis vesper time. 'Those evening bells' chime deliciously over the water — do they not ? There is not the hurried jangling of the matins, when the changes from the numberless turrets are apt to get ludicrously 'athwart hawse' of each other, convincing me, I remember, in the first instance, that all the sacristans had either gone mad or were afflicted with St. Vitus's dance. The gathering lights are glorious ! See them wink from the lofty lattice, and flash, a terrene galaxy, from the thronged and verdant square ! We must certainly join the wakeful groups there ; but, 'dost think I can get in, friend, at the gate ?' — no matter ; we 'll take the license of Le Sage's devil, and alight forthwith in the Plaza San Antonio — the evening resort of a fair fraction of the sixty or seventy thousand who form the population of the town. How instinct with sauntering gayety and life ! The first impression is that of a public garden, from the ample shrubbery, the stone seats, the many bright lamps, and the easy air of abandonment which characterizes all the native loungers ; for your Andalus is most scientific in accommodating himself to sultry weather ; and then there are no wheel carriages at hand to torture you into too rapid a step, or stun you with their infamous rattle — robbing your companion of the few pithy remarks which your indolence allows you to let fall. The aspect of things is such, indeed, as might be expected in a region rife with chocolate and wine, and rather proverbial for a kind of quiet and secretive mirth. Do I hear the tinkle of a guitar ? — and do you feel tired ? Let it soothe us to sleep, in the half-English hotel of — I forget what, or whom ; but it has airy, oriental chambers, flowers and fruits, tidy waiters, and a pretty situation. \* \* \*

Morning — and matins — and nine o'clock. What shall we do ? take an olive : and help yourself daintily from that dish of olla podrida. I propose to thread the streets for an hour, and lecture upon architecture. The houses we pass are chiefly Moorish in design, enclosing open courts within a double balustrade of two stories ; a wet awning is often spread overhead in hot weather, and the occupants contrive to make a little lounging paradise

with the aid of blossoming shrubbery. Many buildings are on a kind of Italian model—tall and roomy, with most luxurious verandahs. But here is the solemn and half-finished cathedral of (I think) Santa Cruz. It has already exhausted large sums in building, but being, like our Bunker-hill monument and many other broad-bottomed piles, rather short-winded, seems to have gotten entirely out of breath in its progress upward. Let's step within. Those ponderous arches are nobly sprung! and their quadruple support of polished and clustered pillars is well worthy of them. Here they stand, like the desert columns of Palmyra, or the giant stalactites of a cavern, with no flooring beneath but terra firma, save an occasional sorry flag-stone. I like the twilight gloom of this premature ruin; in the lap of a lonely Sierra, 't would have been a fine 'trysting-place' for the guerillas. Ha! a solitary old woman! how the deuse came she, brooding like a bat, in yon sombre alcove? But I had forgotten the attracting image of the Virgin, all wax and silk—the former wan and well executed, the latter sadly the worse for exposure. How preposterously out of place! but just the figure, anywhere, no doubt, for a Spanish old woman to adore—a legitimate cresset, 'pon my word, swinging above and stuck in this pilaster—a forty days' absolution, over the weighty signature of an archbishop, on the cheap condition of a baker's dozen of aves and paters, faithfully whispered to order in this haunted nook. The cloisters are boarded in, and the gates locked, which forbids farther exploring, so off with us to the walls, (a broad and beautiful promenade) by way of the time-honored church of St. Domingo, the 'catedrál' of St.—somebody else—and half a score of hoary, prison-like chapels and convents, which, but for a mellow organ or a lamp-lit procession of shaven monks, would hardly 'bribe us for delay.'

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Thanks! those propitious intervening stars; you must have accomplished, long since, a delicious walk round the ramparts—jostling an army of nondescript soldados, enjoying the intoxicating sea air, and studying the phases of many an Iberian Venus, under the partial eclipse of a half-closed blind or a side-long black veil; while I have had, of course, a glorious siesta. Methinks we shall enjoy sunset on the signal tower.

What a storied and lovely prospect lies bathed in the golden flush! The white city, sheening beneath us, with its level, plastered, and peopled roofs, its lines and undulary patches of tropic foliage, its antique squares and monastic turrets, in the very arms of the blue ocean; the sea itself, soothed down to a voluptuous hush, silvered with sunlight, and dotted with tiny sails; the brown forests and pretty villages of Medina Sidonia; the purple ridges of Ronda, half relieved against an amber sky, serve grandly to

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‘unite, in one attaching maze,  
The brilliant, fair and soft, the glories of old days.’

On yonder little isthmus, where the dusty travelers are plodding and the mules tinkling homeward to Leon, the impetuous Essex gained a bloody footing and a dearly-bought advantage, in the expedition of Effingham and Sir Walter Raleigh. On that shore, the despairing duke of Medina swamped and fired his galleons, to balk his sturdy antagonists. Hanno's legions have drawn up on the more distant plain ; and on yonder calm waters, not a great way off, was Trafalgar's victory secured. How much that we now see, is made sacred by historic association ! But I will not talk. Let us exhaust the time in gazing and pondering ; for the sun is just dipping below the horizon — and when he takes his leave of ' fair Cadiz,' we, too, must bid her ' adios con usted.'

W.

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**IMPROMPTU.**

In the clime of the East, where the orange trees bloom  
 And the mild air is filled with the sweetest perfume,  
 There's a beautiful insect, that roams 'mid the flowers  
 Which broider the curtains of vine-covered bowers.

It floats to your cheek on its azure-dyed wing —  
 Yet you need not beware of its poisonous sting ;  
 For a rose grows at hand, the deep venom to heal —  
 And the insect itself will the treasure reveal.

Like that insect, dear girl, you have wounded my breast,  
 But withheld the soft balm that would cure it the best.  
 Take pity, bright creature, and kindly impart  
 The sweet, healing dew from the rose of your heart !

# SKETCHES FROM MEMORY.

BY A PEDESTRIAN.

NO. I.

WE are so fortunate as to have in our possession the portfolio of a friend, who traveled on foot in search of the picturesque over New-England and New-York. It contains many loose scraps and random sketches, which appear to have been thrown off at different intervals, as the scenes once observed were recalled to the mind of the writer by recent events or associations. He kept no journal nor set down any notes during his tour ; but his recollection seems to have been faithful, and his powers of description as fresh and effective as if they had been tasked on the very spot which he describes. Some of his quiet delineations deserve rather to be called pictures than sketches, so lively are the colors shed over them. The first which we select, is a reminiscence of a day and night spent among the White Mountains, and will revive agreeable thoughts in the minds of those tourists who have but just returned from a visit to their sublime scenery.

## THE NOTCH.

It was now the middle of September. We had come since sunrise from Bartlett, passing up through the valley of the Saco, which extends between mountainous walls, sometimes with a steep ascent, but often as level as a church-aisle. All that day and two preceding ones, we had been loitering towards the heart of the White Mountains — those old crystal hills, whose mysterious brilliancy had gleamed upon our distant wanderings before we thought of visiting them. Height after height had risen and towered one above another, till the clouds began to hang below the peaks. Down their slopes, were the red path-ways of the Slides, those avalanches of earth, stones and trees, which descend into the hollows, leaving vestiges of their track, hardly to be effaced by the vegetation of ages. We had mountains behind us and mountains on each side, and a group of mightier ones ahead. Still our road went up along the Saco, right towards the centre of that group, as if to climb above the clouds, in its passage to the farther region.

In old times, the settlers used to be astounded by the inroads of the northern Indians, coming down upon them from this mountain rampart, through some defile known only to themselves. It is indeed a wondrous path. A demon, it might be fancied, or one of the Titans, was traveling up the valley, elbowing the heights carelessly aside as he passed, till at length a great mountain took its stand directly across his intended road. He tarries



not for such an obstacle, but rending it asunder, a thousand feet from peak to base, discloses its treasures of hidden minerals, its sunless waters, all the secrets of the mountain's inmost heart, with a mighty fracture of rugged precipices on each side. This is the Notch of the White Hills. Shame on me, that I have attempted to describe it by so mean an image — feeling, as I do, that it is one of those symbolic scenes, which lead the mind to the sentiment, though not to the conception, of Omnipotence.

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We had now reached a narrow passage, which showed almost the appearance of having been cut by human strength and artifice in the solid rock. There was a wall of granite on each side, high and precipitous, especially on our right, and so smooth that a few evergreens could hardly find foothold enough to grow there. This is the entrance, or, in the direction we were going, the extremity of the romantic defile of the Notch. Before emerging from it, the rattling of wheels approached behind us, and a stage-coach rumbled out of the mountain, with seats on top and trunks behind, and a smart driver, in a drab great-coat, touching the wheel horses with the whip-stock, and reining in the leaders. To my mind, there was a sort of poetry in such an incident, hardly inferior to what would have accompanied the painted array of an Indian war-party, gliding forth from the same wild chasm. All the passengers, except a very fat lady on the back seat, had alighted. One was a mineralogist, a scientific, green-spectacled figure in black, bearing a heavy hammer, with which he did great damage to the precipices, and put the fragments in his pocket. Another was a well-dressed young man, who carried an opera-glass set in gold, and seemed to be making a quotation from some of Byron's rhapsodies on mountain scenery. There was also a trader, returning from Portland to the upper part of Vermont; and a fair young girl, with a very faint bloom, like one of those pale and delicate flowers, which sometimes occur among Alpine cliffs.

They disappeared, and we followed them, passing through a deep pine forest, which, for some miles, allowed us to see nothing but its own dismal shade. Towards night-fall, we reached a level amphitheatre, surrounded by a great rampart of hills, which shut out the sunshine long before it left the external world. It was here that we obtained our first view, except at a distance, of the principal group of mountains. They are majestic, and even awful, when contemplated in a proper mood; yet, by their breadth of base, and the long ridges which support them, give the idea of immense bulk, rather than of towering height. Mount Washington, indeed, looked near to Heaven; he was white with snow a mile downward, and had caught the only cloud that was sailing through the atmosphere, to veil his head. Let us forget the

other names of American statesmen, that have been stamped upon these hills, but still call the loftiest — **WASHINGTON**. Mountains are Earth's undecaying monuments. They must stand while she endures, and never should be consecrated to the mere great men of their own age and country, but to the mighty ones alone, whose glory is universal, and whom all time will render illustrious.

The air, not often sultry in this elevated region, nearly two thousand feet above the sea, was now sharp and cold, like that of a clear November evening in the low-lands. By morning, probably, there would be a frost, if not a snow-fall, on the grass and rye, and an icy surface over the standing water. I was glad to perceive a prospect of comfortable quarters, in a house which we were approaching, and of pleasant company in the guests who were assembled at the door.

#### OUR EVENING PARTY AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

We stood in front of a good substantial farm-house, of old date in that wild country. A sign over the door denoted it to be the White Mountain Post-Office, an establishment which distributes letters and newspapers to perhaps a score of persons, comprising the population of two or three townships among the hills. The broad and weighty antlers of a deer, 'a stag of ten,' were fastened at a corner of the house; a fox's bushy tail was nailed beneath them; and a huge black paw lay on the ground, newly severed and still bleeding — the trophy of a bear-hunt. Among several persons collected about the door-steps, the most remarkable was a sturdy mountaineer, of six feet two and corresponding bulk, with a heavy set of features, such as might be moulded on his own blacksmith's anvil, but yet indicative of mother-wit and rough humor. As we appeared, he uplifted a tin trumpet, four or five feet long, and blew a tremendous blast, either in honor of our arrival, or to awaken an echo from the opposite hill.

Ethan Crawford's guests were of such a motley description as to form quite a picturesque group, seldom seen together, except at some place like this, at once the pleasure-house of fashionable tourists, and the homely inn of country travelers. Among the company at the door, were the mineralogist and the owner of the gold opera-glass, whom we had encountered in the Notch; two Georgian gentlemen, who had chilled their southern blood, that morning, on the top of Mount Washington; a physician and his wife, from Conway; a trader, of Burlington, and an old 'Squire, of the Green Mountains; and two young married couples, all the way from Massachusetts, on the matrimonial jaunt. Besides these strangers, the rugged county of Coos, in which we were, was represented by half a dozen wood-cutters, who had slain a bear in the forest and smitten off his paw.

I had joined the party, and had a moment's leisure to examine them, before the echo of Ethan's blast returned from the hill. Not one, but many echoes had caught up the harsh and tuneless sound, untwisted its complicated threads, and found a thousand aerial harmonies in one stern trumpet-tone. It was a distinct, yet distant and dreamlike symphony of melodious instruments, as if an airy band had been hidden on the hill-side, and made faint music at the summons. No subsequent trial produced so clear, delicate, and spiritual a concert as the first. A field-piece was then discharged from the top of a neighboring hill, and gave birth to one long reverberation, which ran round the circle of mountains in an unbroken chain of sound, and rolled away without a separate echo. After these experiments, the cold atmosphere drove us all into the house, with the keenest appetites for supper.

It did one's heart good to see the great fires that were kindled in the parlor and bar-room, especially the latter, where the fireplace was built of rough stone, and might have contained the trunk of an old tree for a back-log. A man keeps a comfortable hearth when his own forest is at his very door. In the parlor, when the evening was fairly set in, we held our hands before our eyes, to shield them from the ruddy glow, and began a pleasant variety of conversation. The mineralogist and the physician talked about the invigorating qualities of the mountain air, and its excellent effect on Ethan Crawford's father, an old man of seventy-five, with the unbroken frame of middle life. The two brides and the doctor's wife held a whispered discussion, which, by their frequent titterings and a blush or two, seemed to have reference to the trials or enjoyments of the matrimonial state. The bridegrooms sat together in a corner, rigidly silent, like quakers whom the spirit moveth not, being still in the odd predicament of bashfulness towards their own young wives. The Green Mountain 'Squire chose me for his companion, and described the difficulties he had met with, half a century ago, in traveling from the Connecticut river through the Notch to Conway, now a single day's journey, though it had cost him eighteen. The Georgians held the album between them, and favored us with the few specimens of its contents, which they considered ridiculous enough to be worth hearing. One extract met with deserved applause. It was a 'Sonnet to the snow on Mount Washington,' and had been contributed that very afternoon, bearing a signature of great distinction in magazines and annuals. The lines were elegant and full of fancy, but too remote from familiar sentiment, and cold as their subject, resembling those curious specimens of crystallized vapor, which I observed next day on the mountain-top. The poet was understood to be the young gentleman of the gold opera-glass, who heard our laudatory remarks with the composure of a veteran.

Such was our party, and such their ways of amusement. But, on a winter evening, another set of guests assembled at the hearth, where these summer travelers were now sitting. I once had it in contemplation to spend a month hereabouts, in sleighing-time, for the sake of studying the yeomen of New-England, who then elbow each other through the Notch by hundreds, on their way to Portland. There could be no better school for such a purpose than Ethan Crawford's inn. Let the student go thither in December, sit down with the teamsters at their meals, share their evening merriment, and repose with them at night, when every bed has its three occupants, and parlor, bar-room and kitchen are strewn with slumberers around the fire. Then let him rise before daylight, button his great-coat, muffle up his ears, and stride with the departing caravan a mile or two, to see how sturdily they make head against the blast. A treasure of characteristic traits will repay all inconveniences, even should a frozen nose be of the number.

The conversation of our party soon became more animated and sincere, and we recounted some traditions of the Indians, who believed that the father and mother of their race were saved from a deluge by ascending the peak of Mount Washington. The children of that pair have been overwhelmed, and found no such refuge. In the mythology of the savage, these mountains were afterwards considered sacred and inaccessible, full of unearthly wonders, illuminated at lofty heights by the blaze of precious stones, and inhabited by deities, who sometimes shrouded themselves in the snow-storm, and came down on the lower world. There are few legends more poetical than that of the 'Great Carbuncle' of the White Mountains. The belief was communicated to the English settlers, and is hardly yet extinct, that a gem, of such immense size as to be seen shining miles away, hangs from a rock over a clear, deep lake, high up among the hills. They who had once beheld its splendor, were enthralled with an unutterable yearning to possess it. But a spirit guarded that inestimable jewel, and bewildered the adventurer with a dark mist from the enchanted lake. Thus, life was worn away in the vain search for an unearthly treasure, till at length the deluded one went up the mountain, still sanguine as in youth, but returned no more. On this theme, methinks I could frame a tale with a deep moral.

The hearts of the pale-faces would not thrill to these superstitions of the red men, though we spoke of them in the centre of their haunted region. The habits and sentiments of that departed people were too distinct from those of their successors to find much real sympathy. It has often been a matter of regret to me, that I was shut out from the most peculiar field of American fiction, by an inability to see any romance, or poetry, or grandeur, or beauty in the Indian character, at least, till such traits

were pointed out by others. I do abhor an Indian story. Yet no writer can be more secure of a permanent place in our literature, than the biographer of the Indian chiefs. His subject, as referring to tribes which have mostly vanished from the earth, gives him a right to be placed on a classic shelf, apart from the merits which will sustain him there.

I made inquiries whether, in his researches about these parts, our mineralogist had found the three 'Silver Hills,' which an Indian sachem sold to an Englishman, nearly two hundred years ago, and the treasure of which the posterity of the purchaser have been looking for ever since. But the man of science had ransacked every hill along the Saco, and knew nothing of these prodigious piles of wealth. By this time, as usual with men on the eve of great adventure, we had prolonged our session deep into the night, considering how early we were to set out on our six miles' ride to the foot of Mount Washington. There was now a general breaking-up. I scrutinized the faces of the two bridegrooms, and saw but little probability of their leaving the bosom of earthly bliss, in the first week of the honey-moon, and at the frosty hour of three, to climb above the clouds. Nor, when I felt how sharp the wind was, as it rushed through a broken pane, and eddied between the chinks of my unplastered chamber, did I anticipate much alacrity on my own part, though we were to seek for the 'Great Carbuncle.'

## AN EXTRACT

FROM THE MS. OF 'EDMUND ALLERTON.'\*

On one bright May morning, Edmund was riding along the southern shore of Long-Island, with spirits influenced by the brightness of the weather, the melody of the birds, and the green splendor of the woodlands. Quitting the confines of Brooklyn, then an unimportant village, consisting of a few dwellings unequally scattered over an undulating surface, the young horseman struck into a road, that, following the indentations of the bay, wound along for several miles on the borders of a pleasant and fruitful region. The sky was of a pale bright blue, dappled by a few feathery clouds, which were reflected on the calm mirror of the bay. The breeze was light and fitful, now ruffling the surface of the water, like a swallow on the wind, and now dying faintly, while the ripples faded away, and stillness brooded over the transparent element. Far away, the bases of the hills were clad in a warm haze, that floated around them like a silver veil, while their summits soared upwards, clear and distinctly drawn against the back-ground of the sky. The birds were abroad, busy, cheerful and musical; the gray sparrows twittered among the poplars and on the fences; the swallows darted to and fro, bustling and happy; and the shy quail, no longer mournful, whistled in the copse. The robins ran along the low clover, stopping now and then, perking up their neat heads, and pouring out a bold, clear, loud and mellow whistle; and the little red squirrel paused to eye the passers-by, as if assured that the genial air of spring had disposed mankind to smile upon the gambols of the harmless population of the field and forest. The foliage, that clothed the trees and shrubs, was tender and but half grown, displaying a brilliant light green, incapable of affording a dense shade, but chequering the rays of the sun as it shone through their fragile drapery upon the grass. The graceful elm waved its branches, — so like drooping plumage — by the road-side, and the huge plane tree extended its protecting limbs; but the lordly poplars of Lombardy, like a fraternity of aristocrats, towered up far above the surrounding tenants of the soil, yielding them no shelter and disclaiming their companionship.

\* We are happy to lay before our readers a more extensive extract from this capital work than we were able to make in the Critical Notices of September. The present selection is made, not on account of the peculiar felicity of the passage, but as being almost the only one detached from the story, which we are reluctant to betray. — *En.*

Edmund remarked these and other features of the landscape, as, restraining the impetuosity of his horse, he made the animal amble leisurely along. Within a short distance of the site of the present Fort Hamilton, he halted and dismounted in the shade of a cedar-grove, that grows upon the edge and half way down the bank, and was then, as now, defended from the encroachments of the axe, and the favorite resort of rustic couples. The rude trunks of this little plantation bear the initials of true lovers, some of them freshly cut in the hoary bark, and others half obliterated by the growth of the wood and the trespasses of vagrant mosses. The spot, although not haunted by any of the little elves and fairies, which are wont to sport in such bits of woodland in the old world, had, nevertheless, its own local traditions. Here, it was confidently asserted, were buried some of the treasures of that renowned rover, who figured so conspicuously in the colonial annals of our country ; and the receptacle of his wealth was said to be guarded by the sheeted apparition of one of the victims of the pirate. The story ran thus :

Kidd, notwithstanding his repulsive manners and ferocious character, succeeded in engaging the affections of a lovely and innocent young woman, the daughter of one of the most substantial farmers of the island. She met him frequently, in secret and by night, in 'Love's Grove,' the romantic spot just described. He tried her cruelly ; and finally, by wile and violence, made her wholly his. No sooner had the outlaw satisfied his base passion, than he bade farewell to his victim, and left her, a prey to grief, shame and remorse. Months rolled on, and the fortunes of Kidd became so desperate, that he acknowledged the provinces too hot to hold him ; and, being hunted closely, determined to turn his prow to the south, and thenceforth maraud upon the Carribean sea. But first, being unable to carry all his treasures on board of his vessel, he resolved to bury them on the shores of New-York bay and Long-Island sound, returning to claim them as opportunity occurred. With this view, he sought, one evening, the southern shore of Nassau Island, and landed in a spot which was perfectly familiar to him, as it was that in which he had so often met the unfortunate woman whom he had seduced and forsaken. He anchored his boat. Aided by a few followers and guided by the waning light of the moon, he took his chest of treasure on shore, and dug a deep pit into which he lowered it. The pirates were preparing to fill up the chasm, when a piercing cry broke from the wood, and immediately afterward a young girl, with a child in her arms, rushed forward and kneeled at the feet of Kidd. It was the pirate's mistress, who conjured him to make her his companion for life, as he had once promised to do. Kidd was unmoved ; he reviled, he spurned the suppliant, and,

with threatening gestures, commanded her to retire. She was not, however, so easily repulsed, but clung to his knees and continued to beseech him with frantic energy. The pirate was anxious to quit the shore before the turn of the tide, and finding that there was no other way to silence his victim, drew forth his knife and stabbed her to the heart. She fell without a groan into the pit beneath her feet, and the cold-blooded villain then threw her wailing babe upon the corpse, and buried together the quick and the dead. Since that time, many attempts have been made to secure the hidden treasure; but the money-diggers have never been successful, having been driven away by the pale spectre of Kidd's mistress, holding in her arms a child.

Edmund was familiar with this superstition, and, as he lingered in the shadow of the haunted grove, drew forth his tablets, and sketched, with considerable rapidity, the following verses:

THE LAST WORDS OF KIDD.

WITH iron gyves and manacles  
Ye 've bound my hapless form,  
That once, unyielding, braved the sea,  
The battle and the storm;  
But though the links are huge and strong,  
And forged with cruel art,  
They are not half so heavy as  
The weight upon my heart.

When, in my might and liberty,  
I trod the oaken deck,  
I little feared the coming foe,  
I little feared the wreck;  
The truest hearts that ever bled  
Were beating by my side,  
And in my face you could not trace  
Aught save defying pride.

Ay, I was proud — proud of the flag,  
That, like a lurid star,  
A meteor of the air and wave,  
Streamed o'er the ocean war:  
'T was never struck, but nobly kept  
Its place upon the mast —  
And when the spar was shot away,  
It fluttered to the last.

But all is done — the cannonade  
Has died along the wave,  
And more than half my gallant crew  
Sleep in a briny grave:



And spars and planks and riven yards  
 Are floating o'er the deep ;  
 Why must my bones away from thee,  
 My gallant sea-boat, sleep ?

Confess, ye British mariners,  
 We made a brave defence,  
 Our guns, well served with grape and round,  
 Sent many a seaman hence.  
 A gallant rover's triumph o'er  
 His foes you should have seen,  
 Had but the shell I threw blown up  
 Within the magazine.

But that is past, and shadows dark  
 Are crowding o'er me now,  
 And misery has set its seal  
 Upon my icy brow.  
 No subtle priest is by my side  
 To shrive me or to bless ;  
 But my hour of pride is past, and I  
 Will now confess—confess !

I slew her on the island shore—  
 It was a cursed deed—  
 And yet I shuddered not at first  
 To see my victim bleed.  
 I slew her—I—that gentle one,  
 Who only lived for me :  
 My boat's crew saw the cursed deed,  
 And the pale moon and the sea.

I slew them both—the mother and  
 The little guiltless child ;  
 Yet, when the earth was o'er them cast,  
 I turned away and smiled.  
 'Twas pride that curled my haughty lip,  
 Unconquerable pride,  
 That bade me all the pangs of guilt  
 Within my bosom hide.

Alas ! since then, how seldom sleep  
 Has visited these eyes !  
 How oft I've lain awake and gazed  
 Upon the midnight skies,  
 And seen *their* poor pale faces look  
 From out some passing cloud,  
 That flushed as if reflecting there  
 The blood that cried aloud.

'T was in the Gulf of Mexico —  
Midnight, and I awake —  
A spiritual presence made  
My flesh creep and heart quake.  
'T was she — my murdered mistress — and  
How awfully she smiled,  
And how extended, with thin arms,  
Her little phantom child !

'I come,' she said, 'to tell you of  
The faithful watch I've kept,  
How, round and round the grave of gold,  
I've walked, while others slept —  
Walked, till the cock crew and the morn  
Dappled the distant East ;  
E'en now we flee o'er land and sea,  
To do your high behest.

'I come to tell you of your doom —  
'T is written in the scroll  
Where every deed is registered  
Against each guilty soul.  
Farewell ! farewell ! I go to watch  
The grave beside the bay !'  
And, waving slow one ashy hand,  
She faded quite away.

Say — can your dungeons and your chains,  
Though formed with cruel art,  
Produce one half the hellish pangs  
That lacerate my heart ?  
My phantom mistress comes to share  
My dungeon's gloom with me ;  
She brings the child ! — Lead me away —  
I'll kiss the fatal tree !

## REMINISCENCES.

BY W. SEVERN.

PERHAPS there is no class of men whose reminiscences are so voluminous as those of the poets ; for, besides chronicling the mere ordinary events which are open to every eye, they have a world of fanciful imagery, of day-dreams and visions, which have visited them at different spots upon the pilgrimage of life, which serve to enliven and extend their autobiographies.

*‘ Me quoque fecere poetam  
Pierides.’*

I, too, have my literary experiences to record.

Long before my ‘youthful imaginings’ found a vent in verse and on paper, I was an enthusiastic admirer of the ‘art of sublime Poesie.’ Shakspeare, Milton and Scott were my especial favorites ; but there was a host of others, who filled up my leisure time. Boy as I was, there was something in the profundity of Byron, and the metaphysics of other great poets, that revolted me. I devoured nothing, the nature of which I did not understand ; and hence, my first effusions, though perfectly simple, were perfectly intelligible.

At the age of eleven years, I was sent to a public school in this my native city ; and there it was that my genius, contrasted with that of others, ‘stuck fiery off.’ One winter evening, having despatched the Greek lesson that had tormented me until nine o’clock, the family having retired to bed — I drew the table near the grate, and throwing myself back in the lolling chair, surrendered myself to my ‘thick-coming fancies.’ I was inspired : the spirit of poesy was breathing within me ; and fearing that it might evaporate, I seized a pen and committed my thoughts (?) to paper. It was about the time of the popular ferment in favor of the Greeks, and I had been reading, in the daily journal, various editorial flourishes about classical climes and Ottoman isolation, Spartan valor, Col. Fabvier and Dr. Howe. This, with the nature of my evening’s study, determined the direction of my enthusiasm, and I actually produced the following astounding

## ODE TO GREECE.

Greece — land of the free !  
To thee, all hail !  
Though far *across* the rolling sea,  
As my own country — hail !

Thy learning anciently  
Was spread both far and wide —  
But now, canst thou see patiently  
The Turks debase thy pride ?

See the Turks, in this same hour,  
 Scorn thy ill-armed infantry —  
 On them ! — let them feel thy power —  
 On ! for Greece and liberty.

Notice the rhythm ! mark the rhyme ! pay peculiar attention to the last line. How harmonious ! how sensible ! I took two copies of this remarkable effusion ; the first was not very elegantly written, and I threw it beneath the grate ; the second displayed my fairest chirography ; and ere I retired to rest, I deposited it in a little paper trunk, in which I kept all my treasures. The next morning, my good mother met me at the breakfast table with a look of peculiar meaning : the copy of verses I had thrown beneath the grate, had not been consumed ; my mother had rescued them, and now charged me with the authorship. I blushed acknowledgement, and was consequently, for a few days, the admiration of the family circle. But my modesty daily diminished, and I at length mustered up courage enough to send my immortal stanzas, in an anonymous note, to Mr. Mécœnas Trip, the editor of the *Evening Lucina*, a gentleman famous for his success in delivering laboring young authors of their premature offspring. Mr. Trip made a point of inserting almost everything, but absolutely declined my favor.

The first repulse, however, did not discourage me — and weekly did I send an anonymous epistle, containing some poetical tribute. I endeavored in each letter to write a different hand ; and as I wrote on different subjects, and under different signatures, fancied that I succeeded. As soon as the paper came, I rushed to the street-door and received it. Although my pieces were not inserted, I took a secret gratification in seeing myself alluded to, in the 'notes to correspondents,' in the following manner : — 'P.'s favor is declined ;' 'the *lines on Ocean* are inadmissible ;' the song, *Wander, ye Breezes*, does not exactly suit us ;' 'the *Hushed Harp* is too defective for our columns.' I resorted to various simple little artifices to get a footing in the *Evening Lucina* — such, for instance, as the following : 'Sir — please insert the ensuing 'Lines on the death of a little Sparrow,' and satisfy — A LADY' ; which I followed up next week with — 'A lady wishes to know why you did n't insert that pretty little piece that her friend wrote and presented to you last week ? P. S. — Both ladies are subscribers.' I thought this postscript a point-blank shot, and believed that it would demolish the rigidity of the editor. I must here observe that both these feminine communications were written on coarse foolscap paper, in a sprawling school-boy hand, closed with a wafer and sealed with an inky thumb, which transferred an exact specimen of its grain. But all these arts were useless.

At length, after nearly six months' toil, on taking up the paper, I discovered a ballad, which I had written with great *gout*, in imitation of Sir Walter Scott's

'Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
On the mountain dawns the day,' &c.

When there came a change in the metre, I introduced a very daring imitation of 'Lochinvar,' while the story — if story it might be called — was borrowed from the old ballad of 'Chevy Chace.'

'There was rustling of silks, there was jingling of spurs,  
There was ringing of bridles, and barking of curs  
Of different kinds, greyhound, stag, and terrier —  
In short, not a similar scene could be merrier.'

In the midst of their sports, the lady and her lover hear a *mort* wound —

'Twas the bugle of Kennet, Kennet the *blue*.'

*Blue* introduced for the rhyme's sake. This horrible Kennet bears off the lady, but she is eventually rescued and married to the true knight.

A poetical prize, obtained at school, raised my confidence to the highest pitch. How I did bore the *editors* of the *Galaxy*, *Statesman*, and *Centinel*, with my lyrics, my elegies, my tales and ballads! I actually wrote, in one year, enough to fill an octavo volume of five hundred pages, to overflowing. At length, the literary metropolis was doomed to lose me for a time, and for one whole year I haunted the romantic borders of Hell-Gate, the storied shores of Communipaw, Weehawk, Harlæm, and all places of note in New-York and its environs. These scenes imparted a fresh vigor to my imagination. I wrote and wrote; but alas! the columns of the New-York papers were closed to me. Oh! Col. Stone! Col. Stone! — how many oaths and maledictions are laid to your score! Oh! Major Noah! Major Noah! how much have you to answer for! Finally — Oh! Mr. Bryant! how did you repay my adulation, by refusing to notice that series of songs I sent you, not even declining them publicly in your 'notes to correspondents.' They would have imparted an amazing degree of interest to the *Evening Post*, and have thrown the Croakers, and even your imaginings into the shade. I can divine a reason: the jealousy of authors is proverbial.

But I did not forsake the fine arts; I

—— Went to all the concerts where are bought  
Tickets by all who wish them for one dollar,  
And patronized the theatre, and thought  
That Wallack looked extremely well in Rolla.

While listening one night to the plaudits of an overflowing house, it suddenly occurred to me to write a farce. Perhaps, thought I, if editors are cruel, managers may be kinder. Upon this hint, I wrote. I produced what I myself thought a very funny affair. I read it to my brother John, then about nine years of age, and the poor little varlet absolutely tumbled out of his chair, and rolled about the room convulsed with laughter. I accordingly copied the farce, and then, resolving not to aim too high at first, pitched upon Roberts, the comedian, then manager of the Chatham amphitheatre, as my victim. I wrote a note, signed with a feigned name, folded up my manuscript, and delivered it to John, my faithful messenger on all occasions requiring secrecy. John was directed to deposit the packet in the box-office, then to dart down through Franklin square, full speed — to stay not to buy pea-nuts in the Bowery, but to hurry through Canal-street, and pause only at the corner of Broadway and Lispenard. If seized, he was to feign idiocy. The plan was well-executed; and in a few weeks, the farce was underlined in the play-bills. How often I read those magic words — ‘*In rehearsal, and will be produced immediately, a new farce by a gentleman of this city.*’

At length, the important night arrived. The preceding one was sleepless. Throughout the day I felt miserably, and at night, posted myself in the stage box. It seemed to me as if every person in the house knew me and my secret, although I was, in fact, an utter stranger. I thought the equestrian performances, the tumbling and rope-vaulting, would never end; but at length the curtain arose. The first scene went off very heavily; the second, little better; and the curtain fell upon the last, in the midst of a profound stillness, that proclaimed the silent damnation of the piece. I have since made a few more dramatic attempts — having been, in some instances, partially successful; but now, in sober earnestness, I have relinquished the stage forever.

After my first failure in the drama, I returned to Boston; but, a year or two since, I revisited New-York. Time had changed the objects of my ambition. I had secured some little fame, and I no longer felt my former bitter animosity against the editorial corps of the renowned city of the Manhattoes. In a morning’s ramble, I strolled down Chatham street — ‘scene of past joys and evils;’ but I vainly looked for the box-office; it was gone — and so, too, were the troop of equestrians, the candle-snuffers, and the tragedy-queens. The place itself had been turned into a Methodist chapel. I fell into a musing fit, from which my dinner, at the *Café de Mille Colonnes*, did not revive me. And am I not, too, changed, like the scene of my early exploits? Let me hope, at least, that the abilities, that were prostituted to the use of a low play-house, may serve me for some noble purpose.

## ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

It is matter of regret, that our scholars — and that term includes those who hold a high rank among the learned, — have paid so little attention to the grammar of the English language. Volumes have been written on the Greek particles, upon the Hebrew points, and upon the language of the Lenni Lenape, the most barren, and I had almost said the most useless, of all topics; and the authors have acquired high celebrity by their labors; while little has been done to reduce our own language to system and regularity, or to investigate its principles and the rules of its construction.

Why this eagerness to cultivate other languages, and this neglect of our own? Is it because whatever is ancient, or foreign, or costly, or possessed by few, is therefore highly prized? Or is it because an acquaintance with Latin, Greek and Hebrew was once considered the main object and final purpose of all education, and that this idea is still cherished by our secluded *literati*? — or because the real excellencies of those languages, the tastes created while studying them, and the sublime and beautiful thoughts which they have been used to express, have led those who have acquired them into the error of considering them, or the one which happens to be the favorite, as a standard of excellence, which every other language, by pruning, expanding and filtering, must be made to resemble.

I have seen articles in this Magazine on the subjects of orthography and pronunciation, and was glad to see them. In these it is well to be correct; yet, but little harm is done, except to the eyes and ears of the fastidious, when an error is committed, unless it be such as to destroy the identity of the word. Had the writers of these articles directed their attention to the structure and general principles of the language, they would have rendered a still higher service to literature. It was by the labors of philologists, thus directed, that the Latin language was rendered the most perfect and regular in the world — regular, even to a fault; and that the Italian and the French have been raised from barbarism to elegance, and have given to the people who speak them a rank among nations, to which they would not be otherwise entitled. Language has been called the dress of the thoughts. But this comparison, intended perhaps to elevate, degrades it. It is the instrument of the mind, and is almost the only instrument it can use. Without it, the mind could effect little or nothing; it would hardly be capable of advancing or improving itself; and if this instrument be skilfully constructed, it can be wielded much

more efficiently, for all purposes, than when rude, irregular and awkward.

It is true that among our writers on grammar, stands the venerated name of Lowth. But why is that name venerated? Because he was a bishop and translated Isaiah from the original Hebrew. It does not appear that he was remarkable for anything but his piety, and for that kind of recondite learning which was, at that time, in vogue, at Oxford and Cambridge. Then, the English had but just ceased to be a barbarous language. Not long before, learned men — learned, in the sense of that term as then used — regretted that the practice of publishing works in the Latin, had gone into disuse; and complained of the difficulty of expressing their thoughts in their native tongue. Indeed, this practice had not gone entirely into disuse. Lowth himself published a work in Latin, for which he obtained high reputation, and which was afterwards translated into English. He probably prized the dead languages above the living, and knew little about the latter. Instead of drawing from the main river of English, formed by streams flowing from the north and middle of Europe, he turned to drink of the overflowings of the Jordan, the Helicon, and the Tiber, which long habit had rendered sweet to his taste.

Then came Murray, Webster and Tooke. Against Murray, no man can have the heart to say anything; for his heart was good and his morals pure. He trod generally in the steps of Lowth — not daring to wander far, nor to venture into new paths, lest he should be lost. He had not the courage nor the industry to ascend to first principles, take etymology and reason for his guide, and follow wherever they might lead him. His chief object appears to have been to render the task of instruction easy to the master; in that, he succeeded better than Lowth, and hence his popularity. Our University at Cambridge have expressed their opinion of the merits of the two, by rejecting Murray for Lowth; but their professor of the English language ought to be able to write one better than either.

Webster is an honor to his country, and has rendered great service to our language; but more by his dictionary than his grammar. Had he written his dictionary first, he would probably have given us a better grammar. His acquaintance with the languages of the Goths, the Slavonians, the Icelanders, the Danes, Germans, the Dutch, the Franks, the Britons and the Saxons, would enable him, could he entirely forget early impressions, to write a better grammar of our language than any other man living.

Tooke did not write a grammar, but he dug up materials for the use of the grammarian. The origin, progress and changes of our language can be better learned from the 'Diversions' of Purley than from any other single work. He complains, and justly, that too little attention has been paid to the Gothic, the remote



ancestor of the English, and to its ancestors and collateral relations. It is they, and they only, that can elucidate the structure, rules and principles of our language. The Latin has furnished *words* to the English, but has imposed upon it none of its rules and principles.

Our grammarians fail most in treating of the auxiliaries, which are decidedly the most important words in the language. Some content themselves with saying that they are verbs which *help* to conjugate other verbs ; and these do better than those who attempt to describe or define them. It is impossible to define them. Their meaning is evanescent and changeable, and there is no way of becoming acquainted with their force and import, but by constant and attentive observation of the manner in which they are used by those who speak and write the language.

But, failure in the attempt to define the auxiliaries, is not the greatest fault of our grammarians. They assign to many of them incorrect etymologies ; and, misled by this error, construct a grammar which exhibits so many absurdities as to render our language the butt of foreign philologists. All of them say that, *could* is the same verb as *can*, and is the past tense of that verb ; that *might* is the past tense of *may* ; *should*, the past tense of *shall* ; and *would*, of *will*. They say this, because some one, unfortunately for the language, said so before them ; they have never inquired into the etymology of these words, nor brought forward a particle of proof of what they assert.

Is *could* the past of *can* ? Let the question be determined by the common use of those words.

The President *can* veto bills.

The President *could* overturn the government, should he be elected a third time.

The question may be asked, does *could* here refer to past time ? but it need not be answered.

Is it identical in meaning with *can* ? Certainly it is not. *Can*, in the above sentence, is used to express a positive, independent, unconditional idea ; *could* is used to express a doubtful, dependent, conditional idea. In every instance, in all languages, the same verb, when used in different tenses of the same mode, expresses the same idea, modified only by joining to a description of the action a reference to the *time* of that action ; as — he rides, he rode, he *will* ride ; equitat, equitavit, equitabit.

{ You *may* go to the theatre to-night.

{ You *might* go to the theatre to-night, if it did not rain.

{ The man who did this, *shall* be punished when detected.

{ The man who did this, *should* be punished when detected.

{ That man *will* sink.

{ That man *would* sink, if the cramp should seize him.

Let the reader consider attentively the import of *may* and *might*, *shall* and *should*, *will* and *would*, in the above sentences, and determine which of the two classed together is in the past tense ; and then let him determine the other question, whether both are the same verb, the latter modified only to express difference of *time*. He cannot need the writer's assistance to form his opinion.

God *willed* it to be so in the beginning of time.

God *would* it to be so in the beginning of time.

Is the latter sentence grammatical and proper ? If not, then *would* is not the past of *will*.

The etymology and import of the auxiliaries is not a trivial question. It is one upon which the correctness of all our grammars hinges. It is not so unimportant as, whether *honor* shall be spelt with, or without, the *u* ; or whether *deaf* should be pronounced *deff* or *deef* ; or whether the principal accent of the word *legislature* should be on the penultimate, or the antepenultimate syllable. Much more might be said upon it ; but enough has been said to arrest the attention of those whose duty it is to see that our language shall receive no detriment from the grammars used in our seminaries of learning.

M.

## THE DEVIL IN MANUSCRIPT.

BY ASHLEY A. ROYCE.

ON a bitter evening of December, I arrived by mail in a large town, which was then the residence of an intimate friend, one of those gifted youths who cultivate poetry and the belles lettres, and call themselves students at law. My first business, after supper, was to visit him at the office of his distinguished instructor. As I have said, it was a bitter night, clear starlight, but cold as Nova Zembla — the shop-windows along the street being frosted, so as almost to hide the lights, while the wheels of coaches thundered equally loud over frozen earth and pavements of stone. There was no snow, either on the ground or the roofs of the houses. The wind blew so violently, that I had but to spread my cloak like a mainsail, and scud along the street at the rate of ten knots, greatly envied by other navigators who were beating slowly up, with the gale right in their teeth. One of these I capsized, but was gone on the wings of the wind before he could even vociferate an oath.

After this picture of an inclement night, behold us seated by a great blazing fire, which looked so comfortable and delicious that I felt inclined to lie down and roll among the hot coals. The usual furniture of a lawyer's office was around us — rows of volumes in sheepskin, and a multitude of writs, summonses, and other legal papers, scattered over the desks and tables. But there were certain objects which seemed to intimate that we had little dread of the intrusion of clients, or of the learned counsellor himself, who indeed was attending court in a distant town. A tall, decanter-shaped bottle stood on the table, between two tumblers, and beside a pile of blotted manuscripts, altogether dissimilar to any law documents recognized in our courts. My friend, whom I shall call Oberon — it was a name of fancy and friendship between him and me — my friend Oberon looked at these papers with a peculiar expression of disquietude.

'I do believe,' said he, soberly, 'or, at least, I would believe, if I chose, that there is a devil in this pile of blotted papers. You have read them, and know what I mean — that conception, in which I endeavored to embody the character of a fiend, as represented in our traditions and the written records of witchcraft. Oh! I have a horror of what was created in my own brain, and shudder at the manuscripts in which I gave that dark idea a sort of material existence. Would they were out of my sight!'

'And of mine too,' thought I.

'You remember,' continued Oberon, 'how the hellish thing

used to suck away the happiness of those who, by a simple concession that seemed almost innocent, subjected themselves to his power. Just so my peace is gone, and all by these accursed manuscripts. Have you felt nothing of the same influence ?'

'Nothing,' replied I, 'unless the spell be hid in a desire to turn novelist, after reading your delightful tales.'

'Novelist !' exclaimed Oberon, half seriously. 'Then, indeed, my devil has his claw on you ! You are gone ! You cannot even pray for deliverance ! But we will be the last and only victims ; for this night I mean to burn the manuscripts, and commit the fiend to his retribution in the flames.'

'Burn your tales !' repeated I, startled at the desperation of the idea.

'Even so,' said the author, despondingly. 'You cannot conceive what an effect the composition of these tales has had on me. I have become ambitious of a bubble, and careless of solid reputation. I am surrounding myself with shadows, which bewilder me, by aping the realities of life. They have drawn me aside from the beaten path of the world, and led me into a strange sort of solitude—a solitude in the midst of men—where nobody wishes for what I do, nor thinks nor feels as I do. The tales have done all this. When they are ashes, perhaps I shall be as I was before they had existence. Moreover, the sacrifice is less than you may suppose ; since nobody will publish them.'

'That does make a difference, indeed,' said I.

'They have been offered, by letter,' continued Oberon, reddening with vexation, 'to some seventeen booksellers. It would make you stare to read their answers ; and read them you should, only that I burnt them as fast as they arrived. One man publishes nothing but school-books ; another has five novels already under examination'—

'What a voluminous mass the unpublished literature of America must be !' cried I.

'Oh ! the Alexandrian manuscripts were nothing to it,' said my friend. 'Well ; another gentleman is just giving up business, on purpose, I verily believe, to escape publishing my book. Several, however, would not absolutely decline the agency, on my advancing half the cost of an edition, and giving bonds for the remainder, besides a high percentage to themselves, whether the book sells or not. Another advises a subscription.'

'The villain !' exclaimed I.

'A fact !' said Oberon. 'In short, of all the seventeen booksellers, only one has vouchsafed even to read my tales ; and he—a literary dabbler himself, I should judge—has the impertinence to criticize them, proposing what he calls vast improvements, and concluding, after a general sentence of condemnation, with the definitive assurance that he will not be concerned on any terms.'

‘It might not be amiss to pull that fellow’s nose,’ remarked I.

‘If the whole ‘trade’ had one common nose, there would be some satisfaction in pulling it,’ answered the author. ‘But, there does seem to be one honest man among these seventeen unrighteous ones, and he tells me fairly, that no American publisher will meddle with an American work, seldom if by a known writer, and never if by a new one, unless at the writer’s risk.’

‘The paltry rogues!’ cried I. ‘Will they live by literature, and yet risk nothing for its sake? But, after all, you might publish on your own account.’

‘And so I might,’ replied Oberon. ‘But the devil of the business is this. These people have put me so out of conceit with the tales, that I loathe the very thought of them, and actually experience a physical sickness of the stomach, whenever I glance at them on the table. I tell you there is a demon in them! I anticipate a wild enjoyment in seeing them in the blaze; such as I should feel in taking vengeance on an enemy, or destroying something noxious.’

I did not very strenuously oppose this determination, being privately of opinion, in spite of my partiality for the author, that his tales would make a more brilliant appearance in the fire than anywhere else. Before proceeding to execution, we broached the bottle of champagne, which Oberon had provided for keeping up his spirits in this doleful business. We swallowed each a tumbler-full, in sparkling commotion; it went bubbling down our throats, and brightened my eyes at once, but left my friend sad and heavy as before. He drew the tales towards him, with a mixture of natural affection and natural disgust, like a father taking a deformed infant into his arms.

‘Pooh! Pish! Pshaw!’ exclaimed he, holding them at arm’s length. ‘It was Gray’s idea of Heaven, to lounge on a sofa and read new novels. Now, what more appropriate torture would Dante himself have contrived, for the sinner who perpetrates a bad book, than to be continually turning over the manuscript?’

‘It would fail of effect,’ said I, ‘because a bad author is always his own great admirer.’

‘I lack that one characteristic of my tribe, the only desirable one,’ observed Oberon. ‘But how many recollections throng upon me, as I turn over these leaves! This scene came into my fancy as I walked along a hilly road, on a starlight October evening; in the pure and bracing air, I became all soul, and felt as if I could climb the sky and run a race along the Milky Way. Here is another tale, in which I wrapt myself during a dark and dreary night-ride in the month of March, till the rattling of the wheels and the voices of my companions seemed like faint sounds of a dream, and my visions a bright reality. That scribbled page describes shadows which I summoned to my bedside at midnight;

they would not depart when I bade them ; the gray dawn came, and found me wide awake and feverish, the victim of my own enchantments !'

'There must have been a sort of happiness in all this,' said I, smitten with a strange longing to make proof of it.

'There may be happiness in a fever fit,' replied the author. 'And then the various moods in which I wrote ! Sometimes my ideas were like precious stones under the earth, requiring toil to dig them up, and care to polish and brighten them ; but often, a delicious stream of thought would gush out upon the page at once, like water sparkling up suddenly in the desert ; and when it had passed, I gnawed my pen hopelessly, or blundered on with cold and miserable toil, as if there were a wall of ice between me and my subject.'

'Do you now perceive a corresponding difference,' inquired I, 'between the passages which you wrote so coldly, and those fervid flashes of the mind ?'

'No,' said Oberon, tossing the manuscripts on the table. 'I find no traces of the golden pen, with which I wrote in characters of fire. My treasure of fairy coin is changed to worthless dross. My picture, painted in what seemed the loveliest hues, presents nothing but a faded and indistinguishable surface. I have been eloquent and poetical and humorous in a dream — and behold ! it is all nonsense, now that I am awake.'

My friend now threw sticks of wood and dry chips upon the fire, and seeing it blaze like Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, seized the champagne bottle, and drank two or three brimming bumpers, successively. The heady liquor combined with his agitation to throw him into a species of rage. He laid violent hands on the tales. In one instant more, their faults and beauties would alike have vanished in a glowing purgatory. But, all at once, I remembered passages of high imagination, deep pathos, original thoughts, and points of such varied excellence, that the vastness of the sacrifice struck me most forcibly. I caught his arm.

'Surely, you do not mean to burn them !' I exclaimed.

'Let me alone !' cried Oberon, his eyes flashing fire. 'I will burn them ! Not a scorched syllable shall escape ! Would you have me a damned author ? — To undergo sneers, taunts, abuse, and cold neglect, and faint praise, bestowed, for pity's sake, against the giver's conscience ! A hissing and a laughing-stock to my own traitorous thoughts ! An outlaw from the protection of the grave — one whose ashes every careless foot might spurn, unhonored in life, and remembered scornfully in death ! Am I to bear all this, when yonder fire will ensure me from the whole ? No ! There go the tales ! May my hand wither when it would write another !'

The deed was done. He had thrown the manuscripts into the hottest of the fire, which at first seemed to shrink away, but soon curled around them, and made them a part of its own fervent brightness. Oberon stood gazing at the conflagration, and shortly began to soliloquize, in the wildest strain, as if Fancy resisted and became riotous, at the moment when he would have compelled her to ascend that funeral pile. His words described objects which he appeared to discern in the fire, fed by his own precious thoughts ; perhaps the thousand visions, which the writer's magic had incorporated with those pages, became visible to him in the dissolving heat, brightening forth ere they vanished forever ; while the smoke, the vivid sheets of flame, the ruddy and whitening coals, caught the aspect of a varied scenery.

'They blaze,' said he, 'as if I had steeped them in the intensest spirit of genius. There I see my lovers clasped in each other's arms. How pure the flame that bursts from their glowing hearts ! And yonder the features of a villain, writhing in the fire that shall torment him to eternity. My holy men, my pious and angelic women, stand like martyrs amid the flames, their mild eyes lifted heavenward. Ring out the bells ! A city is on fire. See ! — destruction roars through my dark forests, while the lakes boil up in steaming billows, and the mountains are volcanoes, and the sky kindles with a lurid brightness ! All elements are but one pervading flame ! Ha ! The fiend !'

I was somewhat startled by this latter exclamation. The tales were almost consumed, but just then threw forth a broad sheet of fire, which flickered as with laughter, making the whole room dance in its brightness, and then roared portentously up the chimney.

'You saw him ? You must have seen him !' cried Oberon. 'How he glared at me and laughed, in that last sheet of flame, with just the features that I imagined for him ! Well ! The tales are gone.'

The papers were indeed reduced to a heap of black cinders, with a multitude of sparks hurrying confusedly among them, the traces of the pen being now represented by white lines, and the whole mass fluttering to and fro, in the draughts of air. The destroyer knelt down to look at them.

'What is more potent than fire !' said he, in his gloomiest tone. 'Even thought, invisible and incorporeal as it is, cannot escape it. In this little time, it has annihilated the creations of long nights and days, which I could no more reproduce, in their first glow and freshness, than cause ashes and whitened bones to rise up and live. There, too, I sacrificed the unborn children of my mind. All that I had accomplished — all that I planned for future years — has perished by one common ruin, and left only this

heap of embers. The deed has been my fate. And what remains? A weary and aimless life—a long repentance of this hour—and at last an obscure grave, where they will bury and forget me.'

As the author concluded his dolorous moan, the extinguished embers arose and settled down and arose again, and finally flew up the chimney, like a demon with sable wings. Just as they disappeared, there was a loud and solitary cry in the street below us. 'Fire! Fire!' Other voices caught up that terrible word, and it speedily became the shout of a multitude. Oberon started to his feet, in fresh excitement.

'A fire on such a night!' cried he. 'The wind blows a gale, and wherever it whirls the flames, the roofs will flash up like gunpowder. Every pump is frozen up, and boiling water would turn to ice the moment it was flung from the engine. In an hour, this wooden town will be one great bonfire! What a glorious scene for my next — Pshaw!'

The street was now all alive with footsteps, and the air full of voices. We heard one engine thundering round a corner, and another rattling from a distance over the pavements. The bells of three steeples clanged out at once, spreading the alarm to many a neighboring town, and expressing hurry, confusion and terror, so inimitably that I could almost distinguish in their peal the burthen of the universal cry — 'Fire! Fire! Fire!'

'What is so eloquent as their iron tongues!' exclaimed Oberon. 'My heart leaps and trembles, but not with fear. And that other sound, too — deep and awful as a mighty organ — the roar and thunder of the multitude on the pavement below! Come! We are losing time. I will cry out in the loudest of the uproar, and mingle my spirit with the wildest of the confusion, and be a bubble on the top of the ferment!'

From the first outcry, my forebodings had warned me of the true object and centre of alarm. There was nothing now but uproar — above, beneath, and around us; footsteps stumbling pell-mell up the public stair-case, eager shouts and heavy thumps at the door, the whiz and dash of water from the engines, and the crash of furniture thrown upon the pavement. At once, the truth flashed upon my friend. His frenzy took the hue of joy, and, with a wild gesture of exultation, he leaped almost to the ceiling of the chamber.

'My tales!' cried Oberon. 'The chimney! The roof! The Fiend has gone forth by night, and startled thousands in fear and wonder from their beds! Here I stand — a triumphant author! Huzza! Huzza! My brain has set the town on fire! Huzza!'



## LETTERS FROM PERU.

NO. II.

*Lima, 183—.*

WITH the early history of Peru, you are already as well acquainted as I am myself. We have often conversed together on the enormities committed by Pizarro and his followers, whom a lust for power and conquest carried among the inoffensive worshippers of the Sun, and led to their slaughter like wild beasts—merely to obtain from them that wealth which the poor savages would have parted with on much easier terms. Persecution, insult and injury have nearly exterminated the original owners of the soil. Their national character *was* that of a feeble, harmless, ignorant race—living in the constant interchange of friendly arts, with no knowledge of the true God, except through his works; I think we have agreed, that of all heathen worship, that which sees God in his works is the most rational; for we can easily imagine that an untutored savage would look with *awe* and *wonder* on the ‘God of day rejoicing in the East:’ and when he daily witnessed his all-pervading power, would bow, in humble adoration, to what must appear to his unenlightened eyes the great fountain of life. The human heart *must* have its object of worship; and to bow down to wondrous Nature, is certainly *more rational* than to bow down to the works of men’s hands. But I must not indulge myself in this discursive moralizing.

You will not wish me to search the ancient records of Peru, that I may draw from its mouldy archives its long and dreadful account of conquest and of crime. I feel sure you will take more interest in the habits, manners and customs of the people as they now are, with a description of all, of nature and of art, that meets my eye, than in any of the wild legends of bigoted monks, or the fabled histories of those old grandees who first located themselves in this land of gold and precious stones. I will not forget, however, that I am writing to one who has a *reasonable* share of that curiosity which has been, by some saucy writers, considered a characteristic of her sex. I think I promised you, in my last, a bird’s-eye view of the valley of the Rimac, in which Lima—once called the ‘City of Kings’—is situated. It is the most luxuriant and beautiful valley on the whole coast of Peru. Its length, from the mountain boundary on the south, to the same on the north, is about twelve miles; and its width, from the sea to the foot of the mountains on the east, is perhaps nine or ten. The whole of this is nearly an uninterrupted level, rising gently and gradually from the ocean; its shape is nearly a half circle. Lima is about seven miles from Callao, its sea-port,

and within three of the north side of the plain. The ground on which it stands, is seven hundred feet higher than the sea. The principal part of the city is built on the south side of the river Rimac, and encompassed with high walls — the river forming its defence on the north side. Its form is almost an oval, longest from east to west ; its circumference nearly nine miles. The water of the Rimac is conveyed into the city through aqueducts, to a number of fountains in different quarters, from which the inhabitants are supplied. It is also carried through all the streets running from east to west, by means of trenches (about four feet wide) in the centre. The elevation I have mentioned is sufficient to cause the water to run with some degree of rapidity — carrying with it a large proportion of the filth of the place, which is thrown into it for that purpose: this water, after passing through the city, is carried in ditches, made on each side of the road, to Callao, and is used for irrigating the gardens and fields of the contiguous estates.

Of the view outside the walls of the city, I could say much ; but I will not expatiate — preferring to give you a description of all the principal places in the valley, and leaving your imagination to group the whole as you please.

To begin, then, with Callao — which, being the principal port of Lima, you would naturally imagine must be a place of considerable extent and importance. But such is not the case. It is quite small, and miserable in appearance. There is scarcely a decent house in the place ; in fact, the population is made up of the lower classes. The only respectable people who reside there, are those acting as port-agents for the merchants here. I think the town does not contain altogether more than five or six hundred inhabitants. The harbor of Callao is the safest on the west coast of America ; it would be so, from its situation, were it subject to high winds ; but as a gale was never known there, vessels may literally be said to ride secure with a pack-thread for a cable. It is strongly fortified, both by sea and land — having for its defence three large and strong castles, capable of containing ten thousand men. At present, there is only a small garrison in the principal fortress, which contains very extensive public store-houses for the reception of goods in deposit, and where reside also the officers connected with the custom-house.

Directly opposite Callao, lies the island of St. Lorenzo, with a number of small ones adjacent: these make the western shelter to the harbor. They are all, I believe, entirely barren — not producing even a blade of grass. They appear to me as if thrown up by some volcanic eruption. St. Lorenzo is the Protestant burial-ground. The Catholics are too much afraid of contamination to allow even the body of a heretic to rest any nearer their

faithful city. There is a gang of convicts kept on the island, who are employed in getting out stone for various purposes, as it is the only place near affording a good supply.

Having nothing more interesting to say of Callao, I will direct your attention to the ruins of a once pretty village, in a south-east direction from it, called Bellavista. This place, when Callao was besieged by BOLIVAR and defended by RODIL, (for his majesty of Spain) was the advanced post of the patriot army; and its destruction was the consequence by the guns of the castle. A few of the houses have been repaired; and are occupied by those who rent the fine orchards and gardens in its vicinity. From these, the markets of Lima are supplied with some of their best fruit and vegetables. Its ruined buildings present a striking contrast to the profusion of the riches of the earth, by which they are surrounded. The destructive effects of war and the grateful fruits of peace, are both at once presented to the eye, and together make a scene of picturesque beauty not often united in so small a space.

The next place worthy of notice, is Magdalena — distant from Bellavista about one and a half or two miles. It was the headquarters of General Bolivar during his stay in lower Peru, in 1825, and though very beautiful, it is the smallest village in the valley — composed chiefly of neat, comfortable houses, surrounded with orchards and gardens of great luxuriance, and beautified by a small branch of the *Rimac*, which adds much to its romantic loveliness. Most of the estates are owned by the gentry of the city, who retire to them occasionally during the summer months. It is in a south-easterly direction from Lima, and distant from it, by the road, about five miles. The ride to it is the most pleasant on the plain.

Leaving Magdalena, and still proceeding southerly, inclining eastward, a pleasant ride of three miles brings you to the large village of Miraflores. This delightful place is on the direct road from the city to Chorillos, about half way between. Chorillos is their chief bathing-place, and where as many as can afford the great expense, spend what is called the bathing season, which generally commences in February and ends in April. Of Chorillos, I will give you a more particular description when I visit it.

I have now given you a brief account of all the places situated in the valley of the *Rimac*. It only remains for me to describe its general appearance, and then introduce you to their Eden — the famous city of Lima.

With the exception of the villages I have mentioned, and the enclosures round a few scattered farm-houses, the whole of this rich valley is in an uncultivated state, and presents to the eye the most barren prospect imaginable. The soil, being of a rich clay-colored loam, has become baked hard by the sun; its surface

gets finely pulverized, by the travel over it in all directions, and a high breeze covers everything with this gray powder, so that scarce a green blade is visible. The constant motion of this dust makes riding in the neighborhood very uncomfortable. I am informed that the cause of so much barren land, is the poverty of the owners — the chief part belonging to a few old families, who were stripped of their wealth by the revolution. Their slaves were freed, and set adrift to shift for themselves ; of course they soon starved or fell into bad company, and became a burthen to those they once aided. The old grandees, unable to hire laborers, and still more unable to find purchasers, in the unsettled state of the country, are obliged to bear the privations of a narrow income, while there are owners of rich soil enough to make them perfectly independent, if they could by any fair means obtain cultivators.

This state of things is a great injury to all, particularly to the inhabitants of Lima ; for, if the fine grounds in the vicinity were cultivated as they ought to be, it would reduce the price of almost all the necessaries of life nearly one half. But, alas ! there is no hope of this for a long time to come. They must be regenerated in their feelings and habits, ere any system of government can be permanent. Loudly as they have talked about freedom, they are still a nation of slaves. The only difference in their present and former situation, is that, under the viceroys, they had *one* tyrant to rule them, and now they have *hundreds*, equally as despotic, equally as fond of power, and as eager for wealth. Their gold and silver mines have been and will, I fear, continue to be a curse to them ; for, so long as they place their reliance on those uncertain sources of wealth, they will neglect the riches which might so easily be obtained from their fruitful soil. If the same labor that is now employed in digging for their precious ores, could be bestowed on the cultivation of the earth, it would make Peru a scene of unrivaled beauty and brightness — while the melancholy miner would exchange his dark and life-destroying abode for a sweet, smiling home on the green turf, enlivened by the cheering rays of the sun. Twice the wealth would be eventually obtained, and the many would not be sacrificed for the few. The only idea of liberty that ever enters the minds of the great mass of the population, is that they may lie in the shade and do nothing. To be freed from all exertion, both mental and bodily, is happiness, liberty, and all that a Peruvian desires.

## THE SKY.

How BEAUTIFUL the sky !  
 I wonder not its gorgeous ways have seemed  
 The heavenly circles trod by angel-feet ;  
 I wonder not that poet-souls have deemed  
 Its homes of light for spirits only meet,  
 That never, never die ;  
 There spread the realms unknown, the eternal plain ;  
 Thence silent dews descend, as angels' tears ;  
 There, Day and star-crowned Night alternate reign,  
 And the light-woven bow, God's sign of peace, appears.

How lovely in the morn !  
 Wave after wave — a rosy-tinted tide,  
 Afar, o'er all the East, is gently rolled,  
 Till the broad Heaven with the bright hue is dyed,  
 And sing the morning stars, as when of old  
 A glorious race were born ;  
 Proudly uprising then the King of Day,  
 Girt with a dazzling robe of golden light ;  
 The gladdened earth smiles in the ruddy ray,  
 And the old hoary peaks glow with a circlet bright.

In summer days how fair !  
 When tinkling rills have hushed their hurried flow,  
 And weary winds have sighed themselves to sleep ;  
 When the leaved forest whispers soft and low,  
 And stillness settles even on the deep,  
 And earth seems wrapt in prayer ;  
 The gazer on the azure, arched expanse  
 Decked as to mortal skill was never given,  
 Unconscious, seems to look, with eager glance,  
 Beyond those emerald hills into the gates of Heaven !

How glorious the West !  
 When the red Titan seeks his ocean halls ;  
 'Tis like a flaming Paradise of gold ;  
 Or like a boundless range of ruby walls,  
 Where myriad crimson banners are unrolled ;  
 Out from the blazing crest  
 Of mimic mountains pours the fiery rain ;  
 Bright streams of silver wind through verdant vales ;  
 Enchanted cities stud the golden plain ;  
 But the dim twilight comes — the cloud-creation fails.

How beauteous by night !  
When, soft and clear, the paly planets beam,  
And night's fair queen ascends her silver car ;  
And poets, rapt with Nature's beauty, deem  
They hear their solemn music from afar,  
And tremble with delight ;  
When waving flames stream up the northern sky,  
As it were nature's sacrificial fire ;  
When the swift meteors wildly glare on high ;  
Bright types of human pride — they glitter and expire !

How solemn and sublime !  
When the storm-spirit rushes from his throne,  
And hurls his lightning-arrows through the sky,  
And fills the heavens with his deep thunder-tone,  
And bids the clouds in murky masses fly,  
As oft at even-time ;  
Like a pale beauty struggling with a host  
Of dark despoilers, seems the Queen of Night ;  
Triumphant now, now trampled down and lost ;  
Smiling in victory now with pure and placid light !

Thou ever-varying sky —  
Yet beautiful in every changing clime ;  
Vainly I strive thy loveliness to tell ;  
But, when I gaze upon thy vault sublime,  
Deep reverence binds my spirit as a spell.  
Each gorgeous dye,  
The shadowed night, the day's refulgent crown,  
The rosy morn and peaceful evening hour,  
The smiling light and fearful tempest-frown,  
All mirror forth God's majesty and love and power !

S. F. S.

## SCENES IN EUROPE.

ROME.—NO. I.

EARLY on the morning of the third of October, I started from Florence for Rome with several companions, and we soon left the city and its suburbs, with their high walls and olive trees, behind us. The country became far more beautiful. The blue Appenines skirted the way, and the road lay through rich vineyards, over hill and dale; and a beautiful sight it was to look at the rich grapes, which hung in clusters from the festooned vines, awaiting now, in the first days of the vintage, the hand of the laborer to gather them in their fullness.

The first night we slept at a small and uninteresting town, where we were considered a great wonder by the natives, who all gathered around the inn to look at us and our carriage. This kind of curiosity I have noticed ever since I left Bologna; and above all, upon this last journey I have been stared at as if I were from the moon. Continuing our journey, the next day we passed by Arezzo, the ancient Aretium from which Flaminius marched to Thrasymene. We did not enter the city, but, skirting along the wall, we passed to the right. The road became continually more beautiful, for the land was undulating, and in many places the hills were covered with fine oak trees, of which the foliage was very luxuriant and covered the whole trunk: these formed an admirable contrast to the tedious olive trees around Florence. As evening came on, we approached the fatal ground of Thrasymene. M\*\*\*\* and I had our Livy and Byron, with Hobhouse's notes, in our hands, and studied the position and the history of the battle before we came to the spot. At length, ascending a slight elevation, we had at once a view of the beautiful lake, upon which the setting sun and the eastern moon were now blending their light: this lay upon the right hand of the road; to the left were beautiful hills, covered, like a fine park, with groves of oak trees, retreating gently to the foot of the distant Appenines. We passed another little valley; and again ascending a little, we came to the entrance of the plain where the battle was fought. Livy has very well described the situation: '*loca insidiis nata, ubi maxime montes Cortonenses Thrasymenus subit. Via tantum interest perangusta, velut ad idipsum de industria relicto spatio, inde colles assurgunt.*' The pope has taken advantage of this narrow pass, which is just upon his frontiers, and has placed his custom-house upon the spot; and there we had to stop, nearly two hours, while our things were overhauled. In the meantime, the moon had risen high, and was pouring her magic light upon the scene before us: the lake slumbered like a 'sheet of silver,' and relieved

the rich green and the deep shade of the shore: not a breeze ruffled its surface, or moved the foliage of the trees: it was a scene of utter repose, and the silence and stillness seemed to me a fitting requiem for the thousands who, ages before, had perished there.

Upon the plain, on the very battle-ground, is a small cluster of houses, one of which is an inn, where we passed the night. Rising early the next morning, we took our last look at the sweet lake, and then went on our way. The same hills and mountains, clothed with the verdant oaks, and vallies rich with vines, formed the scenery around us. The hills reminded me of America; and after so long a time in the midst of too much cultivation, it was refreshing to see again something of untouched nature. About noon, we came to a city built upon a lofty hill, and surrounded with a wall, above which arose tower and battlement, arch and colonade, in stately grandeur. There were no suburbs: outside of the walls the land was cultivated; but the city had gathered all the houses into itself. Its appearance, as we approached, was very sublime — much like Martin's pictures of cities — and came nearer to the ideas I formed of a city in my boyhood, when I was reading of Roman exploits or the tales of chivalry, than any place I had yet seen. Attaching oxen to the carriage, we slowly toiled up the painful ascent, and entered the gate. The same day we saw two or three other towns, rising up in the midst of the country, without a house or anything outside of the walls to indicate that we were approaching a city. The fourth day, at three o'clock in the afternoon, we entered Terni, and immediately took a guide to visit the cascade, which is one of the finest in Europe. It is about four miles from the village. After walking along a hill-side, from which we had a delicious valley, through which the Nera flows, and the mountains beyond it and before us, we descended and entered a vale, which was anciently called the 'Italian Tempe.' No words can convey an idea of the richness of this delightful spot. The vine and the fig tree wanted in their abundance; rich clusters of grapes hung all along the pathway; copious and clear blue rivelets chased through the vale, and their gurgling spoke of coolness and comfort. Oh! what a contrast to the dusty and parched plain we had traversed! We wound about the foot of a hill, which rises suddenly from the valley. The summit is covered with ruined walls and towers, which are overgrown with moss and ivy. A few inhabitants still live among the remains of the ancient town, and the vesper-bell sounded solemnly from the ruins. We passed under an arch, of Roman construction, built for an aqueduct, and clothed with vines, which hung in graceful festoons beneath, and continued our way through the valley for about a mile. Then ascending a steep hill for some distance, we came in sight of the



cataract, which was pouring from the summit of the opposite mountain, and fell into the narrow vale. The elevation on which we stood, was separated by the valley from the cascade, and we stood perhaps at about midway of the height of the fall. The quantity of water is not great, but still the cataract is wonderfully fine. A dense mist arises and conceals forever the abyss into which it is at first precipitated ; presently the water is seen pouring, in many a turbulent stream, over the rocks, and bounding toward the plain, through which it rushes with fearful rapidity, as if flying from the awful scene. I can convey no idea of the mingled loveliness and majesty of the scene : the richness of the valley, the verdure of its impassable wall of mountains, the distant roar of the cataract, the rushing of the many waters, and the sublime ruins on the hill-top.

On the evening of the fifth day of our journey, we approached *Civita Castellana*, supposed to be the same as the ancient *Veii* which sustained a siege of ten years against the Romans, and was at length taken by stratagem. I looked in vain, at first, to discover the cause of its strength, or the means of defence. To all appearance, the city stood in the midst of an extensive plain, on ground but very little elevated ; and it was not until the moment of arriving, that I perceived a vast ravine, at least two hundred feet deep and as many in breadth, by which the whole city is encompassed, and which, undoubtedly, whether made by nature or art, was a sufficient defence against the common engines of a Roman army. We crossed this by a fine bridge, and immediately found ourselves in the city, which is irregular, dirty and miserable, and only interesting for what it once was.

We now came to our last day's journey, the route lying principally on the *Flaminian way*. The nearer we came to Rome, the more desolate and dreary did the country appear : no tree was to be seen. A vast, open country, bounded only by the distant mountains, with hardly a human habitation in view, extended on every side about us : months of uninterrupted sunshine had parched the ground, and the vegetation was withered by the heat. A more dismal scene I never witnessed : it seemed like the death-bed of nature, and a feeling of awe stole over me as I traversed it. Towards night, we came in sight of Rome, and gazed upon *St. Peter's*, and the *mausoleum of Adrian*, and the 'seven hills.' Passing the *Æmilian bridge*, where the associates of *Catiline* were taken prisoners, we entered the city by the *Porta del Popolo*. To me, the whole journey had been most delightful. Among the most interesting objects upon the way, and which I omitted to mention above, were the river and temple of *Clitumnus*. I had remarked, for some time, a beautiful, clear stream, which flowed rapidly along the vale by the road-side, in its full channel. The sight was peculiarly refreshing, for the heat of the summer had dried up most of the rivers, and it was mournful, as we passed

over bridge after bridge, to see the dry bed of the river, which, in many instances, the peasants had used as a road. But this little stream and its sweet valley seemed to have been spared. Luxuriant trees hung over and darkened the waters : the fig and the vine rejoiced by its margin ; and one might fancy the golden age was reigning there. On a steep bank, which rises from the water, stands a little classic temple, which assured me that the stream must be the Clitumnus, of which Virgil sings the praises. The temple is small, but very beautiful. Four Corinthian columns support the projecting roof, and the front is upon the river. Pliny speaks of this temple, and Byron, too ; so I need say no more about it.

The entry into Rome by the Porta del Popolo, is very superb. Passing the gate, we found ourselves at once in a magnificent square, in the centre of which rises a huge Egyptian obelisk : on either hand, are palaces with their lofty terraces — and in front, the way opened between two fine churches, built to correspond to each other. On the right hand of the square, is the colossal statue of Neptune, around which the gushing fountains were paying their homage ; while the haughty figure of Mars, on the opposite side, seemed to guard the entrance into this city of the ancient gods. We passed through long streets of palaces and glittering shops ; carriages and foot passengers thronged the way, and all seemed life and gaiety. This was modern Rome.

October 9. M\*\*\*\* and I took our supper, and then went out to look at the city. Observing a hill very near us, upon the summit of which is a church, we ascended by a long flight of broad stone steps. Here we had a fine view of the city, reposing in the soft light of the moon, which was now at her full. Far away to our left, was the ancient part of the city — the forum, the capitol, and the coliseum. The nearest object of interest seemed to be St. Peter's, which arose up, like a giant before us, to the clouds. The way seemed plain before us, and the temple only about a mile distant ; so thither we determined to go. Following the street for some distance, we came at once upon the bridge which conducts across the Tiber to the castle of St. Angelo — originally the mausoleum of Adrian — which arose up before us in colossal grandeur. Whether it is the form or the actual size of the building, I know not — but we were much impressed with the grandeur of the proportions, which seemed to dilate and increase as we gazed : perhaps the moonlight contributed to produce this effect. But we were now approaching the masterpiece of the whole earth, and we could not linger to look at anything else. Following a long, narrow street, we came into a square, and St. Peter's stood before us. I was much disappointed. I remarked that we had come the wrong way, and were now by the side of the building ; that I wished to find my way to the front, where

we could see the colonnade. The edifice seemed close by me, and I proposed going round to the front. But I was utterly deceived. We had come to the right spot, but were still afar off. My companion presently pointed out the obelisk, which, though rising to the height of a hundred and fifty feet before us, had been at first unnoticed in the vastness of the place and the surrounding objects. Advancing, we at length entered upon the place of St. Peter's, and then the whole view burst upon us with all its magnificence. We could not have chosen a better moment for our first impression. All was hushed to the profoundest repose, save the fountains, which threw up their sparkling waters to meet the moonlight: the vast colonnades stretched away on either hand, and seemed measuring the way to the still distant temple. As we wandered from each other, we seemed lost in the immensity, and the loneliness was painful. We approached the edifice; but the labor seemed vain: it was like attempting to ascend some mountain, which seems farther off the more you walk: the proportions appeared indefinite; some would say the building appeared only like a large house — others, that it was like the side of a mountain. Yet it was difficult to conceive of their grandeur till we approached and touched the columns. All is colossal; all seems like the work of greater beings than ourselves; the very indefiniteness of the edifice is imposing and awful. We could not enter, for it was late at night, and the temple was closed. We retreated from it slowly, constantly turning to look back on the wondrous work —

‘Worthiest of God — the holy and the true.  
 Since Zion's desolation, when that He  
 Forsook his former city, what could be,  
 Of earthly structures in his honor piled,  
 Of a sublimer aspect? — Majesty,  
 Power, glory, strength and beauty, all are aisled  
 In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.’

*October 10.* We went in the morning to look at the Pantheon. It is more dilapidated than I expected — the capitals of the columns which support the portico, being much injured. The effect of the building, too, has been much diminished by the blocks of houses which have been erected against its walls, so that the circular part on one side of the portico is nearly concealed. The interior, however, is in very perfect preservation, such of it, at least, as has not been entirely carried away; and I was amazed at the beauty of the workmanship. Modern art can produce nothing superior to the exquisite Corinthian columns which surrounded the interior; the walls, too, are covered with marble, polished to the highest degree. I need give no description of the edifice; it is known to all. Simple grandeur is its characteristic; and the ages which have rolled over it seem to give it increased dignity.

In the afternoon, we went to St. Peter's, and entered. Irresistible curiosity hurried me along the church, without stopping to look at anything till I stood beneath the great dome. I found the same indefiniteness there ; it was like gazing at the sky ; it might be seen nearer, or more distant than it really was : the eye had lost its judgment, and the work was ever swelling on my vision, till, weary with its vastness, I turned away. I cared not then to look at painting or statuary, though both were there. I retreated to the extremity of the choir, and there stood, meditating the proportions of the temple. Though crowded with ornament, still it looks simple, and even plain, so vast are the dimensions ; but the longer I looked, the more I was amazed at its magnificence. I wandered amidst the chapels and looked up at their lofty domes, and then, when my eye was filled with their dimensions, I came and stood under the great one, which seemed to stretch away, like the heavens above me. But night was coming on and we retired.

In the evening we went to the Coliseum, for we wished to see it first by moonlight. The sky had become overspread with clouds before we reached the spot, and the dark mass rose up indistinctly as we approached — the light hardly penetrating the deep arches, and the shadowy outline but half traced against the sky. We answered the centinel's challenge, and entering, traversed the whole vast area towards a light which was burning on the opposite side. It proceeded from the cell of an anchoret, who has fixed his abode in one of the vast arches, and who shows the place to strangers. With this guide we wandered over the ruins, through long corridors, up and down the flights of stairs, which conducted the Romans to their proper places — at one time having a view of the country through the arches, and again looking down from the high walls into the arena. At length we came to the eastern side, upon the spot occupied by the emperor, at the games. The clouds had now passed away, and the rising moon was pouring her light through the arches behind us, and the whole opposite wall, with part of the arena, were bathed in her rays. A profound stillness prevailed — all the earth seemed to slumber ; and, as I gazed on the immense ruin, I thought with sadness of the days when the proud Romans were gathered there in their strength — now all sleeping in the cold grave. Why have these fragments been preserved so beyond their time ? It seemed almost an outrage to tread upon the ancient stones which tell of a race which has passed from the earth. Why have not their monuments perished with them ? It is even painful to my mind to behold these colossal works, and stand among and touch them, and then connect them with their builders. Why do we thus cherish the memory and cling to the monuments of a people who

are nothing to us, who are swept away, and not one left ? And modern Rome has fairer palaces and statelier temples ; but, her power and her pride, her conquering people and her vanquished nations ! where are they ?

*October 12.* Time seems to have fixed his habitation amidst these walls ; and so vast is the edifice, that two thousand years appear hardly sufficient to have brought it to the present size. Wild plants are rioting over the broken edges, and waved mournfully in the night-breeze. But this silence — this eternal silence of the forsaken walls ! — it is sad and impressive ; and it reigns everywhere amidst the ruins of ancient Rome. I have not yet seen them by day, but have delighted to linger around them by the pale moonlight, which adds to their romance ; and there I have stopped, spell-bound, to gaze on triumphal arches and ruined temples and walls, like the earth's foundations, which have defied the elements and the unsparing hand of man. I have traversed, again and again, the Roman forum, which looks like the battle-ground between Chaos and Order ; and have wandered by the shores of the Tiber to the temple of Vesta, the holiest tabernacle, where the eternal fire was cherished and the Palladium preserved. Their beauty and majesty are astonishing ; a dreamy, visionary beauty, which the imagination moulds almost at will when seen by the uncertain and mystic light of the moon, but glorious beyond description.

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MARY.

WHAT though the name is old and oft-repeated ?  
 What though a thousand beings bear it now ?  
 And true hearts oft the winning word have greeted —  
 What though 't is hallowed by a poet's vow ?  
 We ever love the rose — and yet its blooming  
 Is a familiar rapture to the eye ;  
 And yon bright star we hail, although its looming,  
 Age after age, has lit the northern sky.

As starry beams o'er troubled billows stealing,  
 As garden odors to the desert blown,  
 In bosoms faint a glad some hope revealing,  
 Like patriot music, or affection's tone —

Thus, thus for aye, the name of Mary, spoken  
By lips or text, with magic-like control,  
The spell of present thoughts has quickly broken  
And stirred the fountains of my inmost soul.

The sweetest tales of human weal or sorrow,  
The fairest trophies of the limner's fame,  
To my fond fancy, Mary, seem to borrow  
Celestial halos from thy gentle name.  
The Grecian artist gleaned from many faces,  
And, in a perfect whole, the parts combined ;  
So have I garnered up dear woman's graces,  
To form the Mary of my ardent mind.

And marvel not I thus call my ideal,  
We inly paint as we would have things be ;  
The fanciful springs ever from the real,  
As Aphrodite rose from out the sea.  
Who smiled upon me kindly, day by day,  
In a far land, when I was sad and lone ?  
Whose presence now is my delight alway ?  
Both angels must the same blest title own.

What spirits round my weary way are flying —  
What fortunes on my future life await —  
Like the mysterious hymns the winds are sighing,  
Are all unknown ; in trust I 'bide my fate.  
Yet, if one blessing I might crave from Heaven,  
'T would be, that Mary should my being cheer,  
Hang o'er me when the chord of life is riven,  
Be my dear household word, and my last accent here.

H. T. T.

## EXCERPTS FROM VICTOR HUGO.

## SATIRISTS AND MORALISTS.

WHEN any one, tormented by the valiant demon of satire, pretends to tell severe truths to the age, he ought, the better to confound vice, to attack the vicious to his face ; to punish him, he should name him ; but he cannot acquire this right without declaring himself. In this manner, he will almost assure himself of victory ; for the more powerful his enemy may be, the more courageous will he appear — for power always recoils before courage. Besides, truth likes to speak in a loud voice, and an anonymous lie is perhaps more wicked than an open calumny. This is not the case with the peaceable moralist, who mixes in society only to observe in silence its faults and absurdities — simply for the good of humanity. He examines particular individuals, but criticizes the whole race. The study, to which he devotes himself, is innocent, since it is his aim to cure all the world without wounding anybody. Meanwhile, to crown his useful labor with success, his chief precaution should be to preserve his incognito ; for such is our self-esteem, that there is always an intuitive perception which causes us to distrust the conduct of every man who sets about scrutinizing our character.

Thus, if we are forced to live with a person whom we look upon as an officious overseer, we conceal our actions under a veil of dissimulation, and all his labor is in vain. • If, on the other hand, we can escape him, we drive him from society by denouncing him as a meddlesome bore.

The philosophic observer, like the ancient actors, cannot perform his part without wearing a mask. We would very uncourtously receive the blunderer who would say — ‘ I come to count up your faults and to study your vices.’ He ought, as Horace says, to put some hay round his horns ; else, a hue and cry will be raised. And he who wishes to caper about the field of ridicule, which is always so broad in France, had better slip down than display himself to the world ; he must remark without being remarked, and never forget that verse of Mahomet —

‘ My empire is destroyed if the man is known.’

## SIR WALTER SCOTT AND LADY MORGAN.

Sir Walter Scott is a Scotchman ; his novels are enough to convince us of this fact. His exclusive love of Scottish subjects proves his love for Scotland ; revering the old customs of his country, he makes amends to himself, by faithfully portraying

them, for not being able to observe them more religiously ; and his pious admiration for the national character shines forth in the willingness with which he details its faults. An Irish lady — Lady Morgan — presents herself, as the natural rival of Sir Walter Scott, in persisting, like him, in writing only on national topics ; but there is in her works much more love of celebrity than attachment to country, and much less national pride than personal vanity.

Lady Morgan seems to paint Irishmen with pleasure ; but it is an Irish woman whom she, above everything and everywhere, paints with enthusiasm ; and that Irish woman is herself. Miss O'Hallogan in O'Donnell, and Lady Clancare in Florence MacCarthy, are neither more nor less than Lady Morgan, flattered by herself.

We must say that, after Scott's pictures, so full of life and warmth, the sketches of Lady Morgan seem but pale and cold. The historical romances of that lady are to be read ; the romantic histories of the Scotchman to be admired. The reason is simple enough : Lady Morgan has sufficient tact to observe what she sees, sufficient memory to retain what she observes, and sufficient art aptly to relate what she has retained ; her science goes no farther. This is the reason her characters, though sometimes well drawn, are not sustained ; apart from a trait, the truth of which pleases you, because it is copied from nature, you will find another which offends you by its falsity, because she invented it.

Walter Scott, on the contrary, conceives a character after having often observed only one trait ; he sees it at a glance, and directly paints it. His excellent judgment prevents him from being misled ; and what he creates is nearly always as true as that which he observes. When talent is carried to this point, it is more than talent : we can draw the parallel in two words : — Lady Morgan is a woman of talent — Walter Scott is a man of genius.

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License covers its hundred eyes with its hundred hands.

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Some rocks cannot arrest the course of a river ; over human obstacles, events roll onward without being turned aside.

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There are some unfortunate men in the world. Christopher Columbus cannot attach his name to his discovery ; Guillotin cannot detach his from his invention.

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Glory, ambition, armies, fleets, thrones, crowns : the playthings of great children.



Empires have their crises, as mountains have their winter. A word spoken too loud brings down an avalanche.

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The conflagration of Moscow : an aurora borealis lit up by Napoleon.

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I have heard men of the present day, distinguished in politics, in literature, in science, complain of envy, of hatred, of calumny. They are wrong. It is law, it is glory. The high-renowned afford examples. Hatred follows them everywhere. Nothing escapes it. The theatre openly yielded to it Shakspeare and Molière ; the prison could not take away from it Christopher Columbus ; the cloister did not preserve St. Bernard ; the throne did not save Napoleon. There is only one asylum for genius in this world : it is the tomb !

#### LOVE AMONG HEATHEN AND CHRISTIANS.

The expression of love, in the poets of the old school, (to whatever nation and epoch they may belong) generally fails in chastity and modesty. This observation, seemingly of little importance at first sight, is worthy of the deepest consideration. If we will examine it seriously, we shall find at the bottom of this matter all pagan societies and idolatrous worship. *The absence of chastity in love* is perhaps the characteristic mark of those states of civilization and literature which Christianity has never purified. Not to mention those strange verses by which Anacreon, Horace, Virgil himself, have immortalized infamous debauchery and shameful customs, the amorous songs of ancient and modern heathen poets, of Catullus, of Tibullus, of Bertin, of Bernis, of Parny, exhibit none of that delicacy, of that modesty, of that reserve, without which love is nothing more than an animal instinct and a carnal appetite. It is difficult to express more ingeniously what brutes feel ; and doubtlessly because there was a difference between their love and that of animals, those gallant jesters have sung its praise. They have even changed the most natural thing in the world into a science ; and 'THE ART OF LOVE' was taught by Ovid to the pagans in the age of Augustus ; by Gentil Bernard to the pagans in the age of Voltaire.

With some attention, we can see that there is a difference between the first and the last *artistes* in love. Their colors are the same, to a shade. All sing of sensual pleasure. But the Greek and Roman pagan poets appear oftenest like masters who command slaves ; while the French pagan poets are always slaves supplicating their *mistresses*. And the secret of these two different kinds of civilization lies in this. The polite but idolatrous

communities of Rome and Athens, were ignorant of that celestial dignity of woman, revealed at a later day to mankind by him who was born of a daughter of Eve. As love, among these nations, was only addressed to slaves and courtezans, it wore an imperious and contemptuous air. Everything, in the civilized states of Christendom, tends, on the other hand, to the ennobling of the weak and beautiful sex ; and the holy scriptures appear to have awarded to women their rank, after having guided men to the highest point of social perfection. The institution of chivalry is due to woman ; and this wonderful institution, though vanished from monarchies, survives in honor like its soul — honor, that instinct of nature, which is likewise a superstition of society — that only power whose tyranny France has patiently borne, that mysterious sentiment unknown to ancient wisdom, which is both more and less than virtue. At the present day — and let us note this well — honor is unknown among those people to whom the scriptures have not been revealed, or by whom the moral influence of woman is not felt. In our state of civilization, if laws give the first rank to man, honor gives the first rank to woman. Herein is the equilibrium of all the Christian communities.

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We ought not to look on the affairs of life through the prism of poetry. It is like those ingenious glasses which magnify objects. They will shew to you, in all their brilliancy and magnificence, the spheres of Heaven ; but turn them towards the earth, and you will indeed behold gigantic forms, but dark, vague and confused.

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Every one in his turn becomes unpopular ; the people themselves may become unpopular at last.

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FRANCE.

How impregnable a citadel is France at this day ! For ramparts, the Pyrenees on the south ; the Alps on the east ; on the north, Belgium, with its mound of fortresses ; on the west, there is the ocean for a fosse. On the other side of the Pyrenees, beyond the Alps, on the other side of the Rhine and the Belgian fortresses, three nations in a state of revolution — Spain, Italy, Belgium — mount as our guards ; beyond the sea, is the American republic. And in unconquerable France, there are three millions of bayonets, as a garrison ; to sentinel the battlements of the Alps, of the Pyrenees, of Belgium, four hundred thousand soldiers ; to defend the ground — the national guard, in hollow square. Finally, we hold in our hands the match-light of all the revolutions with which Europe is undermined. We have only to give the word — Fire !

If the clergy do not change their way of living, we shall soon hear in France of no trinity except the tricolor.

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*Napoleon.*

Do you see that star ?

*Caulaincourt.*

No !

*Napoleon.*

Hah ! I see it !

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The spirit of God, like the sun, always pours forth a flood of light. The spirit of man is like the pale moon, which has its phases, its departure and its return, its clearness and its spots ; its fullness and its wane ; which borrows all its light from the sun, and which, however, dares sometimes to intercept its rays.

GENIUS.

Every passion is eloquent : every man who is convinced, convinces : to draw tears, we must weep ; it has been well said, ' enthusiasm is contagious.'

Take an infant away from its mother ; collect together all the orators in the world ; then say — ' Let the child die, and let us go to dinner : ' listen to the mother : whence comes it, that she has excited moans, has caused you all to weep, so that you have repealed the sentence ?

The eloquence of Cicero and the clemency of Cæsar are spoken of as very wonderful. If Cicero had been the father of Ligarius, what would he have said ? Nothing more simple.

And, in truth, there is a language which never deceives, which all men understand, and with which all men are gifted : it is the language of great passions as well as of great events : it is spoken in moments when all hearts respond to it, when Israel rises as one man.

What is eloquence ? says Demosthenes : it is action, action, always action. But, in morals, as in physics, to make a motion, you must move yourself. How is this motion communicated ? This is looking too high : it is sufficient that it is the fact. Do you wish to move ? Be moved : cry and you will draw tears : it is a circle to which everything carries us, and from whence you cannot depart. Indeed, I ask, of what use to us could be the power of communicating our thoughts, if we, like Cassandra, were denied the faculty of making ourselves believed ? Which was the most triumphant moment of the Roman orator ? When the trib-

unes of the people forbade him to speak. 'Romans!' cried he, 'I swear that I have saved the republic!'—and all the people stood up and cried, 'We swear that he has told the truth!'

What we have said of eloquence, we may say of all the arts; for all the arts are the same language differently spoken. In truth, what are our ideas?—sensations and parallel sensations. What are the arts, but various modes of expressing our ideas?

Rousseau, by considering his own character, and confronting it with the ideal model which all men have, engraven upon their consciences, marked out a plan of education in which he guarded his pupil from all his own vices, but also from all his own virtues.

This great man did not perceive that, in bestowing upon Emilia that in which he himself was deficient, he was depriving her of what he possessed.

In fact, the man who is brought up in the midst of laughter and joy, is like a wrestler who has been trained far from the scene of combat. To be a Hercules, one must have strangled serpents in the cradle.

You wish to avoid the struggle of the passions, but do you live because you have avoided life? What is it to exist? says Locke. It is to feel. Great men are those who have felt much, lived much; and often, in a few years, they have lived many lives. Let us not be deceived: the highest firs grow only in a region of storms. Athens, the city of tumult, had a thousand great men: Sparta, the city of order, had only one—Lycurgus; and Lycurgus was born before his laws.

Thus we perceive that most great men arise in the midst of great popular commotions: Homer, in the midst of the heroic ages of Greece; Virgil, under the triumvirate; Ossian, on the ruins of his country; Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, in the midst of the renewed convulsions of Italy; Corneille and Racine, in the age of the Fronde; and finally, Milton, on the raising of the first revolt at the foot of the bloody scaffold of Whitehall.

If we examine what were the particular destinies of these great men, we shall behold them all tormented by troublous and unhappy lives. Camoëns cleaves the sea, with his poem in his hand: D'Ercilla writes his verses on the skins of beasts, in the forests of Mexico. They whose bodily sufferings do not extinguish the sufferings of the soul, lead a stormy life, consumed by an irritability of disposition, which renders them a burthen to themselves and to all around them. Happy those who die not before their time, wasted away by the restlessness of their own genius, like Pascal: by grief, like Molière and Racine; or overcome by the terrors of their own imagination, like the unfortunate Tasso!

Admitting, then, this acknowledged principle of all antiquity, that great excitements make great men, we must likewise ac-

knowledge that, as the excitements are more or less strong, so are the various grades of genius. Now, after examining what things are the most capable of exciting the violence of our passions—that is of our desires, which are themselves but wishes more or less strongly expressed, even unto that firm and constant wish, by which a man desires one thing all his life—like Cæsar, everything or nothing—a destructive lever, with which man crushes himself—we will grant, of course, that if there exists one thing capable of exciting such a wish in a noble and determined spirit, it ought to be that thing which is esteemed greatest among mankind.

Now, casting our eyes around us, let us consider if there is one thing to which this sublime denomination has been attributed by the unanimous consent of all times and all people. And here we are, my youthful readers, arrived in a few words at that ravishing truth, before which all ancient philosophers and the great Plato himself recoiled — *GENIUS IS VIRTUE !*

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#### DAYBREAK IN JUNE.

O’ER silent hills and pale blue sky,  
 Chaste river and its bosomed ale,  
 Behold ! Aurora opes her dewy eye,  
 And sheds a blushing smile !

All hail, day’s lovely harbinger !  
 Smit by thy welcome breath and glance,  
 The verdant world awakes, with glorious stir,  
 From night’s dim, dreamy trance.

The horizon and the heavens expand,  
 As the Orient brightens momentarily ;  
 Hill-tops throng up afar o’er all the land,  
 Beyond them shines the sea !

Sure, Dian is abroad this morn ;  
 And, from yon glades, on coral feet,  
 Her nymphs come trooping gay, with pipe and horn,  
 By flashing founts to meet !

Breathe roses, now, o'er all the dale !  
Warble, each bird, your happiest tune !  
Wave bright, ye thousand princely elms, and hail  
The risen sun of June !

O'er the wide scene of brimming bliss,  
All Nature's incense freshly blending,  
Enamored hangs the morn, in fond surprise,  
His golden car suspending.

How maidenly she greets his eye —  
The dewy and sweet-blooming earth —  
Unworn, unsoiled, by Time and Vanity,  
As at her heavenly birth !

Over her chastely reddening tide,  
And meads and groves that blush with flowers,  
The Titan youth, as on a virgin-bride,  
His fragrant kisses showers.

All, all, below — how heavenly fair !  
How softly deep the blue above !  
Music and nameless sweets inspire the air,  
And all the world is love.

Stand, Sun ! and Time, no longer flee !  
No happier hour can e'er be born !  
Oh, let this moment, then, eternal be —  
And life, one summer-morn !

Cosmo.

## OHIO AND MICHIGAN.

THE controversy which has for some years existed between the State of Ohio and the Territory of Michigan, relative to the boundary betwixt them, has of late assumed a far more serious aspect than we presume had ever been anticipated by the national government, or by the parties more immediately interested.

Some time during the early part of the past summer, the legislature of Ohio passed, with surprising unanimity, a law, appropriating three hundred thousand dollars, to be employed, discretionately by her executive, in establishing and maintaining her jurisdiction over the tract of land in dispute. In the passage of this act, the legislature had manifestly in view, not the civil, but the military power of the State; it not being *usual*, we believe, to place so large a sum of money at the disposal of a single officer for judicial purposes merely.

This enactment, thus placing Ohio in a menacing attitude towards Michigan, seemed very naturally to call upon the latter to put forth whatever strength and ingenuity she possessed, in her own defence. She accordingly responded to the belligerent legislation of her powerful neighbor, by passing, at a special session of her council, convoked for the occasion, a law authorizing her executive to contract a loan of three hundred and fifteen thousand dollars, and to employ the money in maintaining, as circumstances might require, the integrity of her territorial limits.

Both these acts, it is apprehended, are anomalies in State legislation. They are certainly without precedent in the history of our country, if we except certain enactments of New-York, while a colony, for enforcing her claims to what was afterwards a portion of the State of Vermont, and the countervailing acts of the latter, with reference to the same subject. Without doubt, Ohio has made a laudable show of her power and importance, in voting the appropriation, and is fully able to raise the money; but Michigan has, one would think, considering her inferiority in wealth and numbers, fairly outdone her antagonist, in spirited legislation; and, in addition to her signal patriotism, furnished proof to the world that she possesses resources whose developement may hereafter render her a match for Ohio, even in the field — should *fields*, unfortunately, ever become objects of competition between them.

The passage of the law of Ohio was soon after followed by a proclamation of Governor Lucas, the executive of the State, plainly indicating his determination to carry its object into effect, and calling upon the commandants of the several divisions of militia throughout the State to report to him forthwith the number

of volunteers and mounted *riflemen* which could be supplied from their several corps.

But, in order to form an accurate idea of the grounds of this unhappy controversy, the reader will please accompany us back a few years, and take a brief view of the rights of the respective parties, as defined by the ordinance of 1787, for the government of the 'territory north-west of the river Ohio.' This is the celebrated ordinance which was drawn up by 'Nathan Dane, of Beverly, Massachusetts,' as chairman of the committee, and which, in the eloquent language of Mr. Webster, 'stamped upon the soil itself, while yet a wilderness, an incapacity to bear up any other than freemen.' If the reader will turn to it, he will discover that it contains six articles, which are therein described to be 'articles of compact between the original States and the people and States in said territory, forever to remain unalterable, unless by common consent.' *En passant* — what is the *common consent* which alone is capable of altering, not this only, but any compact? The answer is plain. It must be consent of all the *parties* to that compact. The consent to alter must be 'common' to those whose consent has created. The rule is plain. It is universal. The will or consent of a third person is excluded in every possible instance. Who, then, are the *parties* to this compact? The instrument itself answers the question: 'the original States and the people and States in said territory.' The territory spoken of, comprises that portion of the United States bounded on the north by the line dividing the United States from the British provinces; east, by the same line passing through the middle of lake Huron and through lake Erie, till it reaches the north-eastern extremity of Pennsylvania; thence, in a line directly south, until it intersects the river Ohio; south, by the same river to its mouth; and west, by the Mississippi to its head-waters, in the then unexplored regions of the north. Such is the territory — the community, which constitutes one party to the indenture. The original States constitute the other.

The inference intended to be drawn is, that Congress, not being a party to this compact, cannot annul or modify it in any of its provisions; that the rights it creates are vested rights, and as such, cannot be made subjects of legislation.

By the fifth article of this compact, it is stipulated that, should Congress thereafter find it expedient, they should 'have authority to form *one or two* States in that part of said territory which lies *north of an east and west line drawn through the southerly bend or extreme of lake Michigan.*' [See ordinance.]

In 1802, Congress, by act of legislation, enabled the people of the 'eastern division' of the north-western territory, to form for themselves a constitution, and provided for the admission of



that division under the name of Ohio, as one of the States of the Union.

It ought to be borne in mind what was the precise northern boundary of this 'eastern division,' for it is this tract of country which is denominated the 'State of Ohio,' in the act of Congress admitting her into the Union. [Act of Congress, Feb. 19, 1803.] This boundary is defined as an 'east and west line drawn through the southerly extremity of lake Michigan, running east after intersecting a due north line from the mouth of the Great Miami, until it shall intersect lake Erie.' It is then exactly coincident with the east and west line mentioned in the ordinance of 1787. No act or resolution of Congress can be found which purports to change the position of this boundary a single second of latitude; and yet, that State lays claim to a tract of land lying north of, but bordering on it, and extending from Indiana to lake Erie.

But, how is this claim set up? The constitution of Ohio is burdened with a provision, by which it is 'fully understood and declared,' that if the southern bend or extreme of lake Michigan should extend so far south that a line drawn due east from it should not intersect lake Erie; or, if it should intersect it east of the mouth of the Miami of the lake, (at present, the Maumee) then, and in that case, with the assent of Congress, the northern boundary of this State' should include the tract now in dispute.

This proposition of Ohio, to alter the northern boundary of the State, was not discussed in the House of Representatives, nor any opinion expressed concerning it; but, in the Senate, it was openly rejected. The latter body expunged it from a bill to divide Indiana into two separate governments. The State was, however, admitted a member of the Union, with the above provision in her fundamental law — that is, the 'eastern division' was so admitted.

In 1805, Congress, for the purposes of temporary government, created the peninsular part of Michigan into a separate territory, and, in the delineation of her boundary, conferred to her the right vested in the State or States to be formed in the northern part of the territory ceded by Virginia, of resting at the south on a line running due east from the southern extremity of lake Michigan. Subsequently to the last mentioned act, Ohio made several fruitless attempts to obtain from Congress an acceptance of her proposition; conceiving, it is to be presumed, that it was competent for that body to confirm her claim by an act of direct legislation. But, meeting with an unconquerable repugnance on the part of that body to unsettle the ancient boundary; and discovering, farthermore, that if, on the formation of a State in the peninsular, a particular line must, by compact, forever remain as its southern limit, the same line must constitute the northern bound-

dary of Ohio, as long as the former shall remain 'a State;' the legislature of Ohio at length resolved that their own constitution was a sufficient warrant to justify them in taking possession of the disputed territory, and that any further forbearance would 'ill become a million of freemen.' They farther settled, by resolution, that Michigan had neither the 'right' nor the 'power' to disturb the State of Ohio in the enjoyment of the thing in dispute, and that the same was 'completely within her control.' This, to say the least, was a very off-hand manner of making a conquest, and not a little mortifying to the opposite party, to whom there seemed to be nothing left but to consider herself already in the clutches of her adversary; whereas, she had quietly enjoyed the disputed ground for the last thirty years, and was still, in point of fact, the occupier of the soil.

These proceedings were not, however, accompanied by any act of contemporaneous legislation; and although too highly savoring of the arrogance of a *stronger party*, could not operatively have produced much mischief to the territory. But, in the interval, the acting governor, resolving to be beforehand with Ohio, issued orders to General Brown, of the Michigan militia, who resides near the disputed tract, directing him to hold himself in readiness for any emergency which might call for the military forces under his command; and requiring him to see that the law of the Territory, for the arrest and punishment of persons exercising the Ohio jurisdiction within its limits, were strictly enforced. That officer was farther instructed to report to the territorial governor (Mr. Mason) the names of such civil or military officers as were known or 'suspected' of being in the interest of Ohio, or in 'the least degree to favor her views,' in order that their commissions might be immediately vacated by the executive, — a sort of inquisitorial measure, without any apology, save in the haughty and domineering tone of Ohio.

In pursuance of these recommendations, that officer issued orders to his inferiors, commanding them to hold their respective divisions in a state of perfect readiness and organization — assuring them that the 'crisis had arrived,' that they would soon be called into 'active service,' and that he was commanded to say that, if there were any officer of the Michigan militia who hesitated to stake 'life, fortune, and honor,' in the coming struggle, it was his duty to tender his resignation, in order that his place might be more efficiently filled.

This manifesto, followed up, as it was, by the training and drilling of troops, the clangor of trumpets, the removal of military stores from one point to another along the disputed border, and other circumstances of 'glorious (?) war,' showed that the authorities, not to say the people, of Michigan, were in a high state

of inflammability and ready to defend themselves, promptly and efficiently, even at the hazard of some sober shooting.

These proceedings, however, all took place on the part of Michigan, *before* the enactment of any positive law by Ohio, for asserting her jurisdiction over the land in controversy ; and if any blame be justly attributable to the territorial authorities, at this stage of the difficulty, it seems to be the resentful precipitancy with which the military arm of the Territory was displayed. Few days, however, elapsed before the Ohio legislature passed, with but one dissenting vote, a law for re-marking 'Harris's line ;' and providing for the complete execution of her laws over her *newly*-acquired dominion. These commissioners, while engaged in an attempt to run the line, in conformity with the views of Ohio, were, by direction of the authorities of Michigan, fired upon by some troops who had been called out to arrest the commissioners and their attendants. The first discharge of musketry was followed by a speedy flight of the intruders — and it is not positively known whether or not, in the midst of their confusion, they saw myriads of naked savages leveling their rifles upon them, and other myriads of cruel and barbarous men, mounted on wild horses, and sallying out of the surrounding thickets for the purpose of kidnapping the fugitives, binding them, Mazeppa-like, upon the ferocious steeds, and turning them loose through the forests ! At any rate, however just it may have been to terrify them with imaginary horrors, there seems to have been no good reason for *firing* on them. It is not, we believe, usual for officers or their *posses*, while executing *process*, to fire upon the defendant in the first instance. But this point must, of course, be left to 'counsel learned in the law,' and ought not to be treated of by 'lay gents.'

The commissioners, in their progress towards the 'seat of war,' were accompanied by the executive of the State, who, it is said, made loud threats to crush, by means of the 'million of freemen,' whose destinies he was wielding, all opposition to the running of the line. In language of this kind, the men of the peninsula could, of course, discover nothing but the sacking of their towns, the depopulation of their settlements, and the slaughter of their wives and children, by the moss-troopers of Ohio. And it being understood that Governor Lucas had brought with him a strong military escort to endorse his threats, and that he was ready to do any deed of valor, even in the 'battle's eye,' the authorities of Michigan, not willing to be behind their enemies, in courage and activity, were engaged in transporting to Toledo (on the disputed ground) generous quantities of the munitions of war, belonging to the United States arsenal, near Detroit, and in rousing to arms the merry-men of the Raisin and the Rouge.

While near the scene of the difficulties, the two executives were met by Messrs. Rush and Howard, commissioners appointed by the President on the part of the United States, to make certain conciliatory propositions, and to settle, if possible, the highly exasperated feelings of the parties. Through these commissioners, the government proposed that Ohio should be permitted, without molestation, to re-mark the line which she claims as her northern boundary, (Harris's line, so called;) that the State and the Territory should exercise a concurrent jurisdiction over the disputed tract, till the ensuing session of Congress, (December, 1835;) and that all prosecutions commenced by the authorities of Michigan, for the punishment of persons attempting to carry into effect the laws of Ohio, and all recognizances taken for the same offence, should be discharged; and that no new prosecutions, under the territorial law for the punishment of such offenders, should be commenced. These recommendations were dignified with the name of 'compromise;' but, unfortunately for the characters of those gentlemen, as impartial mediators, it was all on one side. From Michigan, it was taking everything, and conceding to Ohio all she could ask; for the people on the disputed ground being all friendly to Ohio, the jurisdiction was to her, indeed, concurrent; but to Michigan it was a very *uncurrent* jurisdiction. Probably no more cunning device was ever hit upon by a shrewd politician, for delivering one community into the hand of another. Besides, the practical effect of this recommendation was to suspend and render nugatory a law which was still in force, and of as indispensable obligation on the territorial executive, as the laws for the collection of debts; and it was, furthermore, a license to Ohio to commit, with present impunity, and the prospect of ultimate triumph, an act of gross usurpation on the territory and property of the United States, in direct violation of the act of Congress of 1805. It would be, perhaps, curious to know what *reasons* the President of the United States could be able to assign for such singular instructions — and still more curious to know what other 'Doctor of Laws' we have in the country who would believe them.

Be this as it may, however — the acting governor refused, positively and peremptorily, to obey; and the immediate consequence was the passage of the law of Ohio mentioned at the beginning of this article, and the antagonist act on the part of Michigan. The pertinacity of the acting governor was punished by a removal from office; but not until after he had enjoyed the satisfaction of reviewing, on the banks of the Maumee, about one thousand four hundred rugged militia-men, a vast proportion of whom had voluntarily left their homes to protect from insult their soil, and to prevent the dishonor of its falling a victim to the policy of interested partizans at Washington, or the grasping ambition

of Ohio. The troops occupied the little village of Toledo, near the mouth of the Maumee, at the head of lake Erie, from the sixth to the ninth of September last. But seeing no demonstration on the part of Ohio, they returned quietly to their homes. For what reason it is impossible to say, but not even the symptom of an armed force, on the part of Ohio, was found there to give evidence that the people of the State had any sympathy with the warlike turgescencies of their executive. No attempt was made, during the stay of the troops, publicly to hold legal proceedings under the laws of Ohio ; and it is believed that, however unpleasant may be the event, as viewed in the light of our national history, and however feeble may at present be the means of Michigan for protecting herself against the encroachments of her southern neighbor, and the far more dangerous and unconstitutional recommendations of the cabinet at Washington, still there are features in her case and in her conduct, which will long cause to be respected the 'Voice of the Peninsula.'

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SONNET.

WRITTEN DURING THE WARM DAYS IN OCTOBER.

THESE days, these balmy days — how soft and strange !  
 From tropic climes the languid Summer flown,  
 Awhile with Autumn hand in hand to range —  
 Lends to free Nature's voice a winning tone,  
 Fills the rare atmosphere with odors sweet,  
 And leads me forth in secret woods alone  
 To view the pressure of her gentle feet,  
 Making green spots among the withered leaves —  
 Where the late wild-flowers find a safe retreat.  
 Alas ! dear Warmth, my boding spirit grieves  
 To think how soon thy beauty must depart ;  
 Yet, while thou stayest, I will enjoy thy charms,  
 And, like a lover, fold thee to my heart,  
 And sink to sleep in thy caressing arms.

P. B.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

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*Old Maids ; their Varieties, Characters and Conditions.* New-York : C. Shepard. pp. 180.

WE are glad to see a reprint of this amusing little duodecimo. Many extracts from it have appeared in the Magazines ; and disposed us to think favorably of the source whence they were derived. The whole is not less delightful than parts ; to those who love quiet humor, it will be peculiarly acceptable ; and to old maids, in particular, it is an invaluable fountain, whose waters will refresh their parched lips and thirsty imaginations.

There is no class of society for whom we entertain deeper feelings of compassionate respect, than for these venerable spinsters. They are 'all alone by themselves' in this sad world ; they seem to have nothing to do and yet do everything ; the monotony of their busy want of employment is unbroken ; they pass their day like 'the weary knife-grinder,' turning and turning and sharpening and sharpening — their own countenances. As they grow old, their eyes become keener, their chins keener, their noses keener ; the two last approximate to the appearance of nut-crackers, and have an untempered blue color, like burnt steel. They vegetate, but do not live. They are as desolate as Palmyra. Every hour do the sands encroach more and more on the Oasis of their hopes. We look upon them with affectionate sorrow. Queer similes rush into our minds, typical of their forlorn condition. They would be approached and are unapproachable. They are like floating lilies in the midst of a standing pool ; boys throw stones at them from the brink, because they cannot reach them without plunging into the water ; as this looks cold as ice even in mid-summer, no one ventures the experiment ; and so they grow yellow and wither, in isolated serenity. They are laid up high on the shelf, yet would gladly be taken down. They are fossil-remains, petrified specimens, valued only by the curious. Gems that have been worn and polished, are more precious to the many. They are pieces of antique tapestry, which people look at on the wrong side, seeing only the fuzzy threads. They are bodily indurations of abstract ideas — metaphysical links separated from the chain of human associations. Yet they are sweet and rare and of price and bright — and old bachelors, like ourselves, love them — that is, with reason, though awed by their unapproachable charms — and their eternal knitting-needles.

But to our task, which is not only to notice a book about old maids, but to present to the six thousand and fifty readers of *Maga* a letter from one of the sisterhood, written to our most critical self, and, in our profound estimation, worthy of a paper of 'Clio,' in the *Spectator*.

After a most fructifying preface and a most magnanimous chapter, 'introductory and dedicatory to the sisterhood,' we are favored with a 'classification of old maids.' Here, great ingenuity is displayed by the author—who is truly a doughty champion in the cause of single blessedness. He makes five general divisions of the class 'OLD MAID,' namely—*Voluntary Old Maids; Involuntary Old Maids; Old Maids by Accident; Inexplicable Old Maids; Literary Old Maids.* These form the subjects of the various chapters—and are, to say the least, treated in a style singularly apposite. For our own part, we do not exactly perceive the shades of distinction, between *involuntary* and *accidental* old maids, as here set forth. Now, an accident is always purely involuntary, though what is involuntary may not be accidental. The former, therefore, includes the latter. That there are voluntary old maids, we hold it heresy to doubt; but, on the exceedingly small number of that genus, we may hazard a reasonable conjecture. The charms which sages have seen in the face of solitude, are not preferable in the eyes of woman to a fond husband's smile. Tent-stitch is a less interesting occupation than premature baby-caps for the female hand; and the squall of a parrot is not so musical to her ear as the first attempts at conversation of a 'toddlin' wee thing.'

That involuntary old maids are 'poured forth' from this 'populous north,' in 'legions,' cannot be disputed. At the last census taken in New-England, it was discovered that the number of females vastly exceeded that of males. In short, that the matrimonial books would show a balance, in favor of the gentlemen, of twenty-five thousand:—'*errors excepted.*' Now we take for granted, that all these are accidental or involuntary old maids; because, till the appearance of this very original work, the genus *voluntary* was not known to exist. Since its marvellous discovery, however, and the light which will be diffused on the subject, numerous accessions will probably accrue to the sisterhood, from the knowledge that this respectable title will shield many from the reproach of tabbyism. The next census will therefore, we guess, shew a surplus of at least forty thousand females. But this is not all. There are twenty thousand old bachelors, for whom twenty thousand ladies must be set off. This gives sixty thousand females, who can never hope to be married; and if we count the men whom the widows will appropriate—say about eighteen thousand more—we may set down as the result, seventy-eight thousand *Hopeless Old Maids*, (a genus of our own invention, which the author has our leave to adopt) who *must* remain, like 'ungathered roses,' to waste their sweetness on the bleak air of this ungenial clime. We would very strenuously advise all fair damsels who expect to be of this number, to buy this charming little book, were we not aware that such counsel would be doing great damage to the publishers; for, if the work were to look only to such patronage, it is positive that not a solitary copy would be sold.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now for the letter. Miss Marthelina is evidently, at the present writing, of that class denominated by their champion, 'Literary Old Maids.' She was never a 'Voluntary Old Maid' for a moment; she was an 'Accidental Old Maid' for a short time, till she attempted to better her situation; and now, as we call them, she is one of the 'Hopeless Old Maids.' If, however, she will send us a liberal quantity of the essays and sonnets she speaks of, we think that we can extend some slight encouragement. Not that '*we ourselves*' intend to be silly in our old

age — (Minerva defend us !) — but that, perhaps, one of a dozen bachelors of our acquaintance (who have *mittens* enough to last through the winter) might be fascinated by tender verses into a final attempt.

*To the Editor of the New-England Magazine :*

MR. EDITOR, — Periodical papers have long been a medium of complaint to the unfortunate. The Spectator, the Guardian, the Tatler, &c., down to the days of modern chivalry, have been the resource of a sex to which I belong ; and I cannot doubt but you will allow me, through this medium, to pour out the sorrows of my heart, and give a vent to that sensibility which threatens to consume me — whatever malicious people may say — in the flower of my age. As I cannot hope to interest you in my cause without giving you a sketch of my history, I shall enter upon it without further preamble.

I was one of those who, from childhood, discover a wonderful taste for literature. Though born in a small town, it afforded a circulating library — that nurse of tender and exalted sentiment ! Every shilling my mother gave me was not spent — as is generally the case with young people — for confectionary or finery, but for the accumulation of learning. Hour after hour, and day after day, I poured over ‘The Sorrows of Araminta,’ rambled through the ‘Castle of Udolpho,’ trod with Emily its dizzy heights, hung breathless over the yawning chasm, and was wrapt in emotions of love, hatred, indignation and delight. Judge, then, what must have been my horror, when my mother one day said to me, ‘Patty,’ (my name was Martha, but I always wrote it Marthelina) ‘Patty, you are now fifteen, and I think it is high time you began to help me a little about earning a living. Here I have had to slave all day long, and you do n’t earn the salt for your porridge. Now I desire, instead of laying on the bed from morning to night, and reading them silly books, you would come down into the shop and lend me a hand.’

‘My mother, though indulgent, was, I knew, very resolved ; so the next day I entered on my office. Alas ! must it be told ? — but we are not answerable for fate — it was attendance on a grocery shop ! Hitherto, with the alchemy of taste, I had converted the profits of it into the pure gold of elegant literature ; but the time had arrived when I was to drink from the bitter waters of reality.

The next morning I dressed myself in snowy white ; my raven locks floated on my shoulders ; and, with a pensive expression of countenance, I descended to the shop and took my seat on a candle box, with ‘The Sorrows of Araminta’ in my hand. It was not long before the shop began to fill ; candles were in particular demand ; I was obliged continually to rise and deliver pounds of the ignoble article. My mother had no great confidence in my arithmetical powers ; indeed, I believe it is universally allowed that the sensitive and sentimental cannot learn to cypher. She therefore took this part of the business upon herself, and mine was to deliver such articles as were called for. Judge what I must have experienced, through three months’ apprenticeship ; for so long my mother persevered — heaping upon her offspring, in the most unnatural manner, woes unnumbered. O, Mr. Editor ! imagine to ourself the unfortunate Marthelina, now called to draw, from a dirty hoghead, a quart of molasses, measuring a gill of rum — and, for the climax of her misery, doomed to soil her hands by pounds of greasy pork ! Human suffering has its bounds. My health began to droop under this trial, and my mother, who



really loved me, gave up the point, and left me once more to my own elegant pursuits.

Short, however, as had been my attendance on the shop, it had been long enough to captivate a young man who had seen me there. He had entered into the same line of business as my mother—and on that account, both saw a wonderful fitness in the connexion. She espoused his cause warmly, and said, 'depend upon it, Patty, you will never get so good an offer again. What, under the sun, do you want more? He is good-looking, good-tempered, industrious, and has a good trade.' I knew my mother had no *tact*, (ah—that delightful word!) or I should have replied, all this is nothing; but I merely said I could not think of him. 'And who does the girl think of?' exclaimed she, in an angry tone. I uttered an inaudible sigh, for—shall I confess?—I had seen pass, several times, the man of my heart; but, as I did not know his name, I knew it would be useless to speak of him. I consented, however, to see *Mr. Dibble*. 'Mercy!'—as Miss Fanny Kamble says—'what a name!' Peter Dibble! He came—I was serious, but gentle. He told me he was in good business, that he understood I was not fond of tending shop, that he never would ask it of me, that he hoped to make a comfortable living—and that, as I was fond of learning, all he would ask of me was to see that things went on well inside of the house; 'and perhaps,' added he, with a significant wink, 'you may, by and by, turn your learning to some account, and make a good educator for little folks.' I remember, to this day, the indignation I felt at this vulgar exposé of his sentiments. I cast upon him eye-beam after eye-beam, before I could find utterance. 'Sir!' said I, 'were my heart free as the winds of Heaven, you are the last man I should choose.' 'Your most obedient,' said he, bowing very low, and he absolutely giggled in my face. 'Begone!' said I—he disappeared.

After the dismissal of this suitor, I was left to my own reveries. There is nothing nurtures love like reverie. At length, I could no longer endure the intensity of my feelings for the unknown youth who occasionally passed our house. I arranged my plan, and determined to adopt the same method as did Arietta, in that delightful novel called 'Sighs of the Heart.' I stole out one morning when I saw him approaching, and, as soon as I could get near him, dropped on one knee, in a graceful attitude, exclaiming that I had sprained my ankle. He flew to me, and raised me up. You may well suppose what were my emotions, at finding myself supported by the object of my affections. It was too much. I flung myself on his bosom, and uttered an hysterical sob. Alas! alas!—there is a tide in the affairs of love. At that moment—the most important one of my life, big with my future destiny—who should appear in sight but Peter Dibble! 'Why! Miss Patty,' said the wretch, 'is it you? I thought it was somebody that had taken a drop too much!' 'If you know her,' said the elegant *unknown*, 'you had better take charge of her;' and, to my horror, he resigned me to Dibble, and was out of sight in a moment. I refused all explanation, and was obliged to recover the use of my feet and hasten home. This was my first love and first disappointment.

You will easily believe that, with a heart so feeling as mine, and plenty of time for reverie, I could not long remain without an object for my affections. Strange as it may seem, however, ten years passed away, and the *happy man* had not yet appeared.

*hundreds! what a time  
well the sounding-trump of  
the voice! Amen*

At the end of this time, Mr. Dibble had certainly greatly improved in his appearance, and had quite the air of a gentleman. Everybody wondered he did not marry. I began to be touched by his constancy, and the respectful distance he preserved, for he seldom came to the house. My mother's health began to fail — and she one day said, 'O, Patty, I have been a cruel mother to you. I have suffered you to live in idleness, and waste your time in reading books that have made you unfit for your station in life; and now I am about to be taken away, what upon earth will become of you!' 'Mother,' said I emphatically, 'set your mind at rest; I will marry Mr. Dibble.' She shook her head. 'I am afraid it is too late now. When he wanted to marry you, you were young and pretty; but you are very much altered now.' 'It is possible,' said I, 'I may have lost that 'blooming tincture of the skin'; but I have gained in weight.' 'That's what you have,' exclaimed my mother; 'you would weigh down two of Peter Dibble, nowadays.' I knew it was useless to explain my meaning, for she had no tact. I wrote a note on pink paper, directing it to 'P. Dibble, Esq.' He came. I made a concise, but not inelegant address, concluding with — 'the hand you once solicited, is now at your service.'

I shall not condescend to repeat his answer. It all turned upon my not being a suitable wife for him. When I went up stairs, my mother said, 'Will Peter have you?' 'Have me!' said I scornfully; 'I thought he had improved, but he is the same low fellow he ever was; the thing is not to be thought of.' My mother died in a few days — leaving me alone in the wide world, with a heart full of sensibility, a form not unlovely, though rather too much on the *embonpoint* for vulgar American taste. I thought it best to sell off the contents of the shop. Dibble took the whole stock, and, to do him justice, behaved very generously.

I am now cast on my own resources — and, should you receive me among your correspondents, shall be happy to furnish you with tales, essays, or sonnets, from the pen of

MARTHELINA.

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*Beauties of Washington Irving. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea and Blanchard.*

A little ill-looking volume, with the above title, has been issued from the American press — one of those typographical abominations which a correspondent of ours accused a certain house at Philadelphia of being in the habit of putting forth. The history of this scrubby abortion is somewhat curious. A London bookseller — one of those literary robbers, whose depredations against property are no more excusable than those of an abstracter of silver spoons, or of a highway dandy, who modestly demands your money or your life — one of those men who richly deserve a halter or a rope's end — issued a volume entitled 'The Beauties of Washington Irving.' This was an infringement of the author's copy-right; but the idea was a good one in the eyes of the trade, and American publishers stereotyped an edition of the same, fully determined to make five or ten thousand dollars by the speculation. Mr. Irving purchased the plates with the intention of destroying them, but, in an evil hour, permitted an edition to be printed.

There is no surer way of ruining the reputation of a writer, or of sending him down to posterity with diminished fame, than to publish a Lilliputian volume of the 'beauties' of his works. The world that buy seem satisfied that, in so small a

compass, they have all of value that the author ever wrote ; and, instead of feasting on the rich banquet of his whole productions, are contented with the fragments that a tasteless and unprincipled publisher supplies. Thus, Byron is reduced to a wretched 18mo., by a more summary process than that by which the noble bard attempted to diminish the bulk of his person ; and our old favorite, Scott, stares at us from a starveling 12mo., looking like a giant crowded into a dwarf's garment — for his powerful muscles appear through their scanty dress. Would that we knew the name of the heartless reprobate who first broke up Irving's treasury, and, too cowardly to pilfer all its gems, enriched himself with the plunder of a few brilliants, and then sneaked off and put them in a dirty receptacle, where they shine like stolen diamonds in the filthy office of a pawnbroker. We hope nobody will buy the book ; we hope it will hang upon the booksellers' shelves as heavily as the 'original sin' of making the selection must upon the conscience of the foreign culprit.

Yet, let us not lose this opportunity to express our admiration of Irving — of his pure and lofty feelings, of his delicate style, of the singleness of purpose with which he has pursued one noble object throughout life, and has identified his own fame with that of his country. Long may he live to enjoy it ! long may he inhabit the old Dutch farm-house, in the 'Sleepy Hollow,' once the residence of Baltus Van Tassel, nestled in that calm valley which he has immortalized. 'T was there he wished of yore 'to dream away the remnant of his troubled life.' There, we hear, he is dreaming at present ; nay, not dreaming, for the 'Crayon Miscellany' bids us correct the hasty phrase. But there he is, enjoying this glorious autumnal weather, writing, rambling by his own 'lordly Hudson,' or indulging in his pleasant reveries in the shades of his time-honored forests. There may he live, and there — no ! let us end with eastern benediction — may he live forever !

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*The Linwoods ; or, Sixty Years since in America. By the Author of 'Hope Leslie.' New-York: Harpers.*

Miss Sedgwick is a writer who disarms criticism ; not only because she is a woman, but because her books are full of feminine grace, refinement and feeling. We read them with a genial glow of interest, which makes us blind to any literary defect ; and the surliest critic, that ever growled over a slain author, forgets, over her pages, his usual vocation of carping and railing, and gives himself up without reserve to her witching influences. She has, indeed, great and rare excellencies, and need not take refuge behind that universal shield of protection among all civilized nations — the petticoat. She writes English with that delicate and graceful beauty which seems peculiar to woman, and is denied to the coarser organization and duller susceptibility of the masculine gender. She describes everything visible, with freshness, distinctness and discrimination ; and a fine face and a beautiful landscape look out from her pages with an equally life-like expression. She delineates character very well — that is, the character of pleasant, intelligent, cultivated and generous people — such as a man of taste likes to read of, and still more to visit ; as to knaves and villains, she knows but little about them — and how should she ? The letters in her book, are admirable, graphic, spirited, lively, eloquent, and always in keeping with the characters of their writers. When we add that ev-

ery line she writes is calculated to make men happier and better, and that the interests of morals and religion are never forgotten or overlooked by her, we give her no common praise, and deny her almost no quality requisite to the making of a good novel.

'The Linwoods' is a good novel, though not a faultless one. Like its predecessors, its plot is unskilful and its story improbable; but it is full of so many pleasant things, that we care but little how we get at them. The dialogue is generally dramatic and spirited, but occasionally a little too elaborate and bookish, and there is rather too much of an effort to give to every sentence which is spoken the instinctive character of the individual speaking—a very common defect in works of fiction. The scene is laid, partly in New-England and partly in New-York; and the time, as the title indicates, is that of the revolutionary war, so that the author has the privilege, without violating truth, of bringing upon the stage a rich variety of character—a privilege, of which she has most ably availed herself. We have whigs and tories, soldiers and clowns, fine gentlemen and fine ladies, coxcombs and true men, most of whom play their parts 'excellent well.' The hero, Colonel Lee, is a fine fellow—combining all the sterling qualities of the New-England character, with those graces, accomplishments, and (as a hero ought to have) a dash of sentiment and romance, which are not usually superadded to it, though the union is by no means impossible. Miss Linwood, the heroine, is a rare creature—rarely painted. We find few such women, even in books; so high-spirited, yet so gentle; so gifted, yet so simple; so beautiful, yet so unconscious; so majestic, yet so affectionate. Jasper Meredith is a coxcomb, with more brains than most of his class; and, worthless and unprincipled as he is, he is sufficiently punished, in his wife, for all his offences. The subordinate characters are most of them excellent. Kisel, however, we think is a failure—though without him, we should have missed some pathetic scenes. Bessie Lee is not a successful character, on the whole, though there are good points in the execution. All forms of madness are most difficult to portray, and he who succeeds in doing it, is a man of rare genius.

Miss Sedgwick, in this work, has ventured upon the hazardous experiment of introducing historical characters; and we really trembled for her, when we found that Washington was one of them. Her success, however, in this point, is quite remarkable. There is nothing in what we see and hear of Washington, which strikes us as unworthy of or not belonging to him. Perhaps his visit to Mr. Ruthven was hardly in keeping with his well-known extreme caution. 'We have also very pleasant glimpses of Lafayette and General Putnam.

This novel is full of a most happy and cheerful spirit. It puts one in good humor with himself and the world. It has a good ending, and the rewards and punishments are distributed with poetical justice. It fully sustains the author's former reputation, which is saying a great deal, when we remember how high that was.

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*Harvardiana. Vol. II., No. I. Cambridge and Boston: James Munroe and Company.*

We are glad to see that this pleasant little periodical—'conducted by undergraduates of Harvard University, and published monthly at two dollars per annum, pay-

*able in advance* — is to be continued. We entertain a kind of elder brother's affection for such young scions of literature, and are happy to see them flourish. *Macte virtute* — go on as you have commenced, ingenuous youths ; our only advice is, do not be sombre — never publish themes, (especially those which get parallels — *you take, of course ;*) relate your adventures, make as much fun as possible in stories, verses — and tell '*Elah*' to illustrate your work with as many gems like the following as possible. It is a diamond of the first water, well cut and polished. Maga would have been proud of it.

## THE DILEMMA.

I CANNOT choose — I never can —  
 Fond lovers, how doth Cupid fool ye ! —  
 Was ever fairy bright as Ann ?  
 Was ever maiden fair as Julia ?  
 Sure, ne'er was mortal heart more vexed ! —  
 Two saints with but a single chapel !  
 Paris himself might stand perplexed,  
 Or, tired of doubting, halve his apple.

You 'd swear the golden orb of day  
 His gleam on Anna's locks impresses ;  
 You 'd turn from starry night away,  
 To gaze on Julia's jeweled tresses.  
 Like Heaven serene is Anna's eye,  
 When not a cloud the brightness dashes ;  
 But Julia's, like a stormy sky,  
 Now melts in tears, now burns in flashes.

When Pleasure throngs the halls of Pride,  
 And lightsome forms around are glancing,  
 Whose fairy footsteps gentler glide,  
 Who moves than Julia more entrancing ?  
 But when the stars keep watch on high,  
 And silence lulls the lone savannah,  
 Then to the moonlit grove I fly,  
 And whisper love to lovely Anna.

I would I were a Turk bashaw,  
 And followed Mahomet the glorious ;  
 Or held the fine old Jewish law,  
 With Solomon, the sage uxorious ; —  
 I 'd fill my halls with beauty bright,  
 And queenly Julia make Sultana —  
 But who should be my 'Heart's Delight,'  
 My 'Harem's Joy,' but lovely Anna !

ELAH.

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*Tesoretto dello Studente della Lingua Italiana, o Raccolta di brevi e dilettevoli aneddoti da L. Sforzosi ; con note explicative in Inglese da Francesco M. G. S\*\*.* etc. Boston : William D. Ticknor. 1835.

This is the title of a third book, in course, published by *Signor S\*\**, for the study of the Italian language. It contains a reprint of a 'collection of short and pleasant anecdotes,' by *Sforzosi*, with '*notes explicative*' and other improvements by the *Signor*, 'to assist in the translation of that elementary work ;' and it is intended to 'have,' according to him, 'the same kind of usefulness as that of the

*Easy Italian Grammar*, by the same author; and, like that, 'to aid in giving to the youth of America the means of making the same progress in the structure of languages, as in other liberal studies.' Very few, however, will consider it so, after noticing what are the *improvements*, which the 'Little Treasure' has received from its new editor and *explicative*-annotator; and none, we are confident, will think of putting it in the hands of the 'youth of America,' when made acquainted with the propriety and good moral of the anecdotes. How edified must the 'youth of America' be, after reading, in the 'Little Treasure,' the anecdote of the *lady*, who, returning from Brussels, had concealed a lace veil 'fra il busto e la camicia;' that of the manager of a provincial theatre, who wrote to his correspondent, 'l'amorino ha la febbre, la semplicetta ha partorito;' that of the curate of Basse-Bretagne, who, on Saturdays, confessed 'le donne di mal affare;' that of the Abbé de Molières, who, one evening, entered into a brilliant company, holding under his arm 'un pezzo di stuoja onde coprvasi l'apertura d'un necessario,' where he had left his hat instead; that of the clown, who, hearing his master praise the good qualities of his children, told him that it could not be otherwise, when it was 'in tanti a farli;' that of the *exemplary* bishop of Lisieux, who, hearing his tailor say that his new breeches seemed to be too small, 'pel deretano di sua grandezza,' replied, smiling, that he had better say, 'per la grandezza del suo deretano;' that of the old woman, who, whilst the Père Bursault was beginning the service of the mass, at a little distance from the altar, 'lasciosai sfuggire una romorosa scorreggia;' that of the lunatic, who, being requested by a lady to give her three numbers to put in the lottery, wrote the numbers on a piece of paper, and then, swallowing it, said to the lady—'Domani i vostri numeri uaciranno certamente;' that of the country curate, who, reading the *Bible* from the pulpit, said to his hearers—'And the Lord gave to Adam a woman, (and then turning two leaves) ed essa era impegolata dentro e fuori;' &c. &c. Who would ever have expected to find so many vulgar, obscene and immoral expressions in a book prepared for the use of 'the youth of America,' by one who boasts, in the title-page of this very book, of being an instructor of 'youth,' in two of the most respectable institutions of our country?

As to the *improvements* made by the *Signor* on the 'Little Treasure,' they are such as might be expected from the author of the 'Easy Grammar' and the 'Grammatical Dissertation.' They are intended, it is true, to afford to the learners 'all those advantages which are sometimes sought in many works without success.' But what advantage can they derive from the very incorrect manner in which the 'Little Treasure' has been printed? Can they ever imagine that such words as *mai*, 'never'; *pretendo*, 'I pretend'; *gli mandò*, 'sent to him'; &c., stand there for *ma i*, 'but the'; *potendo*, 'being able'; *gli domandò*, 'asked of him'; &c.? What, on the contrary, must be their disappointment, when they come to look for the meaning of such newly-coined Italian words, as, *que*, *leggiardra*, *crimilero*, *madigliare*, &c.? What their surprise, when, expecting to learn the softest and most musical language of the south of Europe, they meet, in the 'Little Treasure,' with such harsh-sounding words as, *ln*, *conr*, *lmosia*, *scarci*, *parlmento*, *tartaifel*, [*der teufel*!] &c., which they never should have dreamed to find even among the most barbarous of northern dialects?

The 'notes *explicative*,' too, are intended 'to assist in the translation of that elementary work'; but what assistance can the learners ever receive from them,

when they are told that *piselli*, ('peas') in Italian, in English mean 'beans'; *per Bacco!* (by Bacchus!) 'to be sure'; *incaricato*, (charged — chargé) 'summoned'; *manco male*, (less evil — not so bad — better so) 'all right'; *salvarono*, (saved) 'dared'; *abdigliando*, (yawning) 'gasping'; &c. &c.? What assistance can they receive, when they are taught that the phrase *non venisse a recar lor danno*, comes from *venire*; *se gli aggrada*, from *aggradare*, or *aggradire*, (when *aggradire* makes *aggradisce*, and not *aggrada*;) *dogli esposti*, (*degli esposti*, 'of the foundling') from *uscire*, (to go out;) *vene*, from 'it'! &c. &c.? In those instances in which the meaning of the words happens to be right and their derivation correct, they are generally such as the learners could have found, to their better advantage, in Graglia's 'Pocket Dictionary'; but there is not a word, in the 'fifteen hundred and nine notes *explicative*,' to assist the learners to translate the many idiomatic phrases, or to turn the many peculiar Italianisms contained in the 'Little Treasure,' into intelligible English. On the contrary, the language of the text has been often so altered ('to assist,' no doubt, 'in the translation') as to render it impossible to be understood, not only by learners, but even by those who have already made some progress in the study of the Italian.

But the 'Little Treasure' professes to afford another and greater advantage — that of determining the sounds *open* and *close* of the vowels *e*, *o*, by means of accents; thus — *è*, *ò*, when the sound of those vowels is *open*; and *é*, *ó*, when *close*. Now this attempt at determining, in books, the different sounds of the vowels *e*, *o*, has been made more than once in Italy, and different ways, by abler men than the *Signor*; and always with unsatisfactory success. Trissino tried to introduce in the Italian alphabet the *epsilon* and *omega* of the Greek to denote the *open* sound of *e* and *o*; Salvini made use of two different *e* and two different *o*, to distinguish their sounds in his translation from the Greek of Oppian, 'on hunting and fishing'; Petronj adopted the *circumflex* accent to distinguish the sounds of *e* and *o*, in his English, French, and Italian dictionary; &c. But, notwithstanding all their endeavors, the thing has remained in Italy as unsettled as it was before; since there are words which the Tuscans pronounce with an *open e* or *o*, whilst the Romans will pronounce them with a *close e* or *o*, and *vice versâ*; and those very writers, who have treated this subject *ex professo*, agree no better among themselves than the generality of speakers. All the advantage which their labors seem to have produced, is to have established three fundamental principles of pronunciation — namely: first — that *e* and *o* are pronounced *open* only in those syllables on which falls the tonic accent of the word; though there are instances in which the *e* and *o* that bear that accent are pronounced *close*: second — that there can be no more than *one e* or *o open* in the same word; because there can be no more than one syllable in the same word upon which the tonic accent falls: third — that when the tonic accent renders the sound of *e* or *o open*, if, on account of the addition of one or more syllables to the word, the accent is transferred to one of the following syllables, the *e* or *o* which was *open* becomes *close*. Let us see, now, how these three principles have been observed in the 'Little Treasure.' We will pass over the great many words, which have been left without any accent, and consequently with their *e* and *o* neither *open* nor *close*; and, coming to those which are marked with an accent, we will ask the *Signor* how the second *e* of *paschêria* can be *open*, when the tonic accent of the word falls on the *i* — *paschêria*? — how can the second *e* of *frequêtemênte* have an *open* sound, when the accent of the word falls upon the fourth *e* — *frequêtemênte*? — and the same of a thousand

other instances. How can the word *reggimento* have two open *e*, when there is but one tonic accent in that word, and that falls upon the second *e*; which, according to the best Italian orthoëpists, is pronounced *close*? How can *semplicitismo*, *intieramente*, and a great many other words like these, have their first *e* open, when, by the addition of the syllables *issimo*, *mente*, &c., to the words *semplice*, *intiera*, &c., the *e*, which was open, has become *close*? Now this method of determining sounds by accents in Italian, where those signs, if used at all, determine the tonic accent of words, even if it were carried through with success, cannot fail to perplex 'the youth of America,' and to injure, rather than to perfect, their pronunciation; for, how will they ever be able to determine the proper accent of, and pronounce correctly, such words as *maesta*, *intervalli*, *allorquando*, *decimoquarto*, &c., which they find marked in the 'Little Treasure,' *maestà*, *intervalli*, *allòrquàndo*, *décimoquàrto*, instead of *maestà*, *intervalli*, *allorquàndo*, *decimoquàrto*? But the *Signor* appears to have been so much elated by the fame he expected to acquire by 'introducing this new method in the United States,' and thus 'assisting the learner in acquiring a correct improvement' (for such are his expressions) 'of his Italian pronunciation,' as to have extended his plan even to the other vowels; and thus, in order to be more useful to 'the youth of America,' he has attempted to determine, also, in a similar mode, the open and close sounds, which the Italian *a*, *i*, *u*, never had. For, we should like to know, what need was there of introducing, in the 'Little Treasure,' besides the words abovementioned, *giustizia*, *siù*, *accordatà*, *beccaccia*, *pùblich*, &c. &c., thus marked, had it been for any other reason?

In conclusion, we will only add that the 'Little Treasure,' however little it may seem, is a great and truly classical work of its kind — an admirable *sequel* to the 'Easy Grammar' and the 'Grammatical Dissertation'; that it cannot fail to gratify the lively hopes entertained by the *Signor*, that it will have 'the same kind of usefulness' as that of the other works already published by him, and that it must reflect, besides, no smaller credit upon its editor, improver, and *explicativo*-annotator — who, by this time, must be so well accustomed to praise and admiration, as to grow none the prouder for the justice we have endeavored to render to his merit.

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*An Address delivered before the Sunday School Society of Newburyport, at their third Anniversary. By R. C. Waterston. Published by request. Light & Horton. pp. 22.*

This address is distinguished by that direct simplicity of style, which is best fitted to clothe strong and simple thought. Mr. Waterston has studied in that school, of which Dr. Channing and Mr. Dewy are the eminent masters. Rejecting worn-out phraseology and cant terms, these writers have thrown a new, fresh, glowing beauty around the commonest truths of religion and morality: thus have they won thousands to their peculiar faith, and thus will the Unitarian ministers continue to thin the ranks of orthodoxy, until the preachers of the old and established doctrines shall cast aside their cumbrous, unwieldy armor, and not disdain to use the light, polished weapons of the modern church-militant. We are not aware that Mr. Waterston is of the Unitarian persuasion; but simply remark that his performance is distinguished by that peculiarly free, graceful, and vigorous manner of expression, which characterizes the productions of the ministers of that faith.



We should be pleased, did our limits allow, to extract freely from the address, as the surest way of recommending it to the general attention ; but must content ourselves with directing to it the favor of, not only all those who are engaged in the teaching of Sunday schools and the religious education of children, but to every parent and every lover of his species who can rightly appreciate the vast importance of pure mental culture to the young.

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*Ship and Shore ; or, Leaves from the Journal of a Cruise to the Levant. By an Officer of the United States Navy. New-York : Leavitt, Lord & Co. 1 vol. 12mo., pp. 322.*

This is as charming a work for a leisure-evening, as we have seen these six months. The author has an eye like Washington Irving's, for the strange and the picturesque ; and though his style does not resemble that of the most delightful of modern authors, it is quiet and unpretending, and often, without effort, rises into elegance. Such works reflect honor upon the navy, and afford reason to hope that our officers may hereafter become as distinguished as those of Great Britain in polite literature. We shall not indulge those readers who have not curiosity enough to seek for the book, with any analysis of the author's adventures, but simply cull a flower here and there, to testify the richness of the whole garden. The description of the island of Madeira is peculiarly fine ; and the account of a ' Visit to the Convent of Santa Clara,' very touching and beautiful. Wherever the author treats of female loveliness he is very happy, and talks *con amore*. Like the story-teller whom he mentions, he evidently knows that 'there is something in a woman you never meet with in a man.' Witness this picture of a Spanish beauty.

'The fair Magdalena may be seen, gliding away with the family group, from the restricted corridor, to this more ample and animating promenade. Her mantilla falls in light flowing folds over the glossy clusters of her raven locks, and seems so attracted by the charms which it half conceals, that it scarcely needs even the delicate confinement of the jeweled hand, that now and then adjusts its condition. Her basquinia, with its deep tasseled festoons, falls from the cincture of the slight waist, in spreading adaptation to the fuller development of her form, down to an ancle, over which it scarcely consents to extend the obscuring veil of its drapery. Her small, round foot, which seems at every moment in the act of leaping from its little slipper, leaves the earth, and lights upon it again, with most exquisite grace and precision. Her countenance, ever partaking more of thoughtfulness than mirth, has the carnation melting through the transparent cheek — the slumber of a smile around the lip ; and the tender light of a full, black, overpowering eye.

'As she floats along, she casts upon you, if an intimate, a look of the most glad and sparkling recognition — if a stranger, a look that lingers on your heart long after the beautiful being herself may have passed away. It is precisely such a look as one would wear who is pleased that there is just such a being as yourself in the world, and is happy in passing you this once, though she may never meet you again. It may, perhaps, be owing to my unfamiliarity with the world ; but I did not suppose it possible for a person to find, in a land of strangers, that which could so allure him to the spot, and strike to his inmost sensibilities — as what one must experience, who puts his foot within the sweet environs of Malaga.'

Anecdotes like the following are agreeably interspersed.

'A number of them' (sailors) 'went to see Othello acted ; they detected at once the diabolical deceit of Iago, and muttered their indignation. They became at

length so absorbed in the performance, especially in the character and fate of *Desdemona*, that when the jealous Moor came out to murder her in her sleep, they instantly sprang upon the stage, crying out, 'Avast there! you black, bloody rascal!' and were in the act of seizing him, when the curtain dropped, amid confusion and applause.'

We might quote several equally favorable specimens of the author's pleasant imagination with this:

'The next island that we made, was *Cerigo*—the ancient *Cithera*, and the favorite isle of *Venus*. Near its sweet shore, this goddess rose from the wave in the full perfection of her soft entrancing beauty. Her being, no less than her birth, betrayed her celestial origin. With a form moulded, in all its developments, to the most rich and exquisite symmetry—a countenance lighted up with the earnestness of serene and passionate thought—a soul breathing through her very frame the warmth and kindling fondness of love—with a step that could dispense with the earth, and a look that could make a Heaven,—it is no wonder that she filled and fascinated the human heart, and that the prince and the poet, the warrior and the sage, laid their richest offerings upon her shrine. But her worship is now passed; her temples are tottering in ruins; her altars are forsaken; her fountains unvisited; and even this sweet isle, where she once dwelt, has only the murmuring wave to mourn over the dream of her perished beauty.'

We were not prepared to find such gems in the work of a reverend chaplain; but besides the like, the volume is recommended by a strain of ardent feeling, which elevates the mind without fatiguing it. We are not particularly pleased with the poetry, which the author often goes far out of his way to introduce. Perhaps the following exquisitely pathetic sketch will speak more favorably for the work than anything we have before quoted:

'The burial-ground of the Armenian, like that of the Moslem, removed a short distance from the town, and sprinkled with green trees, is a favorite resort, not only for the bereaved, but those whose feelings are not thus darkly overcast. I met there one morning a little girl, with a playful countenance, busy blue eye, and sunny locks, bearing in one hand a small cup of china, and in the other a wreath of fresh flowers. Feeling a very natural curiosity to know what she could do with these bright things, in a place that seemed to partake so much of sadness, I watched her light motions. Reaching a retired grave, covered with a plain marble slab, she emptied the seed—which it appeared the cup contained—into the slight cavities which had been scooped out in the corners of the tablet, and laid the wreath on its pure face. 'And why,' I inquired, 'my sweet girl, do you put the seed in those little bowls there?' 'It is to bring the birds here,' she replied, with a half wondering look; 'they will light on this tree,' pointing to the cypress above, 'when they have eaten the seed, and sing.' 'To whom do they sing?' I asked; 'to each other—to you?' 'O, no,' she quickly replied; 'to my sister; she lies there.' 'But your sister is dead?' 'O yes, sir, but she hears all the birds sing.' 'Well, if she hears the birds sing, she cannot see that wreath of flowers?' 'But she knows I put it there; I told her, before they took her away from our house, I would come and see her every morning.' 'You must,' I continued, 'have loved that sister very much; but you will never talk with her any more—never see her again.' 'Yes, sir,' she replied, with a brightening look, 'I shall see her always in Heaven.' 'But she has gone there already, I hope.' 'No, she stops under this tree, till they bring me here, and then we are going to Heaven together.' 'But she has gone already, my child; you will meet her there, I trust; but certainly she is gone, and left you to come afterwards.'

*The Brothers ; a Tale of the Fronde. New-York : Harper and Brothers. 2 vols., 12mo.*

Many weeks have elapsed since we have received these volumes, and yet, owing to our neglect — ay, neglect is the word — we have suffered them to lay before us unnoticed. Such delay might make it too late to speak of the work, were it no better than the ephemeral novels of the day ; but the ‘ Brothers ’ is a tale of such sterling merit, that it should be bought, not borrowed, and lie upon the table of every reader, who knows how to appreciate literary talent, for frequent reference and perusal. Such being the case, it is not yet too late for us to record our opinion of one of the most admirable productions of the day. Contrary to the custom of reviewers, we have read the book once, twice, thrice ; and might read it again and again without wearying.

Mr. Herbert, one of the editors of the American Monthly Magazine, is understood to be author. He has brought to his task extraordinary descriptive powers, a masterly command of language, a deep knowledge of the human heart, an intimacy with history, and a sympathy with whatever is grand or beautiful in nature and in action. He has chosen a period of time, as the date of his narrative, not too remote for sympathy, and yet far enough from a familiar era to create an interest in his powerful description of its politics and peculiarities. The rebellion of the *Fronde*, although too often regarded as a mere tumultuary movement of trivial import — an event, misunderstood by the very actors in its stormy scenes — was, in fact, the first manifestation of that revolution of opinion, which eventually humbled the thrones of the proudest monarchies of Europe to the dust.

Henry Mornington, an English cavalier, in the prime of life, who has been compelled to fly to France, by the result of the civil war in England, which had placed the reins of power in the hands of Cromwell, is introduced to the reader in the first chapter, mounted on his good steed Bayard, and traversing a disaffected district, being commissioned by Cardinal Mazarin to bring up a large body of French cavalry, to join the royal army, then in want of reinforcements. The hero is such a man as lords and ladies love to honor : not ill-looking, brave, faithful, chivalrous : a gallant soldier, an accomplished horseman, fond of his good steed and his staunch hound, prompt in action and foremost in the fray. He suddenly becomes spectator of a fierce duel between two brothers, who slay each other ; rescues a lady, about whom they had been fighting, from pursuit, at the risk of his life, and places her in the convent of St. Benedict aux Layes. The lady — Isabel de Coucy — is young, beautiful, and unhappy ; she cannot explain the mystery which surrounds her, and she is without a protector. To acquire the right of shielding her, the English cavalier, convinced of her truth without seeking to penetrate her mystery, weds the fair girl he has saved, with the consent and assistance of the Benedictine prior. At this period of the story, let us pause and introduce an extract, as a specimen of the descriptive powers of the author of the ‘ Brothers.’

‘ Conducted by the monk, we threaded the long corridors within the pile ; thence through a low-browed arch, we gained the outer cloisters — dark, damp, and cheerless. I felt the frame of my companion shiver, as we passed along the gloomy, cavernous range, and I knew intuitively the thoughts that were working in her guileless heart. In such moments as these, the strongest heart is prone to superstitious terrors ; the most skeptical look for omens in the merest occurrences of chance, and pin their faith, as it were, upon a falling leaf or fading flower. I was

about to speak cheerfully, when our conductor unlatched a door leading into an inner garden, beyond which lay the chapel, with its tall pointed windows glancing in the moonlight. The contrast between the gloom within and the heavenly brilliancy without, was not required to impress the mind with the beauty of the scene. The quiet garden, with its clustering evergreens, its embowered walks, and its dark foliage, gemmed with the night-dew, and sleeping in the placid moonshine—the crystal pool in the centre, with its tall fountain shooting upward towards the clear blue sky, its summit bathed in silvery light, and a thousand prismatic colors playing on its dancing rain-drops, while its base lay steeped in shadow; the light clustered columns and pointed arches, rich with the florid traceries of the later Norman style; the rustle of the gentle west wind among the shrubs—for the night was as calm and spring-like as the morning had been wintry and severe—combined to form one of the most lovely pictures of tranquillity and happiness I had ever witnessed.

Leaving his bride in the care of the Benedictine prior, the cavalier rides forward on the route to Pont à Mousson. The sketch of his person is capital, and we make no apology for extracting it.

‘I was, at this eventful period of my fortunes, somewhat past my thirtieth year; although—from long exposure to war and weather, and from having been cast very early upon the world, under circumstances such as form the character and ripen the mind—I looked several years older. Not unusually tall or bulky in my person, I was both strongly and actively framed; and constant exercise and hardship had indurated my muscles to a degree that would have rendered me more than a match for many a heavier antagonist than myself. My features were irregular—not so much so, however, as to amount to ugliness, much less to vulgarity. My eye, though sunken, or, to speak more properly, deep-set, was quick and clear; and my brow—now surrounded by a black fillet—was broad and fully developed. My lip was shaded by a thick mustache, and, as I have elsewhere observed, I wore my hair in the long flowing curls at this time peculiar to the cavaliers. If, in addition to these, I mention that the lower part of my face was bronzed to almost Indian redness, while my forehead retained its natural fairness—that my arms, though not so long as to appear unsightly or deformed, were of unusual reach—and that, from long practice, my motions were easier, and my general appearance far more graceful, on horseback, than when on foot—no description can be more accurate. On my departure from St. Germaine, my dress had been carefully selected for other qualities than richness or display—properties which, however admirable in the court, would have been of no small disadvantage under existing circumstances. A strong, but plain, buff coat, with none of the rich silken loops or fringes of Flanders lace, with which it was then the mode to deck the sternest habiliments of war; a gorget, or cuirass of steel, which, although highly polished and of the choicest metal, were neither chased nor inlaid with gold or silver; heavy jack-boots, extending far above the knee, and equipped with a pair of massive spurs; gauntlet of buff, protected on the outside by iron scales; and a staunch hat, provided with jointed cheek-pieces, and an inner lining of the same material;—such were the accoutrements of a well-appointed trooper, and with such, for the support of that character, I had furnished myself. Plain, however, and unadorned as they had appeared, when I sallied, some three weeks before, from my headquarters, they were then at least in the highest state of order; which was more than could have been said of them when I halted for the night at Beaumont. The leather of my doublet was sorely chafed, and splashed with specimens of every different soil through which my road had lain; the steel of my breastplate was curiously ingrained with rust of every hue, from the deep black of a fortnight’s growth to the red stain of yesterday; my boots, guiltless of the brush, were gray and milled; while my castor, that Corinthian capital of a gentleman’s architecture, had been shorn of its feather, and knocked into every various shape of which a Spanish beaver is susceptible. It was in vain that, during my last halt, I stuck a new feather of the royal colors into my weather-beaten hat, and flung a bright scarf, of the same dye, across my shoulders; I could not cheat even myself into the belief

that I bore the slightest resemblance to a *chef d'escadron* — for such was the rank I bore — in the service of the most Christian king.'

Mornington takes command of the squadron and leads it towards the headquarters of the royal troops, but arrives at the Benedictine priory only in time to witness the forcible removal of Isabel by unknown enemies, and to fall, covered with wounds, while endeavoring to save her. He subsequently discovers that his secret enemy, and the persecutor of Isabel, is young de Chateaufort, the sole surviving son of the duke de Penthievre — the other two brothers having fallen in the duel. Mornington's endeavors to discover the prison-house of his bride, are fruitless. De Chateaufort's enmity is caused by his knowledge that, in the event of Isabel's marriage, the estates of her family will pass away with her — they being secured by a certain statute which is unaffected by the Salic law. Meanwhile, Mornington renders the royal party signal service, and gains the esteem and friendship of the great Condé. At length, he discovers the place of his wife's confinement, and frees her by the prowess of his arm. But the machinations of his powerful enemy have not yet ceased — de Chateaufort having influence enough to procure the arrest of his foe on the charge of having murdered his two brothers, and of having illegally married an heiress — a ward of court. The principal evidence of the murder is a document, the forgery of which is betrayed, and the marriage is proved legal by the sudden appearance of the father of Isabel de Coucy, in the person of the noble prior of St. Benedict aux Layes. The restoration of Mornington to royal favor and the arms of his bride, is the result; and he receives the *maréchal's baton* from the fair hand of Anne of Austria, the queen-regent herself.

Such is a meagre outline of the tale; but it is impossible to speak in sufficiently warm terms of the skilful conduct of the story to its *denouement*, or of the masterly sketches of Cardinal Mazarin, Condé, Turenne, de Charmi, and the other characters. Lydford is exceedingly well drawn. But, perhaps, the battle-pieces are the best in the book. Like those of Wouvernans, they place the reality before us. We hear the bray of the trumpets, the neighing of the steeds, and the report of the petronels and culverins; we see the fierce charge of the royal cavalry, the wave of the embroidered banners, and the dazzling weapons of the cavaliers. If our recommendation be of any avail, we advise those of our readers who have not already done so, to procure the 'Brothers,' at once, and thus secure a valuable addition to their stores of fiction.

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*Horse-Shoe Robinson; a Tale of the Tory Ascendancy.* By the Author of 'Swallow Barn.' Philadelphia: Carey, Lea and Blanchard. 2 vols., 12mo.

This work has been before the public for several months, and had no sooner appeared than it was at once taken into favor, and deservedly ranked among those choice and rare works which may be read repeatedly without much diminution of interest and pleasure. If its predecessor — 'Swallow Barn' — was worthy of its warm reception, 'Horse-Shoe Robinson' is yet more so. If the former reminded us occasionally of Irving, and seemed to resemble his tales in slenderness of plot, the latter is distinguished for its rich originality, and the interest of its story. It is

not our intention, at this late hour, to give an outline of a tale, with which it is probable that many of our readers are acquainted, nor to rack our ingenuity to invent blemishes, after the honored custom of critics; but simply to add our tribute of praise to the universal voice of the reading public. In this case, at least, the *vox populi* has shouted for the right man. Mr. Kennedy, as a novelist, stands deservedly high. All his descriptive sketches and pictures of character and manners, are life-like and correct. His characters are not tainted with that exaggeration which is the besetting sin of modern novelists. They do not 'come, like shadows, to depart,' but leave a lasting impression on our minds, so that we refer to them and speak of them, as of personages whom we have actually encountered in the busy walks of life. Then there is in all Mr. Kennedy's portraits from life, what the painters call *keeping*. His gentlemen and ladies, unlike Mr. Cooper's, *are* gentlemen and ladies. They show, but do not speak of their breeding. They neither roll their eyes nor distort the muscles of their countenances. The gentlemen do not 'cross their legs with grave deliberation,' as General Washington does in the 'Spy.' Then, how charming are the heroines of the author of 'Swallow Barn.' What a gay, bold, dashing creature is Bel Tracy. 'Against the field, Bel Tracy!' Mildred Lindsay is a noble girl — enthusiastic, gentle, devoted, firm, feminine, lovely: an angel and a woman in a breath. The very spirit of truth breathes from the ruddy lips of the sweet 'Maid of the Mill' — the rosy and heroic little lassie who loves John Ramsay with all a heroine's devoted tenderness. Yet, it is not alone in the delineation of such gentle characters that our author's *forte* lies; for, are there not the hero, a breathing, good-humored, and true-hearted giant — the cunning Curry — the fierce and sensual Habershaw — the fiendish Wat Adair — and a whole host of others? The scenes change, but the wizard's power is manifest in all. The woodman's hut, the miller's abode, the tory bivouac, the fight, the flight, and the trial, are portrayed with equal fidelity and force. Lack of space alone enables us to resist the temptation of embellishing our pages with some of the high-wrought scenes of this delightful novel.

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*Plan of Boston. Published by George G. Smith, Engraver.*

This plan, which has lain for some weeks on our table, unnoticed, not on account of its lack of merit, but through the multiplicity of our engagements, is, in all respects, worthy of general patronage. It is exceedingly well executed, and, as far as our knowledge extends, perfectly correct. It contains all the new names of streets — which the taste of the City Council changes often enough — as well as the new squares, places, courts and streets, which are named and made, or named and not made, or made and not named. The size is convenient, the paper fair and substantial, and every bar-room, reading-room, club-room, or any room of any kind whatsoever, where people 'most do congregate,' should be esteemed unfurnished unless furnished with Mr. George G. Smith's plan of Boston.

In looking over the map of this curious peninsula, whereon is so strangely constructed our sober city, we are struck with the elegant irregularity of the streets and the studied confusion of the lanes and alleys. 'The houses in Baltimore,' said a Boston lady to a gentleman of that city, 'seem to have been thrown into the streets, and left to scramble for places.' 'Yes,' said the Baltimorean; 'and the

same may be said of Boston, with the addition that your houses have scrambled for places and not been able to find them.' To our mind, however, as we look at the map, it is the streets which seem to have been thrown in promiscuously among the houses, through which they meander as gracefully as curving rivulets through a grove.

The misnomers of some of these streets are a little amusing ; though, at the same time, others are named with exceeding appropriateness. There is *Pleasant* street, which is not very pleasant ; there is *Traverse* street, which is no thoroughfare ; there is *Poplar* street, one of the most *unpop'lar* in the city ; there is *Rowe* street, as peaceable as any other. On the other hand, there is *Short* street, which is very short ; *Winter* street, as cold as an iceberg ; *Beacon* street, the most conspicuous (most beautiful too, by the way) of all ; and, better than any, *Somerset* street, which has lately turned *lopsy-turvy*. But the most inappropriately-named place in Boston is '*The Common*' ; for it is the most *uncommon* resort in the city. Beautiful as it is, magnificent as are the rows of trees which border it, cool and delightful as it is in summer ; smooth, broad and shady as are the walks ; the Common is not a resort for the fashionable nor of the citizens generally. Except on Sunday evenings in August, and great muster-days, crowds are never witnessed there. The *élite* prefer Washington street, with its narrow sidewalks, rattling carts and vulgarities, to the free, open and quiet Mall. Could a European city boast such a magnificent spot, it would be thronged 'from morn till noon' — 'from noon till dewy eve.' It is always a matter of astonishment to strangers, that it should be so neglected.

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NOTICE. *George Dearborn, of New-York*, has in press, and will shortly publish '*THE POEMS OF FITZ-GREENE HALLECK* ;' also, '*THE CULPRIT FAY AND OTHER POEMS, BY T. RODMAN DRAKE.*' These are to be edited by Mr. Halleck. Judge Story's Eulogy on Chief Justice Marshall will shortly appear, published by *James Munroe & Co.* Besides several small works, we have in reserve for future notice, '*An Exposition of the Mysteries or Religious Dogmas and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians, Pythagoreans and Druids.* Also, '*An Inquiry into the Origin, History and Purport of Freemasonry, by John Fellows, A. M.* ; — a work which exhibits much curious research and learning.

THE  
NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

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DECEMBER, 1835.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

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FRIENDSHIP.

[THE following remarks are from the pen of the celebrated Mrs. Mary Woolstencraft, authoress of 'The Rights of Women,' subsequently Mrs. Godwin. They were addressed to an American gentleman. From the original manuscript, in his possession, they are copied for our use. — ED.]

Ignorance has been frequently termed the mother of devotion ; and women are reckoned more devout than men. But whether thier devotion deserves the eulogiums which have been blindly lavished on it, may admit of dispute. Nay, I am inclined to believe that even their devotion — or, as it has been termed, *devotional taste* — has not tended to make them religious, in the true sense of the word. The pleasures arising from eloquence, poetry and music, all seem to be rather addressed to the heart, than to the understanding. They refine the mind — and when a taste for them is really felt, if it has not sufficient influence to amend the conduct, it has a tendency to produce a little delicacy in the choice of sensual pleasures — the first faint dawning of that love of order which leads to virtue.

But when the imagination is nourished at the expense of the understanding, it becomes a sickly, bloated faculty ; and with respect to women, even their devotion seems to debase, or at least weaken their minds. It may, like the pleasures arising from poetry, &c., be an amusement, so far as it raises emotions. In this light, many virtuous nuns have found it a substitute for love. Their maker was their husband ; or, like the tender-hearted females of antiquity, they have subordinate friends in Heaven, on whom their fancy could take firmer hold. To them have they poured out



the fond effusions of their pent up affections, and life has been wasted in rapturous dreams, in which an idea of superior sanctity has mixed itself with the amusements of idleness. Yet, these indolent beings, who indulge devotional flights, whilst morality is forgotten, are apt to look down on a worldling, and their looks plainly say — ‘Stand off; we are holier than thou!’

I readily admit that a few people, men or women — for I make no distinction — have a particular tendency to devotion; and, like the mind formed for romantic love, whose finer organs and feelings are tuned to rapture, they turn to their exalted imaginations for that enjoyment which life cheats them of, though forever big with promises. However, these are a chosen few; for I cannot discover — and I have carefully observed the female mind — that women have, as a sex, stronger imaginations than men. On the contrary, considering mankind at large, I have been led to conclude that the strength of the imagination commonly is in proportion to the strength of the passions. But, among men as well as among women, the passions are often termed strong, when they only want a ballast of reason; as a disproportioned feature appears large and conspicuous.

In women, the imagination alone is cultivated; or, perhaps, to speak with more propriety, made rank by the rubbish that is thrown on it. What is the consequence? Luxuriant weeds start up, and are produced as proofs of the richness of the soil. But it was not natural strength, or the wild flowers would, at least, have been beautiful. No, the long stalks are the heated growth of ill-directed art, and a waste of vital powers. A lively imagination is a gift of nature to a chosen few; and perhaps, if we except Sappho and Eloisa, few women have left any marks behind them of having possessed a very strong imagination, unless as it was contrasted with the weakness of their understanding.

Setting aside that exalted imagination which distinguishes the poet, I believe it will be found that the class of people who rise above the vulgar, and if they are not virtuous, at least are decent, all cultivate their imaginations much more than their understandings. The company they frequent, the books they read, are mostly chosen with an eye towards amusement; and the labor of thinking is put off till a more convenient season. ‘What shall we do to-day?’ is a common question which men and women ask in the fashionable world. ‘Shall we go to the play, the ball, the concert?’ And these amusements, when they really excite more than a present tumult of animal spirits, only stir up fuel to inflame the imagination.

To go still further, it may be asserted that the preposterous strength of the imagination is an enemy to friendship and domestic comfort. Perhaps even men of strong imagination — a Milton or Rousseau — are not the men who, from the structure of their

minds, are formed to feel the calm, reasonable tie of friendship : nay, not even those who have a devotional taste. Though they are sensible of the sublime in the grand passions, the beautiful passion of love, in their minds, takes place naturally of friendship, which certainly must be classed with the sublime virtues of fortitude, justice and self-denial. Love, more than any of the passions, is nourished by the imagination ; and for this very reason, have men of lively imaginations been reckoned inconstant — or, only constant when disappointment has given the fancy a wide field to sport in, and they have been forced to pursue their goddess at a respectful distance, and never come near enough to grasp the cloud. They admire friendship, but are apt to let love have the precedency. For instance, Rousseau. Who talks more eloquently of friendship ? Yet, who had fewer friends ? Men of this class, really are not calculated for friendship. The warmth of their feelings destroys the affection. Besides, they expected to be adored, by the very friends whom they are continually disgusted with, for not resembling the picture of fancy. They are, in short, heroic — or, if you will, sublime friends ; but never the tender companion — the soothing sweetener of life, who watches to be useful, and practices forbearance merely to give pleasure — to refresh, like the silent dew, and not to glare with officious light. Kindness, in the former instance, is its own reward, and is the foundation of calm, domestic comfort ; whilst, in the latter, it may prove the grandeur of the mind, and, by pointing to another state of existence, tends to render the present path thorny.

To descend to common life. Friendship and domestic comforts become insipid, when the imagination has extended its empire. Gallantry is found more *piquant* than love, and the conversation of acquaintance, than the endearments of intimacy or the sincerity of friendship. He who can form a friendship, and find pleasure in sincerity and confidence, must possess some solid virtues. Like the temperate man, he can live on simple food ; but when the appetite is once vitiated, rich sauces are required, and the flattering, empty converse with acquaintance, is ever chosen by those who fly from thought, and, when they first see the sun, sink into languor, till they have determined how the day is to be trifled away.

To be capable of forming a friendship, presupposes virtue and sense. Friendship cannot be formed of slighter materials. With acquaintance, it seems to be a mutual compact to tickle each other's vanity. Politeness is the cordial which raises the flagging spirits, that sincerity would depress. A friend has been termed a second self. They who are unable, or afraid to converse with themselves, and dread the tyranny of thought, will find the second self equally troublesome. The changing circle of acquaintance

reflects the image, which self-conceit has supplied to them, of their persons or minds. The languor of unoccupied leisure is only to be diverted by vanity. Other passions require some exertion of the faculties. The kind attentions of a friend would appear cold, compared with the sparks of compliment, elicited at the moment, by the collision of two stones. The flash pleases — and pleases most when sincerity does not obtrude an officious light.

There is no other way, then, of rendering the conduct of mankind correct, but that of rendering women rather objects of love than of desire. The difference is very great. Yet, whilst women are encouraged to ornament their persons, at the expense of their minds — whilst indolence renders them helpless, they will be, generally speaking, only objects of desire ; and to such women, there is danger, that men will not remain sincerely and affectionately attached.

#### THE PLAYER ON THE HEART.

‘*NHITHER* are there any hearts so utterly evile and depraved, that a cunninge seeker will not finde therein many good and lovelie affections ; even as a master, from a poore and braken instrument, doth draw forth much sweete musicke.’ — [*Sir Thomas Brown's Essayes.*]

I CANNOT wake the breathing flute,  
The lyre and harp are dumb to me ;  
I cannot touch the lover's lute,  
Nor rouse its speaking melody.  
Mute, mute for me the lofty roll  
That fair Cecilia taught to swell ;  
But there's a symphony of soul,  
And I can wake it passing well.  
The merest child in Orphean art  
Can better strike the Doric quill ;  
But I can play upon the heart,  
And touch its chords with magic skill.

A truant boy his task forsook,  
And loitered in the vale adown —  
I found him idle by the brook,  
And warned him of his father's frown.  
O, clouded was his laughing eye —  
He sat him down, and wept the while ;  
I bent to cheer the sobbing boy,  
And whispered of his mother's smile.

And lo ! the sudden clouds depart,  
And lightly bounds he from the rill —  
For I can play upon the heart,  
And touch its chords with magic skill.

A soldier slept, in stillness hushed —  
I broke his dreams, and whispered, 'fame !'  
Forth to the battle-field he rushed,  
To write in blood a deathless name.  
An infant, on its mother's breast,  
He sought to slay, in fury wild ;  
The madman's arm a word repressed —  
A single name — his own dear child.  
It woke his spirits' gentler part,  
And mercy spake — the storm was still ;  
For I can play upon the heart,  
And touch its chords with magic skill.

A dying man, with failing breath,  
Abode his hour. I entered in,  
And held before the eye of death  
The long account of crime and sin.  
Wild grew that eye, in dark despair,  
And paler waxed that pallid cheek ;  
I taught him then, with fervent prayer,  
A Saviour's pardoning love to seek.  
O, welcome now the deadly dart —  
The Christian soul it could not kill ;  
So I can play upon the heart,  
And touch its chords with magic skill.

I wooed a maiden in her bower,  
And lowly knelt, and proffered gold.  
'O, wealth may purchase pomp and power,  
A faithful heart can ne'er be sold.'  
I knelt me at her feet again,  
And pleaded love, and only love ;  
The heart that scorned a gilded chain,  
Affection's lightest breath could move.  
I saw the pitying tear-drop start,  
I felt her bosom's panting thrill ;  
O, I can play upon the heart,  
And touch its chords with magic skill.

ELAN.

# SKETCHES FROM MEMORY.

BY A PEDESTRIAN.

NO. II.

WE present to our readers a few more of the loose sketches from our friend's portfolio, which, we think, will, more clearly than those of the last month, shew the truth of our remark, that, like the careless drawings of a master-hand, they shadow forth a power and beauty, that might be visibly embodied into life-like forms on the canvass. 'The Afternoon Scene' and 'The Night Scene' will, we trust, suggest subjects to our landscape painters. The former, which has the mellow richness of a Claude, might be exquisitely done by Doughty; and young Brown, whose promise is as great as the hopes of his friends, could employ his glowing pencil upon no subject better adapted to call forth all his genius, than the latter.

## THE CANAL-BOAT.

I was inclined to be poetical about the Grand Canal. In my imagination, De Witt Clinton was an enchanter, who had waved his magic wand from the Hudson to lake Erie, and united them by a watery highway, crowded with the commerce of two worlds, till then inaccessible to each other. This simple and mighty conception had conferred inestimable value on spots which nature seemed to have thrown carelessly into the great body of the earth, without foreseeing that they could ever attain importance. I pictured the surprise of the sleepy Dutchmen when the new river first glittered by their doors, bringing them hard cash or foreign commodities, in exchange for their hitherto unmarketable produce. Surely, the water of this canal must be the most fertilizing of all fluids; for it causes towns—with their masses of brick and stone, their churches and theatres, their business and hubbub, their luxury and refinement, their gay dames and polished citizens—to spring up, till, in time, the wondrous stream may flow between two continuous lines of buildings, through one thronged street, from Buffalo to Albany. I embarked about thirty miles below Utica, determining to voyage along the whole extent of the canal, at least twice in the course of the summer.

Behold us, then, fairly afloat, with three horses harnessed to our vessel, like the steeds of Neptune to a huge scallop-shell, in mythological pictures. Bound to a distant port, we had neither chart nor compass, nor cared about the wind, nor felt the heaving of a billow, nor dreaded shipwreck, however fierce the tempest, in our adventurous navigation of an interminable mud-puddle—for a mud-puddle it seemed, and as dark and turbid as if every

kennel in the land paid contribution to it. With an imperceptible current, it holds its drowsy way through all the dismal swamps and unimpressive scenery, that could be found between the great lakes and the sea-coast. Yet there is variety enough, both on the surface of the canal and along its banks, to amuse the traveler, if an overpowering tedium did not deaden his perceptions.

Sometimes we met a black and rusty-looking vessel, laden with lumber, salt from Syracuse, or Genessee flour, and shaped at both ends like a square-toed boot, as if it had two sterns, and were fated always to advance backward. On its deck would be a square hut, and a woman seen through the window at her household work, with a little tribe of children, who perhaps had been born in this strange dwelling and knew no other home. Thus, while the husband smoked his pipe at the helm, and the eldest son rode one of the horses, on went the family, traveling hundreds of miles in their own house, and carrying their fireside with them. The most frequent species of craft were the 'line boats,' which had a cabin at each end, and a great bulk of barrels, bales, and boxes in the midst; or light packets, like our own, decked all over, with a row of curtained windows from stem to stern, and a drowsy face at every one. Once, we encountered a boat, of rude construction, painted all in gloomy black, and manned by three Indians, who gazed at us in silence and with a singular fixedness of eye. Perhaps these three alone, among the ancient possessors of the land, had attempted to derive benefit from the white man's mighty projects, and float along the current of his enterprise. Not long after, in the midst of a swamp and beneath a clouded sky, we overtook a vessel that seemed full of mirth and sunshine. It contained a little colony of Swiss, on their way to Michigan, clad in garments of strange fashion and gay colors, scarlet, yellow and bright blue, singing, laughing, and making merry, in odd tones and a babble of outlandish words. One pretty damsel, with a beautiful pair of naked white arms, addressed a mirthful remark to me; she spoke in her native tongue, and I retorted in good English, both of us laughing heartily at each other's unintelligible wit. I cannot describe how pleasantly this incident affected me. These honest Swiss were an itinerant community of jest and fun, journeying through a gloomy land and among a dull race of money-getting drudges, meeting none to understand their mirth and only one to sympathize with it, yet still retaining the happy lightness of their own spirit.

Had I been on my feet at the time, instead of sailing slowly along in a dirty canal-boat, I should often have paused to contemplate the diversified panorama along the banks of the canal. Sometimes the scene was a forest, dark, dense, and impervious, breaking away occasionally and receding from a lonely tract, covered with dismal black stumps, where, on the verge of the canal,

might be seen a log-cottage, and a sallow-faced woman at the window. Lean and aguish, she looked like Poverty personified, half clothed, half fed, and dwelling in a desert, while a tide of wealth was sweeping by her door. Two or three miles further would bring us to a lock, where the slight impediment to navigation had created a little mart of trade. Here would be found commodities of all sorts, enumerated in yellow letters on the window-shutters of a small grocery-store, the owner of which had set his soul to the gathering of coppers and small change, buying and selling through the week, and counting his gains on the blessed Sabbath. The next scene might be the dwelling-houses and stores of a thriving village, built of wood or small gray stones, a church-spire rising in the midst, and generally two taverns, bearing over their piazzas the pompous titles of 'hotel,' 'exchange,' 'tontine,' or 'coffee-house.' Passing on, we glide now into the unquiet heart of an inland city — of Utica, for instance — and find ourselves amid piles of brick, crowded docks and quays, rich warehouses and a busy population. We feel the eager and hurrying spirit of the place, like a stream and eddy whirling us along with it. Through the thickest of the tumult goes the canal, flowing between lofty rows of buildings and arched bridges of hewn stone. Onward, also, go we, till the hum and bustle of struggling enterprise die away behind us, and we are threading an avenue of the ancient woods again.

This sounds not amiss in description, but was so tiresome in reality, that we were driven to the most childish expedients for amusement. An English traveler paraded the deck with a rifle in his walking-stick, and waged war on squirrels and woodpeckers, sometimes sending an unsuccessful bullet among flocks of tame ducks and geese, which abound in the dirty water of the canal. I, also, pelted these foolish birds with apples, and smiled at the ridiculous earnestness of their scrambles for the prize, while the apple bobbed about like a thing of life. Several little accidents afforded us good-natured diversion. At the moment of changing horses, the tow-rope caught a Massachusetts farmer by the leg, and threw him down in a very indescribable posture, leaving a purple mark around his sturdy limb. A new passenger fell flat on his back, in attempting to step on deck, as the boat emerged from under a bridge. Another, in his Sunday clothes, as good luck would have it, being told to leap aboard from the bank, forthwith plunged up to his third waistcoat button in the canal, and was fished out in a very pitiable plight, not at all amended by our three rounds of applause. Anon, a Virginia schoolmaster, too intent on a pocket Virgil to heed the helmsman's warning — 'bridge! bridge!' — was saluted by the said bridge on his knowledge-box. I had prostrated myself, like a pagan before his idol, but heard the dull leaden sound of the contact, and

fully expected to see the treasures of the poor man's cranium scattered about the deck. However, as there was no harm done, except a large bump on the head, and probably a corresponding dent in the bridge, the rest of us exchanged glances and laughed quietly. Oh, how pitiless are idle people ! \* \* \*

The table being now lengthened through the cabin, and spread for supper, the next twenty minutes were the pleasantest I had spent on the canal — the same space at dinner excepted. At the close of the meal, it had become dusky enough for lamplight. The rain pattered unceasingly on the deck, and sometimes came with a sullen rush against the windows, driven by the wind, as it stirred through an opening of the forest. The intolerable dullness of the scene engendered an evil spirit in me. Perceiving that the Englishman was taking notes in a memorandum-book, with occasional glances round the cabin, I presumed that we were all to figure in a future volume of travels, and amused my ill-humor by falling into the probable vein of his remarks. He would hold up an imaginary mirror, wherein our reflected faces would appear ugly and ridiculous, yet still retain an undeniable likeness to the originals. Then, with more sweeping malice, he would make these caricatures the representatives of great classes of my countrymen.

He glanced at the Virginia schoolmaster, a Yankee by birth, who, to recreate himself, was examining a freshman from Schuylkill college, in the conjugation of a Greek verb. Him, the Englishman would portray as the scholar of America, and compare his erudition to a schoolboy's Latin theme, made up of scraps, ill-selected and worse put together. Next, the tourist looked at the Massachusetts farmer, who was delivering a dogmatic harangue on the iniquity of Sunday mails. Here was the far-famed yeoman of New-England ; his religion, writes the Englishman, is gloom on the Sabbath, long prayers every morning and eventide, and illiberality at all times ; his boasted information is merely an abstract and compound of newspaper paragraphs, Congress debates, caucus harangues, and the argument and judge's charge in his own lawsuits. The bookmonger cast his eye at a Detroit merchant, and began scribbling faster than ever. In this sharp-eyed man, this lean man, of wrinkled brow, we see daring enterprise and close-fisted avarice combined ; here is the worshipper of Mammon at noonday ; here is the three-times bankrupt, richer after every ruin ; here, in one word, (Oh, wicked Englishman to say it ! ) here is the American ! He lifted his eye-glass to inspect a western lady, who at once became aware of the glance, reddened, and retired deeper into the female part of the cabin. Here was the pure, modest, sensitive, and shrinking woman of America ; shrinking when no evil is intended ; and sensitive like diseased flesh, that thrills if you but point at it ; and strangely modest, without



confidence in the modesty of other people ; and admirably pure, with such a quick apprehension of all impurity.

In this manner, I went all through the cabin, hitting everybody as hard a lash as I could, and laying the whole blame on the infernal Englishman. At length, I caught the eyes of my own image in the looking-glass, where a number of the party were likewise reflected, and among them the Englishman, who, at that moment, was intently observing myself. \* \* \*

The crimson curtain being let down between the ladies and gentlemen, the cabin became a bed-chamber for twenty persons, who were laid on shelves, one above another. For a long time, our various incommunities kept us all awake, except five or six, who were accustomed to sleep nightly amid the uproar of their own snoring, and had little to dread from any other species of disturbance. It is a curious fact, that these snorers had been the most quiet people in the boat, while awake, and became peace-breakers only when others cease to be so, breathing tumult out of their repose. Would it were possible to affix a wind instrument to the nose, and thus make melody of a snore, so that a sleeping lover might serenade his mistress, or a congregation snore a psalm-tune ! Other, though fainter sounds than these, contributed to my restlessness. My head was close to the crimson curtain—the sexual division of the boat—behind which I continually heard whispers and stealthy footsteps ; the noise of a comb laid on the table, or a slipper dropt on the floor ; the twang, like a broken harp-string, caused by loosening a tight belt ; the rustling of a gown in its descent ; and the unlacing of a pair of stays. My ear seemed to have the properties of an eye ; a visible image pestered my fancy in the darkness ; the curtain was withdrawn between me and the western lady, who yet disrobed herself without a blush.

Finally, all was hushed in that quarter. Still, I was more broad awake than through the whole preceding day, and felt a feverish impulse to toss my limbs miles apart, and appease the uneasiness of mind by that of matter. Forgetting that my berth was hardly so wide as a coffin, I turned suddenly over, and fell like an avalanche on the floor, to the disturbance of the whole community of sleepers. As there were no bones broken, I blessed the accident, and went on deck. A lantern was burning at each end of the boat, and one of the crew was stationed at the bows, keeping watch, as mariners do on the ocean. Though the rain had ceased, the sky was all one cloud, and the darkness so intense, that there seemed to be no world, except the little space on which our lanterns glimmered. Yet, it was an impressive scene.

We were traversing the ' long level,' a dead flat between Utica

and Syracuse, where the canal has not rise or fall enough to require a lock for nearly seventy miles. There can hardly be a more dismal tract of country. The forest which covers it, consisting chiefly of white cedar, black ash, and other trees that live in excessive moisture, is now decayed and death-struck, by the partial draining of the swamp into the great ditch of the canal. Sometimes, indeed, our lights were reflected from pools of stagnant water, which stretched far in among the trunks of the trees, beneath dense masses of dark foliage. But generally, the tall stems and intermingled branches were naked, and brought into strong relief, amid the surrounding gloom, by the whiteness of their decay. Often, we beheld the prostrate form of some old sylvan giant, which had fallen, and crushed down smaller trees under its immense ruin. In spots, where destruction had been riotous, the lanterns showed perhaps a hundred trunks, erect, half overthrown, extended along the ground, resting on their shattered limbs, or tossing them desperately into the darkness, but all of one ashy-white, all naked together, in desolate confusion. Thus growing out of the night as we drew nigh, and vanishing as we glided on, based on obscurity, and overhung and bounded by it, the scene was ghost-like — the very land of unsubstantial things, whither dreams might betake themselves, when they quit the slumberer's brain.

My fancy found another emblem. The wild Nature of America had been driven to this desert-place by the encroachments of civilized man. And even here, where the savage queen was throned on the ruins of her empire, did we penetrate, a vulgar and worldly throng, intruding on her latest solitude. In other lands, Decay sits among fallen palaces ; but here, her home is in the forests.

Looking ahead, I discerned a distant light, announcing the approach of another boat, which soon passed us, and proved to be a rusty old scow — just such a craft as the 'Flying Dutchman' would navigate on the canal. Perhaps it was that celebrated personage himself, whom I imperfectly distinguished at the helm, in a glazed hat and rough great-coat, with a pipe in his mouth, leaving the fumes of tobacco a hundred yards behind. Shortly after, our boatman blew a horn, sending a long and melancholy note through the forest-avenue, as a signal for some watcher in the wilderness to be ready with a change of horses. We had proceeded a mile or two with our fresh team, when the tow-rope got entangled in a fallen branch on the edge of the canal, and caused a momentary delay, during which I went to examine the phosphoric light of an old tree, a little within the forest. It was not the first delusive radiance that I had followed.

The tree lay along the ground, and was wholly converted into a mass of diseased splendor, which threw a ghastliness around.

Being full of conceits that night, I called it a frigid fire : a funeral light, illumining decay and death : an emblem of fame, that gleams around the dead man without warming him ; or of genius, when it owes its brilliancy to moral rottenness ; and was thinking that such ghost-like torches were just fit to light up this dead forest, or to blaze coldly in tombs, when, starting from my abstraction, I looked up the canal. I recollected myself, and discovered the lanterns glimmering far away.

‘ Boat ahoy ! ’ shouted I, making a trumpet of my closed fists.

Though the cry must have rung for miles along that hollow passage of the woods, it produced no effect. These packet-boats make up for their snail-like pace by never loitering day nor night, especially for those who have paid their fare. Indeed, the captain had an interest in getting rid of me, for I was his creditor for a breakfast.

‘ They are gone ! Heaven be praised ! ’ ejaculated I ; ‘ for I cannot possibly overtake them ! Here am I, on the ‘ long level,’ at midnight, with the comfortable prospect of a walk to Syracuse, where my baggage will be left ; and now to find a house or shed, wherein to pass the night.’ So thinking aloud, I took a flambeau from the old tree, burning, but consuming not, to light my steps withal, and, like a Jack-o’-the-lantern, set out on my midnight tour.

#### THE INLAND PORT.

It was a bright forenoon, when I set foot on the beach at Burlington, and took leave of the two boatmen, in whose little skiff I had voyaged since daylight from Peru. Not that we had come that morning from South America, but only from the New-York shore of lake Champlain. The highlands of the coast behind us stretched north and south, in a double range of bold, blue peaks, gazing over each other’s shoulders at the Green Mountains of Vermont. The latter are far the loftiest, and, from the opposite side of the lake, had displayed a more striking outline. We were now almost at their feet, and could see only a sandy beach, sweeping beneath a woody bank, around the semi-circular bay of Burlington. The painted light-house, on a small green island, the wharves and warehouses, with sloops and schooners moored alongside, or at anchor, or spreading their canvass to the wind, and boats rowing from point to point, reminded me of some fishing town on the sea-coast.

But I had no need of tasting the water to convince myself that lake Champlain was not an arm of the sea ; its quality was evident, both by its silvery surface, when unruffled, and a faint, but unpleasant and sickly smell, forever steaming up in the sunshine. One breeze from the Atlantic, with its briny fragrance, would be

worth more to these inland people than all the perfumes of Arabia. On closer inspection, the vessels at the wharves looked hardly sea-worthy — there being a great lack of tar about the seams and rigging, and perhaps other deficiencies, quite as much to the purpose. I observed not a single sailor in the port. There were men, indeed, in blue jackets and trowsers, but not of the true nautical fashion, such as dangle before slop-shops ; others wore tight pantaloons and coats preponderously long-tailed — cutting very queer figures at the mast-head ; and, in short, these freshwater fellows had about the same analogy to the real ‘ old salt,’ with his tarpaulin, pea-jacket and sailor-cloth trowsers, as a lake fish to a Newfoundland cod.

Nothing struck me more, in Burlington, than the great number of Irish emigrants. They have filled the British provinces to the brim, and still continue to ascend the St. Lawrence, in infinite tribes, overflowing by every outlet into the States. At Burlington, they swarm in huts and mean dwellings near the lake, lounge about the wharves, and elbow the native citizens entirely out of competition in their own line. Every species of mere bodily labor is the prerogative of these Irish. Such is their multitude, in comparison with any possible demand for their services, that it is difficult to conceive how a third part of them should earn even a daily glass of whiskey, which is doubtless their first necessary of life — daily bread being only the second. Some were angling in the lake, but had caught only a few perch, which little fishes, without a miracle, would be nothing among so many. A miracle there certainly must have been, and a daily one, for the subsistence of these wandering hordes. The men exhibit a lazy strength and careless merriment, as if they had fed well hitherto, and meant to feed better hereafter ; the women strode about, uncovered in the open air, with far plumper waists and brawnier limbs, as well as bolder faces, than our shy and slender females ; and their progeny, which was innumerable, had the reddest and the roundest cheeks of any children in America.

While we stood at the wharf, the bell of a steamboat gave two preliminary peals, and she dashed away for Plattsburgh, leaving a trail of smoky breath behind, and breaking the glassy surface of the lake before her. Our next movement brought us into a handsome and busy square, the sides of which were filled up with white houses, brick stores, a church, a court-house, and a bank. Some of these edifices had roofs of tin, in the fashion of Montreal, and glittered in the sun with cheerful splendor, imparting a lively effect to the whole square. One brick building, designated in large letters as the custom-house, reminded us that this inland village is a port of entry, largely concerned in foreign trade, and holding daily intercourse with the British empire. In this border country, the Canadian bank-notes circulate as freely as our own,

and British and American coin are jumbled into the same pocket, the effigies of the king of England being made to kiss those of the goddess of liberty. Perhaps there was an emblem in the involuntary contact. There was a pleasant mixture of people in the square of Burlington, such as cannot be seen elsewhere, at one view : merchants from Montreal, British officers from the frontier garrisons, French Canadians, wandering Irish, Scotchmen of a better class, gentlemen of the south on a pleasure-tour, country 'squires on business ; and a great throng of Green Mountain boys, with their horse-wagons and ox-teams, true Yankees in aspect, and looking more superlatively so, by contrast with such a variety of foreigners.

## ROCHESTER.

The gray, but transparent evening, rather shaded than obscured the scene—leaving its stronger features visible, and even improved, by the medium through which I beheld them. The volume of water is not very great, nor the roar deep enough to be termed grand, though such praise might have been appropriate before the good people of Rochester had abstracted a part of the unprofitable sublimity of the cascade. The Genessee has contributed so bountifully to their canals and mill-dams, that it approaches the precipice with diminished pomp, and rushes over it in foamy streams of various width, leaving a broad face of the rock insulated and unwashed, between the two main branches of the falling river. Still it was an impressive sight, to one who had not seen Niagara. I confess, however, that my chief interest arose from a legend, connected with these falls, which will become poetical in the lapse of years, and was already so to me, as I pictured the catastrophe out of dusk and solitude. It was from a platform, raised over the naked island of the cliff, in the middle of the cataract, that Sam Patch took his last leap, and alighted in the other world. Strange as it may appear—that any uncertainty should rest upon his fate, which was consummated in the sight of thousands—many will tell you that the illustrious Patch concealed himself in a cave under the falls, and has continued to enjoy posthumous renown, without foregoing the comforts of this present life. But the poor fellow prized the shout of the multitude too much not to have claimed it at the instant, had he survived. He will not be seen again, unless his ghost, in such a twilight as when I was there, should emerge from the foam, and vanish among the shadows that fall from cliff to cliff. How stern a moral may be drawn from the story of poor Sam Patch ! Why do we call him a madman or a fool, when he has left his memory around the falls of the Genessee, more permanently than if the letters of his name had been hewn into the forehead of the precipice ? Was the

leaper of cataracts more mad or foolish than other men who throw away life, or misspend it in pursuit of empty fame, and seldom so triumphantly as he? That which he won is as invaluable as any, except the unsought glory, spreading, like the rich perfume of richer fruit, from virtuous and useful deeds.

Thus musing, wise in theory, but practically as great a fool as Sam, I lifted my eyes and beheld the spires, warehouses, and dwellings of Rochester, half a mile distant on both sides of the river, indistinctly cheerful, with the twinkling of many lights amid the fall of evening. \* \* \* \*

The town had sprung up like a mushroom, but no presage of decay could be drawn from its hasty growth. Its edifices are of dusky brick, and of stone that will not be grayer in a hundred years than now; its churches are Gothic; it is impossible to look at its worn pavements, and conceive how lately the forest-leaves have been swept away. The most ancient town in Massachusetts appears quite like an affair of yesterday, compared with Rochester. Its attributes of youth are the activity and eager life with which it is redundant. The whole street, sidewalks and centre, was crowded with pedestrians, horsemen, stage-coaches, gigs, light wagons, and heavy ox-teams, all hurrying, trotting, rattling, and rumbling, in a throng that passed continually, but never passed away. Here, a country wife was selecting a churn, from several gaily-painted ones on the sunny sidewalk; there, a farmer was bartering his produce; and, in two or three places, a crowd of people were showering bids on a vociferous auctioneer. I saw a great wagon and an ox-chain knocked off to a very pretty woman. Numerous were the lottery-offices — those true temples of Mammon — where red and yellow bills offered splendid fortunes to the world at large, and banners of painted cloth gave notice that the 'lottery draws next Wednesday.' At the ringing of a bell, judges, jurymen, lawyers, and clients, elbowed each other to the court-house, to busy themselves with cases that would doubtless illustrate the state of society, had I the means of reporting them. The number of public houses benefitted the flow of temporary population; some were farmers' taverns — cheap, homely, and comfortable; others were magnificent hotels, with negro waiters, gentlemanly landlords in black broadcloth, and foppish bar-keepers in Broadway coats, with chased gold watches in their waistcoat pockets. I caught one of these fellows quizzing me through an eye-glass. The porters were lumbering up the steps with baggage from the packet-boats, while waiters plied the brush on dusty travelers, who, meanwhile, glanced over the innumerable advertisements in the daily papers.

In short, everybody seemed to be there, and all had something to do, and were doing it with all their might, except a party of drunken recruits for the western military posts, principally Irish

and Scotch, though they wore uncle Sam's gray jacket and trousers. I noticed one other idle man. He carried a rifle on his shoulder and a powder-horn across his breast, and appeared to stare about him with confused wonder, as if, while he was listening to the wind among the forest boughs, the hum and bustle of an instantaneous city had surrounded him. \* \* \*

#### AN AFTERNOON SCENE.

There had not been a more delicious afternoon than this, in all the train of summer — the air being a sunny perfume, made up of balm and warmth and gentle brightness. The oak and walnut trees, over my head, retained their deep masses of foliage, and the grass, though for months the pasturage of stray cattle, had been revived with the freshness of early June, by the autumnal rains of the preceding week. The garb of Autumn indeed resembled that of Spring. Dandelions and buttercups were sprinkled along the roadside, like drops of brightest gold in greenest grass; and a star-shaped little flower, with a golden centre. In a rocky spot, and rooted under the stone-wall, there was one wild rose-bush, bearing three roses, very faintly tinted, but blessed with a spicy fragrance. The same tokens would have announced that the year was brightening into the glow of summer. There were violets, too, though few and pale ones. But the breath of September was diffused through the mild air, whenever a little breeze shook out the latent coolness.

#### A NIGHT SCENE.

The steamboat in which I was passenger for Detroit, had put into the mouth of a small river, where the greater part of the night would be spent in repairing some damages of the machinery. As the evening was warm, though cloudy and very dark, I stood on deck, watching a scene that would not have attracted a second glance in the day-time, but became picturesque by the magic of strong light and deep shade. Some wild Irishmen were replenishing our stock of wood, and had kindled a great fire on the bank, to illuminate their labors. It was composed of large logs and dry brushwood, heaped together with careless profusion, blazing fiercely, spouting showers of sparks into the darkness, and gleaming wide over lake Erie — a beacon for perplexed voyagers, leagues from land. All around and above the furnace, there was total obscurity. No trees, or other objects, caught and reflected any portion of the brightness, which thus wasted itself in the immense void of night, as if it quivered from the expiring embers of the world, after the final conflagration. But the Irishmen were continually emerging from the dense gloom, passing through the lurid glow, and vanishing into the gloom on the other

side. Sometimes a whole figure would be made visible, by the shirt-sleeves and light-colored dress ; others were but half seen, like imperfect creatures ; many flitted, shadow-like, along the skirts of darkness, tempting fancy to a vain pursuit ; and often, a face alone was reddened by the fire, and stared strangely distinct, with no traces of a body. In short, these wild Irish, distorted and exaggerated by the blaze, now lost in deep shadow, now bursting into sudden splendor, and now struggling between light and darkness, formed a picture which might have been transferred, almost unaltered, to a tale of the supernatural. As they all carried lanterns of wood, and often flung sticks upon the fire, the least imaginative spectator would at once compare them to devils, condemned to keep alive the flame of their own torment.

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#### THE SEA-BREEZE AT MATANZAS.

After a night of languor without rest,  
Striving to sleep, yet wishing morn might come —  
By the pent, scorching atmosphere oppress ;  
Impatient of the vile mosquito's hum —  
With what reviving freshness from the sea,  
Its airy plumage, burnished with the spray,  
Comes the strong day-breeze, rushing joyously  
Into the bright arms of th' encircling bay !  
It tempers the keen ardor of the sun ;  
The drooping frame with life renewed it fills ;  
It lashes the green waters as they run ;  
It sways the graceful palm-tree on the hills !  
It breathes of ocean-solitudes and caves,  
Luminous, vast and cool, far down beneath the waves.



## AN EXECUTION IN SPAIN.\*

AFTER having described the bull-fights, I see no other way of following the admirable rule of the puppet-show — 'from the strong to the stronger' — than by giving you the history of an execution. I have just seen one, and, if you have the courage to listen, will describe it to you.

I will first explain to you how it happened that I became the witness of such a scene. In a strange country, one is expected to see everything; and we are always afraid of losing, in a moment of weariness or ennui, some peculiar national traits. As the history of the criminal had interested me, I was desirous of seeing him, and was finally induced to try an experiment on my nerves.

You shall have the story of my hanged gentleman; (I forgot to inquire his name.) He was a native of the environs of Valencia, esteemed and feared for his bold and enterprising character. In his village, he was the cock of the walk. No one danced better, threw a quoit farther, or knew more old romances. He was not quarrelsome, but it was well known that but little was necessary to provoke him. If he attended travelers, with his carbine slung over his shoulders, no robber would dare to attack them, had their valises been filled with doubloons. It was really a pleasure to see the youth, in his vest of velvet, strutting through the roads with such an air of superiority. In a word, he was a *majo*, in all the expressiveness of that term. A *majo* is, at the same time, a dandy of the lower class, and exceedingly nice on the point of honor.

The Valencians have a proverb against the Valencians, and a proverb, in my opinion, of utter falsity. It is as follows: 'At Valencia, the food is of grass; the grass of water. The men are women, and women — nothing.' My word for it, the cookery of Valencia is excellent, and the women exceedingly pretty — fairer than in almost any other kingdom of Spain. You will see what sort of men they have there.

A bull-fight was given. Our *majo* wished to see it, but he had not a rial in his purse. He counted on the kindness of a volunteer royalist — a friend of his, on guard that day — for admittance. He reckoned without his host. The volunteer was inflexible. The *majo* insists — the volunteer is obstinate; and high words are given on both sides. To be brief, the volunteer repulses him rudely, with a punch in his stomach from the butt-

\* From the French of Prosper Mérimée, author of 'A Bull-Fight at Madrid,' translated in our October number.

end of his musket. The majo withdrew ; but the bystanders — who observed the paleness which overspread his features, his clenched fists, expanded nostrils, and the expression of his eyes — anticipated some speedy and severe revenge.

Fifteen days afterwards, the brutal volunteer was sent with a detachment in pursuit of some smugglers. He slept in a solitary inn. At night, a voice was heard calling the volunteer. ‘Open, it is a messenger from your wife.’ The volunteer comes down, half dressed. Hardly had he opened the door, when the discharge of a blunderbuss lodged a dozen bullets in his breast. The murderer disappeared. Who was he ? No one could imagine. It was certainly not the majo who killed him, for he found a dozen religious women and good loyalists, who would kiss their thumb and swear by the name of their saint, that they had seen the aforesaid gentleman, each one in her own village, at precisely the hour and minute when the crime was committed.

And the majo appeared in public, with the open front and serene air of a man who had relieved himself of an irksome duty. It is thus at Paris, that an individual shows himself at Tortoni’s, on the evening of a duel, in which he has run some impertinent fellow through the arm. Observe in passing, that assassination is here the duel of the lower orders — a duel much more serious than with us, since it is usually followed by two deaths ; whilst in good society, people are better satisfied with scratching than killing.

Everything went on swimmingly, till an over-zealous alguazil — either because he was newly appointed to office, or because he was in love with a woman who preferred the majo to himself — intimated a disposition to arrest this amiable individual. While he confined himself to menaces, his rival only laughed ; but when he undertook to seize him by the collar, *he made him swallow a neat’s tongue*. It is an expression they have for a blow with a knife. Did the law of self-defence permit him thus to vacate the office of an alguazil ?

The alguazils are much respected in Spain, almost as much as the constables in England. Misusing one of them is a hanging matter. So the majo was apprehended, thrown into prison, judged, and, after a very long process, condemned — for the forms of justice are even more tardy here than among us.

With a little good-nature and benevolence, you will readily admit that this man did not merit his fate ; that he was the victim of a sad fatality ; and that, without overloading their consciences, the judges could have restored him to the society of which, as the lawyers say, ‘he was so distinguished an ornament.’ But the judges were unmoved by any of these elevated and poetical considerations ; they unanimously condemned him to death.

One evening, passing by chance through the market-place, I observed a number of workmen engaged by torch-light in raising the rafters of a gallows. A guard of soldiers around them repelled the approach of the inquisitive. The reason of this precaution is as follows. The gallows is raised by *corvée*; and the workmen put in requisition cannot refuse the service, under the penalty of a condemnation for rebellion. By way of compensation, the authorities provide that they discharge their task — which public opinion considers a disgraceful one — in secret. On this account, they work only at night, surrounded by a guard of soldiers, who keep off the crowd and prevent the workmen from being recognized. So they avoid the epithet of ‘gallows-builders,’ on the morrow.

At Valencia, there is an old Gothic tower, which answers the purposes of a prison. Its architecture is rather pretty, particularly in the front which faces the river. It is situated at an extremity of the city, and serves as a gate. They call it the ‘Gate of the Mountaineers.’ From its platform, you can trace the course of the Guadalaviar, the five bridges which cross it, the promenades of Valencia, and the smiling country which surrounds it. It is but a sad pleasure to look upon green fields, when one is shut within four walls; but still it is a pleasure — and the prisoner must needs thank the jailer, who permits him to ascend the platform. For the prisoner, the smallest pleasure has its value.

It was from this prison that the condemned was to deliver himself, to cross the most populous streets of the city, mounted on an ass, to the market-place, where he was to quit the world.

I found myself at an early hour before the ‘Gate of the Mountaineers,’ with one of my Spanish friends, who was kind enough to accompany me. I expected to find a considerable crowd collected in the morning, but was deceived. The artisans were quietly occupied in their workshops; the peasants left the city after they had sold their vegetables; nothing indicated that any unusual scene was to be exhibited, except a dozen of dragoons ranged before the gate of the city. The little curiosity displayed by the Valencians to witness executions, ought not to be attributed, I think, to any excess of sensibility. I know not if I ought to think, with my guide, that they have been so *blasés* with such exhibitions as to have lost all taste for them. Perhaps this indifference may arise from the laborious habits of the people of Valencia. Love of labor and gain distinguishes them, not merely among the people of Spain, but even among those of all Europe.

At eleven o’clock the gate of the prison is opened, and a numerous procession of Franciscans makes its appearance. It was preceded by a large crucifix borne by a penitent, escorted by two Acolytes, each one of whom carried a lantern fixed at the end of

a long wand. The crucifix, of full size, was of pasteboard, painted with great skill. The Spaniards, who labor to make religion terrible, excel in representing the wounds, the contusions, the marks of the tortures endured by their martyrs. On this crucifix, intended to figure at an execution, they had been very liberal of blood, gore, and livid tumors. It was the most hideous piece of anatomy that can be imagined. The bearer of this horrible figure stopped before the gate. The soldiers were drawn near together; about a hundred spectators were grouped at a short distance behind, near enough to lose nothing of what was said and done, when the condemned appeared, accompanied by his confessor.

I shall never forget the figure of this man. He was very tall and very spare, and seemed to be about thirty years of age. His forehead was high, his hair thin, black as jet, and straight as the bristles of a brush. His eyes, large but sunken, shone like coals. He was barefoot, dressed in a long black robe, on which was painted a blue and red cross, just over the heart. It is the emblem of the brotherhood of the dying. The collar of his shirt, gathered in plaits, fell over his shoulders and his breast. A whitish cord, which was distinctly marked on the black stuff of his robe, was twisted many times about his body, and by complicated knots bound his arms and hands in the attitude of prayer. Between his hands he held a small crucifix, and an image of the Virgin. His confessor was short, fat, full-blooded, with the air of a good man, but of a man long accustomed to this kind of business. Behind the condemned, was a man, pale, feeble and slender, of a mild and timid countenance. He wore a brown vest, with black breeches and stockings. I should have taken him for a notary, or an alguazil in negligé, if he had not worn on his head a broad-brimmed gray hat, such as the picadors wear at the bull-fights. At the sight of the crucifix, he doffed his hat with reverence, and I then observed a little ivory scale fixed on it like a cockade. He was the executioner.

In putting his head from the gate, the condemned, who had been obliged to bend to pass under the postern, raised himself with great hauteur, opened his eyes wide, cast a rapid glance about the crowd, and sighed profoundly. It seemed to me that he inhaled the air with pleasure, as if he had been for a long time pent up in a narrow and stifling cell. His expression was strange. There was not one of fear, but of inquietude. He seemed resigned. There was no disdain nor affectation of courage. I can only say that in a similar situation, I should not desire to make a better appearance.

The confessor told him to kneel before the crucifix; he obeyed and kissed the feet of this hideous image. At this moment, all the assistants were affected, and preserved a profound silence. The confessor, perceiving it, raised his hands to disengage him-

self from his long sleeves, which would have embarrassed him in his oratorical movements, and commenced the delivery of a discourse — which had probably served him more than once — in a strong and emphatic voice, rendered monotonous by the regular repetition of the same intonations. He pronounced each word distinctly ; his accent was pure, and he expressed himself in good Castilian, which the condemned, perhaps, very imperfectly understood. He commenced every sentence in a shrill tone of voice, and raised it to a falsetto, but ended uniformly in a grave, low tone.

In substance, he said to the condemned — whom he called his brother — ‘ You have richly deserved death ; you have even been treated with indulgence, in having been condemned only to the gallows, for your crimes are enormous.’ Here he introduced a word on the murders committed, but expatiated at large on the irreligion in which he had passed his youth, and which had urged him to his destruction. Then, becoming more animated by degrees — ‘ But what is the justly merited punishment which you endure, compared with the unequaled sufferings which your divine Saviour has endured for you ? Look at this blood, these wounds,’ &c. Then followed a long detail of the sorrows of the Passion, described with all the exaggeration which so well suits the Spanish language, and illustrated by means of the vile image, of which I have spoken. The peroration was better than the exordium. He said, but too diffusely, that the mercy of God was infinite, and that a true repentance would disarm his just indignation.

The condemned raised himself, looked at the priest with a fierce expression, and exclaimed — ‘ Father, it was enough to tell me that I should go to glory ; let us march on.’

The confessor returned to the prison, very well satisfied with his discourse. Two Franciscans took his place by the side of the condemned, and were not to leave him till the last moment.

They then extended him on a mat, which the hangman drew a little towards him, but without violence, and as if by a tacit understanding between the sufferer and executioner. It is a mere ceremony, with the view of appearing to execute to the letter the sentence — ‘ Hanged, having been dragged on a hurdle.’

This done, the unhappy man was mounted on an ass, which the hangman led by the halter. By their side, marched the two Franciscans, preceded by two long files of monks, of that order, and by members of the brotherhood of *Desamparados*. The banners and crosses were not forgotten. Behind the ass came a notary and two alguazils, in black habits, breeches and stockings, a sword by their sides, and mounted on very sorry nags very badly harnessed. A picquet of cavalry brought up the rear. Whilst the procession was advancing very slowly, the monks

chanted the litany in hollow voices, and men in cloaks went about the train in attendance, extending silver plates to the spectators and asking alms for the unfortunate wretch. This money is expended in masses for the repose of his soul ; and to a good Catholic, on the point of being hung, it must have been a great consolation to see the plates so rapidly filling with coppers. Everybody gave something. Wicked as I was, I gave my offering with a sentiment of respect.

In truth, I love these Catholic ceremonies, and wish I could believe in them. On such an occasion, they have the advantage of striking the multitude infinitely more than our hangman's cart, our gens d'armes, and that vile and miserable retinue that, in France, attends public executions. Besides—and it is for this that I like these processions and this display of crosses—they contribute much to soothe the last moments of the condemned. This mournful pomp flatters that vanity which is the last sentiment to die within us. Then the monks, whom he has revered from his infancy, and who pray for him, the songs, the voices of men in quest of the means to say masses for his soul—all this confuses, distracts, and prevents him from reflecting on the lot which awaits him. If he turn his head to the right, the Franciscan on that side discourses to him of the infinite mercy of God ; to the left, another Franciscan is all ready to descant on the powerful intercession of the most worshipful St. Francis. He is borne to his punishment, like a coward between two officers, who watch and encourage him. He has not a moment of rest, says the philosopher. So much the better. The perpetual excitement in which he is kept, saves him from the company of his own thoughts, which would only torment him.

I have now learned why the monks, and especially those of the mendicant orders, exercise so much influence over the lower classes. They are the support and consolation of these people, from their cradle to their grave. What a horrible task, for example, must this be—to converse for three days with a man who is to suffer death ! I believe if I should have the misfortune to be hung, I should not be sorry to have two Franciscans to entertain me. The route which the procession followed, was very winding, in order that it might pass through the principal streets. I took, with my guide, a more direct road, that I might once more intercept the path of the condemned. I observed that, in the period which had elapsed between leaving the prison and his arrival in the street where I again saw him, his form had been considerably bent. He became gradually feeble ; his head fell upon his breast, as if it were sustained only by the skin of his neck. He gazed fixedly on the image clasped in his hands ; and if he turned his eyes, it was only to fasten them on the two Franciscans, whom he listened to with apparent interest.

I would willingly at that time have retired ; but they urged me to enter the great square, and make my way to the shop of a tradesman, where I could either witness the execution from the height of a balcony, or withdraw from the spectacle to an inner apartment. I accordingly went.

The square was far from being full. The stalls of the fruit and vegetable sellers were not disturbed. You could make your way about with no difficulty. The gallows, surmounted with the arms of Arragon, was placed in front of an elegant Moorish edifice—the ‘Silk Exchange.’ The market-place is long ; the houses which surround it are small, though high ; and every row of windows has its iron balcony. From a distance, they resemble large cages. Many of these balconies were empty.

On that where I took my post, I found two young ladies, sixteen or eighteen years old, comfortably seated on chairs, and waiting for the ceremony with the easiest air in the world. Both were very pretty ; and from their neat robes of black silk, their satin slippers and mantillas bordered with lace, I inferred that they were the daughters of some wealthy commoner. I was confirmed in this opinion, because, though they conversed together in the Valencia dialect, they understood and spoke Spanish with accuracy.

In a corner of the market-place, stood a little chapel. This chapel and the gallows, which was not far distant, had been enclosed in a great square, formed by volunteer royalists and troops of the line.

The soldiers having opened their ranks to receive the procession, the condemned was taken from the ass and led to the altar I have just mentioned. The monks surrounded him ; he was upon his knees, and often kissed the steps of the altar. I know not what they said to him. Meanwhile, the hangman examined his cord and his ladder ; this done, he approached the still prostrate sufferer, put his hand on his shoulders, and exclaimed, after the usual custom, ‘Brother, it is time.’

All the monks, with a single exception, had left him, and the hangman, as it seemed, had been put in possession of his victim.

In conducting him towards the ladder, (or rather the steps of plank) he took pains, by holding before his eyes the large hat which he carried, to shut out a view of the scaffold ; but the condemned seemed to try to push aside the hat, in order to show that he possessed the courage to look upon the instrument of his punishment.

It was noon when the hangman mounted the fatal steps, drawing after him the condemned, who ascended with difficulty, because walking backwards. The flight of steps is broad, and has a balustrade only on one side. The monk was on the side of the balustrade ; the executioner and the condemned ascended

the other. The monk talked incessantly, with a multitude of gestures. Having reached the top of the stairs, whilst the executioner was adjusting the cord of the sufferer with great alacrity, they told me that the monk made him repeat the Creed. Then raising his voice, he exclaimed, 'My brothers, join your prayers to those of this miserable sinner.' I heard a sweet voice whisper, by my side, with emotion, '*Amen!*' I turned my head, and saw one of my pretty Valencia girls, whose cheeks were a little flushed, and who was industriously plying her fan. She was gazing intently towards the gallows. I turned my eyes in the same direction; the monk was descending the steps, and the condemned was suspended in the air — the hangman upon his shoulders, and his assistant pulling by the feet.

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## HAILING A PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR.\*

A SAIL! — heave to, small commodore,  
And put thy helm a-lee  
That nearer, from our deck, we may  
Thy fairy frigate see.  
Ay, thou hast shortened sail — we trace  
Thy crimson hull's bright glow,  
And lifted sail upon the wave,  
Reflected fair below.

From whence? how bound? at what port touched?  
And how long out at sea?  
A far-famed man-of-war — we know  
No freight is borne by thee.  
A tiny shout comes o'er the waves —  
A small voice answers — hark!  
'Tis from the Portuguese, who keeps  
Still in our lee his bark.

\* \* \* \*

'I'm seen when, to the golden day,  
The breaking billows shine;  
And lift and scatter far away

\* The Nautilus.



*Hailing a Portuguese Man-of-War.*

The light winds, in their mirth, the spray :  
 From what port would'st thou know, or bay ?  
 Throw o'er the deep-sea line.

Ay, heave the lead ; but that deep shore  
 Hath plummet never found,  
 Or reached the ocean's garnished floor,  
 With pearl-shells strewn and lost gems o'er,  
 From whence my pinnace upward bore,  
 For no fair haven bound.

I bear away for no green isle,  
 With beach of sparkling sand ;  
 Nor anchor cast, nor moor awhile  
 My good sea-boat where far shores smile ;  
 Nor veer ship, where stern cliffs up-pile  
 The tempest-beaten strand.

But, where the blue seas widest sweep,  
 And silvery waves dance by,  
 That, to their viewless cymbals, keep  
 Wild jubilee along the deep,  
 Where bright unshaded sunbeams sleep —  
 There I my light oars ply.

The watchful stars speak not to me  
 Of error in my way,  
 That whisper, from their waveless sea,  
 Of true course lost, or wreck to be,  
 And counsel proffer, kind and free,  
 To pilot far astray.

Perchance, as unseaworthy by,  
 When her long cruise is o'er,  
 Idly thy gallant ship may lie ;  
 Yet, o'er the surf, my small sail fly,  
 Still viewed by that all-glorious Eye,  
 Surveying sea and shore.

A bauble ship — yet skill divine  
 Fair fashioned it for me ;  
 As air-bell light, along the brine,  
 It leaves no track afar, like thine ;  
 And would thy noble bark, like mine,  
 Could never fail at sea !

## REFLECTIONS ON THANKSGIVING EVE.

ALL New-England has this day united in celebrating the great and joyous feast of the Puritans, in offering up thanks to the Giver of all good. It was a beautiful idea, (it could not have been an accidental coincidence) to fix on the same day as the jubilee of grateful hearts throughout the whole land of the original pilgrims; and it is to be hoped that it will be so in years to come.

Surrounded by our friends — the richest blessing in our cup of joy — strong in health and rich in so many sources of happiness, it cannot be amiss to dwell upon the thought that all these blessings come from God, and loudly claim the gratitude of all his creatures. Thinking thus, upon the eve of this heartsome festival, I am led to analyze this sentiment of gratitude, to dwell upon its character and nature, its source and its object.

Gratitude is an emotion of delight, proceeding from a consciousness of obligation to another, prompting an acknowledgment of him as a benefactor. It is spontaneous and involuntary, the moment an obligation is perceived. Gratitude is a characteristic emotion. It is an instinct as innate as self-love. Convince me of being the object of another's favor; inspire me with a consciousness of having drawn benefit from his kindness — and my gratitude rises up and flows as irresistibly, as a tear from the eye.

But, if this emotion is felt as soon as consciousness is entertained of having received a favor, ingratitude never exists but in the forgetfulness of another's kindness. The remembrance of benefits enjoyed is the only basis of grateful emotion. Thanks, uttered without reflection, or memory of blessing, are solemn mockery. On this day, appointed for me to express my thankfulness, unless my memory retraces the particulars among the numerous proofs around me, of the supreme benevolence of my Maker, I may have the joyous feelings created by the recurrence of the customary festival — I may have a bland complacency in my upward look of cheerfulness; but there is, after all, no throb of real gratitude in my bosom.

If it be ingratitude not to preserve the consciousness of being an object of kindness, how few render thanks and are truly grateful! Two causes seem to me to destroy the sense of obligation. Ours are blessings of every day; therefore we esteem them our right. They are shared by many; and therefore they are common and cheap. What, then, have we to be grateful for? Now, could I take the most heartless substitutor of thanks for gratitude, and persuade him into the momentary fancy that he were the

single occupant of the globe, and then point him to primeval chaos, and to the Spirit of God breathing life into dust, and stamping it with a heavenly impress, kindling the affections, lighting up intelligence, infusing moral power, ever guarding it when helpless, sustaining its infirmities, providing its sustenances, pitying its errors, rescuing it from death, and opening to it a pathway to immortality, — I do not doubt that this solitary being would sink in lowliest adorations, and pour forth the full tide of overwhelming emotions, warm with gratitude and love ! The theme of Providence is only trite, because it is perpetual. We forget the bounty, because it has an unceasing flow. The very affluence and constant supply of gifts keep the bounteous Giver from the view. If He were to do only *once*, what He is constantly doing, the blessing — seen, acknowledged, estimated — would enkindle the incense of warmest gratitude. If life were inclining downward to nothingness, if it were rushing on to destruction, and the hand of God snatched it on the verge, the heart would spring to the lips, impatient for grateful utterance. But, now that the silver chain of a *never-failing* Providence is let down from Heaven, by which life is upheld over the abyss of nothingness, and vibrates, but never falls, — we are as unconscious of dependence as if we were self-raised into being by our own wisdom and care.

The proofs of an over-ruling Providence are hid in no secret cells. It is no gem from the heart of deep mines. It is no pearl from the profound caves of a fathomless sea. The eye cannot but fall on one of these proofs. Memory comes back loaded with treasured bounty. Hope, looking through life and death, sees only a perfect path to Heaven. There is food for gratitude in the meanest thing that gives me raiment, or sustenance, or pleasure, or satisfaction. Light ! Thanks for light ; for its gates were unbarred by the hands of God ! Darkness ! Thanks for its blessings ! The same beneficent hands draw the curtains of night around me, and lull me to gentle rest. Providence wakes in those silent watches, and keeps the tide of life flowing on within me while I sleep. My thoughts should rise in gratitude, for my rest has been hallowed ; my Father has been near, keeping watch and ward over me !

The most obvious of my blessings is *creation*. Existence is a gift of love, and it demands gratitude. Existence with animal sensations is a greater boon ; but greater still is that inspiration by which ‘man became a living soul.’ Man is God’s image. Man is intelligent, capable of elevated desires and of wide knowledge, — of affection and esteem, — able to know and worship his Creator. Elevated thus above the brute creation, shall I be more thankless than *its* creatures ? ‘The ox knoweth his owner,

and the ass his master's crib.' My limbs are fashioned with capacities to contribute to my comfort : should not this contemplation excite my gratitude ? I ask of the blind—what is the worth of sight ?—of the cripples in yonder hospital, if they count lightly the exercise of the limbs ? While thinking of the astonishing process constantly going on within my frame, necessary to my existence every moment, I cannot repress the feeling, that a miracle, wrought in its behalf, could hardly strike from a hard heart an ascription of grateful praise, sooner than this single thought.

Providential *preservation* deserves my thanks. Whose heart will not glow while recollecting the perils of infancy, whose weak complaints and cries were heard in Heaven ? Who is there, that wraps his clothes around him against the bleak and biting winter's frost, or thinks of the stone-cold hearth of poverty, and can prevent his grateful spirit from rising up to Heaven ? Health is breathed into our atmosphere by the same power that breathed the soul into our bodies. For our preservation, the year is crowned with plenty. The clouds distil their dews for us. For us, they fill their urns from the ocean, and ours are all the water-springs they enrich. And when the vallies, standing so thick with corn, are laughing and singing with natural gladness, it often occurs to my thoughts, that vegetation—without which the race of man would perish—is in itself an operation, for the preservation of my species, more wonderful than would be the pouring forth from Heaven of manna to supply our annual wants.

Yet, this exultation over full garners and fertile fields, is hardly the joy of gratitude. It is the exuberant delight of plenty—the reward of successful culture. Had his Creator proposed to Adam, in Paradise, to bring him his daily sustenance,—or, if he would bury a seed in the earth, He would cause it to rise up into a lofty tree, with branches loaded with fruit,—what a miracle would it have seemed ! It would have filled the soul of Adam with gratitude ! But so it is ; custom, and the alternations of the seasons, are too apt to impair our impressions of a present Deity.

I should be grateful for the constantly accumulating blessings of life : for liberty and law, peace and home, kind friends, partners in sorrow and joy ; for sorrow drooping to despair, making the heart better and soon yielding to reason, which brings it back to cheerfulness ; for disappointments, which have taught wisdom ; for trials, proving the strength of my trust in Providence ; and for losses, making death welcome and Heaven dear.

And yet, methinks, all these blessings are but vanity, compared with other claims upon my gratitude. The harvest is past ; the summer is ended ; and I am thankful. Have I nothing else to thank God for ?

The Scriptures, the privileges of Christian worship, the means

of intercommunion with the Author of my being, the hope of future bliss beyond the grave ; thinking on these things, fear and despair seem ingratitude, while the offspring of Hope is Gratitude. I reflect on the past — and the future seems brightly reflected upon it. Heaven has been my friend, — and therefore will I give thanks to Heaven !

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### VISIT TO THE HUNTING ISLANDS.

FROM THE MS. OF A SOUTHERN SCHOOLMASTER.

THERE is a string of islands, occupying the middle third of the coast between Charleston and Savannah, which, from the grand sport of which they are the scene, and because they are good for nothing else, are called the Hunting Islands. They are uninhabited, and overrun with deer ; and occasional parties of gentlemen are formed to go and spend a week there in hunting.

On Friday, the twenty-eighth of November, in pursuance of such a hunting expedition, I stepped from the recitation-room into the bounding boat, (what a change !) and away we went. Did you ever move to the dipping of a dozen oars, measuring their strokes to the wild cadence of the boat song ? We were ten, in three boats, with two dozen oarsmen — the distance about forty miles. We carried provisions for ten days — tents, beds ; in short, all things requisite for house-keeping ; besides warlike stores, and a pack of twelve fine hounds.

Away, through the winding channels of this island-world — now we passed the neat plantation, with its village of white huts and black tenants ; now we rounded the bare sand-island — the home of the sea-bird ; now we coasted the wide marshes, overgrown with gigantic grass, enlivened only by the hoarse voice of the crane, the shrill cry of the curlew, and the dissatisfied cackle of the marsh hen. Here, the porpoise tumbled his huge bulk about, with clouds of gulls hovering over to catch the fish that he drove to the surface ; there, the bank was covered with ten thousand *sheerwaters*, which arose with confused scream as we approached, and then swept, in their noiseless, beautiful flight, over the face of the water ; anon, we were started by the hurtling of innumerable ducks, which swept past us and over us, clouding the air.

We had every variety of incident. The channels, as I have said, were intricate. We got aground fifty times, and shook our

fists at the laughers in the more fortunate boat gliding quietly past us. Excellent jokes, too, were made on those occasions ; for misfortune is the parent of wit.

As we neared the hunting region, marks of human improvement grew scarce. The world began to look solitary, and the sun went down. Not a man in the company had been there for five years. The dim edge of the distinct island at last hove in sight ; but the tide swept up against us, and the rowers lingered on their oars from exhaustion ; they had not tasted food since early in the morning. We struggled slowly along, and the night came down, black and wild. The course of the boat became a blaze of phosphorescent light, and long flakes of silvery fire fell from the oars. The blackness around seemed a blank wall — only ourselves were visible by the glitter of the blazing water. We were lost, and wandered along with the stream, when, suddenly, we were aroused by the merry ringing of the hunting-horn. The boat ahead of us had found the landing. We swept on, where we saw a blazing torch, held out to guide us, and soon found our companions in all the confusion of disembarkation. The tossing of lights on the woody bank, the shouting of men, the heathenish jabber of negroes, the yelping of hounds, were all mingled, and we added our own voices to the general tumult. It was a vile landing, and the servants were obliged to carry us on their backs about fifty yards to firm ground. I mounted the shoulders of a great stout fellow, and he got almost half way, when, in the very worst of spots, he was bogged above the knees ! He lifted one leg — down went the other ; he changed sides — it was no better ; till, finally, he floundered down and came on all fours ; there he stuck, with fists and heels fast in the mud, and myself perched on his back. I had a gun and other precious articles in my hand. What a situation ! In the dead of night — expecting every moment to be tumbled neck-deep into the mud ; I looked around in dismay — mud on every side. In the agony of my heart, I quoted Morris Brown — ‘ Now this is what I call pleasant ! ’

‘ Bowse away ! ’ I roared, with the energy of a sea captain. ‘ Massa, I canna stir dis foot nor dat foot,’ groaned the poor fellow, at the same time making a tremendous flounder to prove the fact. I was satisfied, and shouted for aid. It came at last, and we were pulled out, without loss of time or baggage. I stood on the firm earth, and felt like a man again.

I walked to the place of encampment. It was an open spot, in the midst of a thick forest. They were pitching the tents. A huge heap of dry wood, mixed with pitch-pine, rolled up its pyramid of flame ; the stars were visible in a little circle above ; the tops of the crowded trees overhung us, and the branches, covered with moss, hanging to the very ground, formed a loose

curtain, half illuminated by the blaze. Forked sticks were driven into the ground, poles laid upon them, and the whole crowned with rough boards—behold our table! Matters had been so expedited, that we had a good supper before bed-time—that is, midnight. Oh! to eat, when one is genuinely hungry. It is the only consideration that would ever induce me to suffer partial starvation. We had only three chairs, reserved for the elder of the tribe; the rest of us ate standing. How limited are the necessities of life, when men are bent on being happy! We afterwards set up a marquee for a dining-room, and arrived at the luxury of sitting at meals on piled trunks and water casks.

‘What a beautiful spot!’ exclaimed Sir Lucius, folding his hands sentimentally across his coat-pockets, and eyeing the towering blaze, the white tents, the speck of visible sky, and the circuit wall of black forest, while his ear caught the low murmur of the skeleton foliage.

‘Very! very!’ said Mr. Lotus, with head and shoulders intruded through the long, narrow aperture of the sleeping tent, while his less intellectual half only seemed to linger outside to hear any further observation on the scenery.

So saying, we followed him to bed.

The next morning, betimes, we were up for the chase—breakfasted and planned the campaign. The horns sounded, the hounds yelled and leaped and frolicked, in exultation—and away we started. How my heart bounded! The island is seven miles long and three broad. Long ridges of sand run through it, separated by vallies filled with thickets of myrtle and palmetto and clusters of live oak. The deer harbor in the vallies, but when hard pressed, they cross the ridges at particular spots. Here the huntsmen take their stands, and shoot them as they dash across. It is but a glance, and requires quick, sure aim. The negroes go into the thickets with the dogs, knock about and shout till they start the game; soon the packs set up their regular and measured yell, and the sport begins.

I felt my inexperience sorely. So, as I stood alone at my station, I was taking aim at every object about me to get my hand and eye used to it, when the yell of the hounds broke, clear, fierce and wild, not far distant. I started, cocked my gun, and bent towards the thicket. My eye glanced, quick and keen, from side to side. On, on it came, right towards me. I quaked with expectation. I thought I heard the distant bound, when it wheeled and away it went—and away swept the chase after it. I laid down my gun and drew a long breath. The sound grew more distant; I could just distinguish it from the hum of the forest—then it was lost. Most of the hunters were beyond me, in the direction of the dogs. I moved on slowly—I heard a distant shot—I walked fast—I became exhausted, and sat down—

when, another shot and another, in quick succession, I sprang up and ran ; I heard the horn calling off the hounds ; I ran faster — again ! — I ran faster ; I puffed and blew ; each minute seemed an age. I hallooed — it was answered ; I stopped and walked. I had passed all the hunters but one, and soon came up with him. He was bending over a fine, fat deer, that lay bleeding at his feet ; the hounds were, some crouching near him, others licking the wounds of their prey. The fine black eye of the sportsman brightened as I came up with him, and pointing with his finger, he simply said, ' There it is.'

' And did you fire all the guns ?'

' All. I shot first at a motion in the bushes ; then this deer crossed the ridge ; the second barrel snapped ; I re-loaded, and had just put on the last cap, when — brush ! back she came. You see the four shot in the loins ; that was my first shot. — The beast staggered, and I rushed under the thicket ; I sprang down the ridge, threw myself flat on my back, and fired the second between my feet ; she dropped ; you see the shot struck the top of the head.'

So speaking, the rest came up. The deer was mounted on the head of a negro. We sent it forward, by way of *avant courier*, and walked slowly after. It was a drizzly day, and we gave up the chase, save a little skirmishing on the way home, in which the dogs ran a deer directly over my first station. She was over before we came in sight. I sighed, but thanked fortune it was the first day. \* \* \* \*

The next day (Sunday) was only memorable for the eclipse. We marched across the island in a body, to witness it from the beach. The scene was one of simple grandeur. The wide ocean ; the island coast ; the solitary world on which we stood ; the wide, white beach, that bent gracefully to meet the gushing sea ; the few puffs of cloud, that lounged lazily in the bright sky, as if spectators of the coming wonder ; — these made the day of the eclipse one of those unaccountable tricks of time that a man wonders at, during the remainder of his life. The beach was much the finest I had ever seen ; it was at least a hundred yards wide, and continuing several miles, as hard and smooth as a floor. The eclipse was total, though there was a slight halo about the edge of the moon. We could see each other, but we looked like a party of ghosts. It was chilly ; the sea became the color of pale ink, and the sky assumed the hue of death. I noticed a flock of sand-birds ; as the world darkened, they seemed affrighted — and at the moment of greatest obscuration, all huddled together by the edge of the water. About a dozen stars were visible, and the darkness lasted about two and a half minutes. When it passed away, the sun poured a sheet of light over the edge of the moon, and it was mid-day again. The change was



electrical, and every man started involuntarily, and uttered an exclamation of surprise. It was a most impressive scene, and I shall not soon forget the eclipse at the Hunting Islands.

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On Monday, we changed our hunting ground. Another of the party and myself coasted the island and then penetrated the interior, but lost our direction and wandered about for four hours in the gloomiest dells and thickets, so dark that they might have been the passage-way to Erebus. We saw neither dogs nor deer; once, indeed, the chase came close to us, but the myrtles were as thick as pigeons in Ohio. We could not see an inch ahead, and even that poor space was armed with a briar taking deliberate aim at our faces. My poor friend ran foul one of these thorns and buried it to the hilt in the end of his nose. He had a long nose—a very long nose—and the blood dropped from it like water from the eaves; he roared, and took out his handkerchief to wipe the afflicted member, and losing that in the confusion, was obliged to use leaves. He kicked the bushes, in vexation, and tripped on a vine that brought him down, like a tree under the axe. We then began to think of resignation—talked a little philosophy, and scrambled out.

We had heard guns all around us, and the winding of horns. Four deer were brought into the camp this day, but I saw not one of them alive.

On Tuesday, we hunted the same ground, and killed but one. I had the same fortune as heretofore.

On Wednesday, we returned to the scene of Saturday's sport. 'Now, Fortune,' I said, 'sweet lady, be propitious! suffer me to kill one deer—only one!—and thy altars shall smoke for it.' We walked a couple of miles, and then took our stations, out of sight of each other, along the ridge. Determining not to miss an opportunity, I cocked both barrels of my gun, and stood listening. The full, animated cry of the hounds soon told me that the game was up; but, alas! it took another direction—became indistinct—and I was just resigning all hope, when a rush in the bushes made me start. It was a deer: in a moment my gun was at my eye—a glimpse, and I shot and missed him clear. He gave a bound and stopped full before me, looking round for his enemy. I fired the second barrel; he staggered—dropped his tail, and ran forward towards the next station. I could not stir; my head throbbed and my frame trembled. A shot! another! I ran breathlessly on. 'Have you got him?' 'Ay, ay!' was the cheering answer.

Now, he who first wounds the deer has him, by the laws of sport. I had won the deer—my *first* deer. I walked along leisurely, and enjoyed the glorious reflection.

The huntsmen collected at the sound of the horn. The same

young gentleman before mentioned as the hero of Saturday, laid his hand upon my shoulder, and expressed the warmest delight at my first success ; then dipping his finger in the wound, flowing fresh from the heart, he drew a cross of blood upon my forehead, saying — ‘ I dub thee, knight of the Hunting Islands.’ Still, I confess, the thought that I had not *killed* the animal, made me uneasy ; and when we again took our stations, I felt an increased anxiety to better my shot ; but that was not to be expected for the same day. So I murmured some choice fragments of philosophy, saw that my gun was quite ready for instant service, and lent my ear to the woods.

Never did I hear so magnificent a cry as burst from the pack almost the instant they were put in. The leaves seemed to shiver with the clear, multitudinous, and eager yell. Louder and clearer and more fierce it came down. I saw that the deer must pass by one or two before it came to me. Onward it sounded — and onward. Not a shot — strange ! It must have passed them ! ‘ So it shall not me !’ Whiz ! It was the deer, running for his life. From the thicket he could not see me till within fair shot ; and the instant I caught his glimpse, he caught mine. He doubled on his haunches, then threw himself directly over to go back — and all so quick, that I was not prepared for it. I aimed at his body, and broke both his hind legs. Away he scrambled, over a ridge within the one on which I stood. I ran after him, thinking to catch him — pooh ! he was out of sight by the time I had ascended the other ridge. Down came the hounds ! The cry was so splendid, that I paused to look at them. When they struck the blood, their whole appearance changed ; they looked like devils ; their eyes glared and shot forth living fire ; and all the passions of bedlam seemed to have found a tongue in their yells. I was spell-bound till they passed me, and then followed, with might and main. I was crazy ; kicked down bushes, knocked my head against trees, ran foul of vines, and finally stopped, from mere exhaustion. Suddenly the voice of the hounds ceased, and a wild, pitiful cry filled the whole forest. It was the deer. Again I ran — I flew — I found it, writhing and struggling, in the jaws of the whole pack ; some had it by the throat, others by the legs, and they were stretching it in mid-air. At the same time, the other sportsmen came in. The poor animal was raised and bled ; and then, simultaneously, half a dozen voices asked — ‘ Who shot ?’ ‘ I did.’ ‘ You !’ I would not have sold that moment for a plantation.

These were the only deer shot on Wednesday. The next day, also, two were brought in. But nothing happened to me, except that I was mistaken for a deer once or twice, and had some guns cocked at me, which occasioned a gentleman to re-

mark that I must be growing *buckish* — an observation which savors more of facetiousness than originality.

Such was our hunt. It was the pleasantest week that I ever passed. We brought in ten deer. Several more were mortally wounded, but got out of the way — some into the surf and others into the thickets. We returned to Beaufort without any accident, and in high spirits.

### THE MADMAN'S MOURNFUL MADRIGAL.

COME, gentlemen and ladies fair — come listen to my wo ;  
 I'll tell you all about my love — it happened long ago ;  
 'Twas in my youth's sweet spring-time, when passion-flowers start,  
 And rills of pure affections gush most warmly from the heart.

— But now that heart is broken — and the quiet waters there,  
 As from a fountain's shattered rim, have left their channels bare ;  
 And my song, that rose in gladness when I hymned it long ago,  
 Like murmurs of a cracked guitar, rings mournfully and low.

O, cruel, cruel Molly Bland — 'twas thou didst cause my smart ;  
 Thy scorn fell like a sledge-hammer — it fell and broke my heart ;  
 It came as comes a thunder-clap ; for, from that awful hour,  
 The milk of human kindness in my curdled breast turned sour.

I told my love one Sunday morn — I wrote it in a letter ;  
 How sweet she smiled, how red she blushed, the next time that I met her :  
 Alas ! her color and her vows were both as false as fair ;  
 And there was lightning in her eye — pomatum on her hair.

I told my passion to the winds — I hymned it to the sea, —  
 And everything but Molly Bland did sympathise with me ;  
 I sighed it to the clouded skies — they wept a shower of rain, —  
 I told it to the village bells — they tolled it back again.

I cut her name on every tree about my father's park,  
 And now there's not a sapling left — they died for want of bark ;  
 They say there's not an echo there for many miles about, —  
 I cried her name so very much I wore the echoes out.

O, cruel, cruel Molly Bland, how could you use me so !  
 Your pride has cut my heart in twain, and doubled all my wo ;  
 For, once I was a single man — a single, sorrowing elf —  
 But now, alas ! there's two of me — for I'm beside myself.

ELAN.

## A PLEA FOR THE LABORING CLASSES.

It now seems to be pretty well settled, that the preservation of the institutions of this country depends mainly upon the more universal and better education of what are called the laboring classes ; that this rapidly increasing population must constitute no inconsiderable portion of the understanding, as well as the bone and sinew of the republic. The general right of suffrage placing the power of government within their reach, whatever may be their qualifications or increase, it certainly behoves us to inquire, whether they shall be swayed, to a great extent, by men practiced in all the arts of political deception, or whether they shall be so far enlightened as to understand the principles of the government under which they live, and be able to act wisely for themselves in all their political relations.

Is it not high time that all who are interested in perpetuating our institutions, should be awake on this subject ? It matters little what political party has the ascendancy ; it is a plain case, that if the great body of our people are not capable of acting the part of free citizens, the government, under whatever form it may be administered, cannot long be maintained. Now it seems to us, that, having found the *root* of most of the evils our nation has to encounter — namely, popular ignorance — the efforts of every friend of the country ought to be directed towards the annihilation of this great enemy of moral and political freedom. If this be not done, and more wholesome laws be not enacted, relative to the naturalization upon our shores of the degraded of all nations, we may bid farewell to the noble institutions reared through the blood of our fathers.

There has been considerable agitation among the laboring classes, in various parts of the country, in relation to the improvement of their condition. However we may view some of the courses they have adopted, the calls of these men for the discussion of their situation, appear to us to demand much more consideration than they have received. Supposing them to be incorrect in some of their principles and conduct, when we remember the fact that a large portion of them have not been sufficiently educated to know how to pursue the best course for their elevation, we shall find reason to exercise charity towards their failings — and, so far from suffering our interest in their welfare to be diminished, it is our duty — the situation of the country presses us — to examine their condition — physical, moral, and intellectual — and to do everything in our power that will tend to their improvement. Comparatively little, perhaps, can be done for the ignorant who are somewhat advanced in life ; but there is

ample opportunity to benefit those who are soon to occupy their places, and whose moral and intellectual elevation constitute the future hope of the country.

The consideration of this subject has led us to the opinion that what is called the 'ten-hour system' of labor, which has been agitated somewhat in this city—although its adoption here is looked upon by many as at least uncalled for, if not fraught with many evils—is, on the whole, highly necessary to the extensive improvement of the laboring population, and calculated, through them, to promote the good of the community at large. It has been carried into effect to a considerable extent in New-York and Philadelphia; and we cannot but believe, that when the liberal-minded men of New-England, who are now opposed to the system, shall have examined the subject in all its bearings, they will be convinced, not only of its justice and general advantages, but of the necessity of its adoption, as one of the first steps towards fitting a large class to act the important part of republican citizens—notwithstanding many individuals have surmounted the difficulty of excessive labor, among other obstacles which ought not to have been in their way. We think the decision of most physicians would accord with the opinion of others who are well acquainted with the subject, that the physical constitution, generally speaking, will not bear more than ten hours' labor a day without injury, except in cases where persons are uncommonly robust. But, be this as it may, comparatively few men can be found who possess disposition or energy, after laboring more than this number of hours, either to engage in their own intellectual improvement, or, if heads of families, to go through their domestic duties in a proper manner—especially as relates to the management and education of their children. They must have time—and their physical powers must not be exhausted. The only plausible objection to this system—that the leisure thereby obtained may not be properly improved—appears to us to have no solid foundation. Without asking what reason there is for affirming that the majority of the laboring class are not as likely to employ their leisure profitably as the same portion of any other order of society, how does the objection stand, in itself considered? What is the argument? It amounts simply to this,—that men ought not to have opportunity for improvement, because they may not improve the opportunity. This principle, carried out, would of course abolish the day set apart for moral and religious improvement, together with all similar privileges with which society is favored.

There may be employments which require more labor at one season than at another, and which afford considerable time for mental and moral culture; but there is no difficulty in adapting the system of labor under discussion to all cases of emergency in

business ; and whenever no grievance is felt on the score of time, it is contrary to the principles of the system to require any change.

It is objected to republican institutions, by the best writers of the monarchical school, that a popular community, by reason of its vocations requiring nearly all its time and attention, can never be fitted to take government into its own hands. What part of this proposition can be reasonably objected to, except that it is not a fact that the occupations of the laboring classes *necessarily* require so much time as they command through the present general system of labor ? It appears to us there is little difficulty in proving that all who are opposed to giving these classes opportunity for moral and intellectual improvement, and all laborers themselves who do not believe in the necessity of such improvement, belong to the purest order of monarchists, in principle, however much republicanism they may think themselves to possess.

We are also of the firm conviction, that while the laboring population are obliged to toil, upon the average, from eleven to fifteen hours a day, it is not only impossible for them, as a body, properly to perform their moral, religious, and political duties, but that they cannot, so far as they are concerned in the arts, pursue those studies which are indispensable to their becoming finished scientific workmen. We are aware of the general belief, that the study of the sciences is not necessary with the mass who are engaged in the various active pursuits. But this narrow view is fast going out of date. The intimate connection between the arts and sciences, is beginning to be more extensively acknowledged. The progress of *steam*, if nothing else, will, ere long, convince the most incredulous, that the great mass of mankind were made for something beside mere machines. The sciences of law and medicine are no more closely connected with the practice of the lawyer and the physician, than mechanical and agricultural science with the business of the mechanic and the farmer ; and in this respect, therefore, as well as in others, the business professions deserve a no less honorable rank than the learned. The same may be said of other sciences — as, for instance, of Political Economy, in its application to mercantile affairs, although a knowledge of it is not generally thought indispensable to becoming a finished merchant. This connection between science and art affords, to our mind, one of the strongest arguments in favor of republican institutions ; from the fact, that where it is well understood, and opportunity for study is allowed, it induces a mental discipline eminently calculated to fit the community at large properly to appreciate and sustain them. But there must be considerable modification of the present system of labor, before the most extensive benefits of this connection will be realized.

Holding these views, we were somewhat surprised at the rejection of the recent petition to our city government for a meeting to consider the ten-hour system of labor, so far as it related to persons employed on the public works. We believed a full discussion of the subject the best way of disposing of it, and of preventing the 'turn-out' principle from being carried into execution; and did not then doubt but the petition would be granted. We now think, however, that the main objection, either to the discussion or adoption of the system, is founded on a wrong view of what is proposed by it; which, perhaps, is to be expected, as this, together with the whole subject of the rights of laborers, has never been matter of very general interest. It is true, the laboring classes have not been entirely free from blame, in relation to this lack of interest. Many of them have had too much the appearance of wishing to create hostility between their own and other orders of society; and consequently, at least towards those possessing this appearance, hostility has been created. Admitting there is, with a large portion of the community, an alarming amount of indifference towards the rights and interests of the laboring population, it is not strange that very few are willing to discuss calmly a subject pressed upon them, as they consider it, by men who are desirous of tearing up all the foundations of society. The fact is, before extensive good will be done by those engaged in the cause of manual laborers, it must be admitted that the term 'working-man,' in its broadest sense, does not apply exclusively to persons of any particular calling. If any one class has a special claim to the title, it is that engaged in the learned professions. The labor of mechanics, and others, who work a reasonable amount of time—say ten hours a day,—is conducive to the health of body and mind; while that of the other class, faithfully performed, is often prejudicial to both. The absolute necessity of an extensive division of labor, is beyond all question; and nothing is more ridiculous than for one class of mankind to decry the profession of another. Every reasonable man who examines the subject, must see that all classes depend upon each other—and that it is the duty and for the interest of each class, while it shall do all in its power for its own prosperity, to regard with the same interest the prosperity of all other classes. Nothing is more unnatural and destructive than war between the different orders of society.

Neither will the simple cry of *aristocracy* effect the reform required by manual laborers. The same old enemy of mankind—*popular ignorance*—is at the bottom of all aristocracy; and the shortest way to the complete accomplishment of their purposes, as well as of all the ends of republicanism, is the destruction of that. All stumbling-blocks of an arbitrary character in the way of improvement, should be removed—and nothing unnat-

urally calculated to depress them, should be suffered to continue ; but it should be constantly borne in mind by them, no less than by all the friends of our institutions, that without moral and intellectual cultivation, little permanent good can be effected. There is as much of the spirit of aristocracy among the laboring classes, as among any other order of society. The difference is only in the degree of ability to exercise it ; and it shows itself just in proportion as this ability is increased. And after all, it may be found that improper competition of laborer with laborer, and the jealousies existing between them, have far more tendency to depress these classes, than any aristocratic or other influences which are so much talked of.

But all this does not alter the fact, that in this as well as in other countries, though not to the same extent, their condition calls for extensive amelioration — and that the other classes are so exclusively engaged in their own affairs, that the laborer is not only greatly neglected, but constantly liable to have his rights trampled upon, and to be injured by the competition of foreigners, whose increase ought to be checked by prudent legislation.

Leaving the faults of the laboring class, therefore, to be exhibited in detail by their enemies, if they have any, it is the object of these brief remarks, to enforce the strong necessity of the more elevated of our community taking a deeper interest in their condition, with special reference to its bearing on the institutions of the country. And, in conclusion, we will only ask, if the present state of things does not call loudly upon every friend of equal rights and just laws, seriously to reflect ? Is there no duty to be discharged ? Is there nothing to be apprehended from the great mass of uneducated mind, whose restless heavings are felt in every part of the land ? Is there no danger that this chaos of intellect may ere long break forth, like the rushing storm, and cover the country with desolation, far and wide ?



## TO R. H. D.

'If I could, in my humble way, awaken some young man, of however inferior powers to our delightful poet, to a sensation in any poor degree like this, I should bless God for it the remainder of my days.'— [*The author of the Idle Men.*]

THEN, bless Him, Poet of the SOUL !  
 Before His altar, bow thee down ;  
 To Him, let thanks like incense roll,  
 Who crowned thee with the minstrel's crown ,

Who touched thy lips with living fire,  
 Who made thy breast with ardor swell,  
 Who gave thy hands the sacred lyre,  
 And skill to touch its strings so well.

— The day had been a weary day,  
 With Earth's and Time's dull cares o'erspread ;  
 The few who loved me, far away —  
 Some of the dearest with the dead.

The Spirit's form has wings, they say,  
 And eyes of more than mortal light :  
 Its flagging pinions drooped, that day,  
 Its eyes were clouded o'er with night.

When, on its startled ear, a tone  
 Broke sweetly in — 't was wild and high —  
 And light, as from a sapphire throne,  
 In brightness, issued from its eye.

My spirit woke, — thus disenthralled ;  
 Gone was each dull and earthly care,  
 And, by thy lyre's sweet music called,  
 Came heavenly Peace and Wisdom there.

Then bless the hand that gave thee power,  
 Sweet Singer, thus to warm and cheer  
 The Soul, e'en in the darkest hour  
 That gathers o'er its being here :

To urge its skyward flight above,  
 To fill it with celestial fires,  
 With awe and hope and holy love,  
 With high resolves and pure desires.

E.

# MISCONCEPTIONS OF SHAKSPEARE UPON THE STAGE.

My admiration of Shakspeare, as a profound delineator of human nature and a sublime poet, is but little short of idolatry. I think he is often misunderstood, as performed on the stage.

The character of Juliet, for example, is travestied almost into burlesque, by the alteration of the text in the Scene where the nurse, with so much precision, fixes her age : (*Act 1, Scene 3.*) The nurse declares she knows it to an hour, and that next Lammas eve, (which Lady Capulet says will be in a fortnight and odd days) she will be *fourteen*. Upon this precise age, the character of Juliet, her discourse, her passion, and the deep pathos of the interest that we take in her fate, very largely repose. Born under Italian skies, she is at the very moment of transition from the child to the woman. Her love is the pure impulse of intelligent sensitive nature—*first love*—unconscious and undissembled nature, childhood expanding into maturity, physical and intellectual—all innocence, all ardor, all ecstasy. How irresistibly are our sympathies moved at seeing the blossom blasted at the very moment while it is opening to the sun ! As the play is performed on the stage, the nurse, instead of saying that Juliet, at the next Lammas eve, will be fourteen, says she will be *nineteen*. Nineteen ! In what country of the world was a young lady of nineteen ever constantly attended by a nurse ? Between the ages of thirteen and fourteen, a nurse, in a noble Italian family of the middle ages, was not yet an unnatural companion. On the verge of nineteen, the nurse is not only supernumerary, but very much out of place. Take away the *age* of Juliet, and you take away from her all her individuality, all the consistency of her character, all that childish simplicity, which, blended with the fervor of her passion, constitutes her greatest charm. In what but in that, and in everything which she does and says, congenial to that age, does she differ from Viola, from Miranda, from Ophelia, and indeed from all the lovely daughters of Shakspeare's muse ? They are all in love, but you can never mistake one of them for another. The peculiarities of Juliet all have reference to her age ; and that which in her mouth is enchanting, would seem but frothy nonsense from a woman five years older. Juliet says—

‘ And when Romeo dies,  
Take him and cut him up in little stars,  
And he shall make the face of Heaven so fine,  
That all the world shall grow in love with night,  
And pay no worship to the garish sun.’

In the incomparable beauty of this passage, as spoken by a girl under fourteen, there is something too childish for a woman of

nineteen, however desperately in love. One, who has been accustomed to personate Juliet as a young woman of nineteen, may see no incongruity with that age in her character; yet that one, who has herself passed through both those stages of life, should not understand the difference of maturity between the ages of fourteen and of nineteen in the female sex, is scarcely conceivable. That Shakspeare should have confounded them, is impossible. That he intended to make the *age* of Juliet an exposition of her character, is evident from the special care he has taken to make the nurse announce it. If the meanest of dramatists were to undertake to write a tragedy, and to draw the character and to repeat the discourse of a girl of fourteen, attended throughout the play by a nurse, can we imagine that he would change the age to nineteen and yet retain the nurse, and give to the full-formed woman the same character and the same tone of dialogue which he would to the ripening child of fourteen? Such a writer would prove himself as poor a proficient in the school of human nature as in that of Shakspeare.

In that ever memorable delineation of the Life of man, and its division into 'seven ages,' by Jaques, in the comedy of 'As you like it,' the meditative moralist says that each man in his turn plays many parts. He says, too, that all the men and *women* are merely players. In coming to the details, he exhibits only the seven ages of the *man*; but there was certainly in the mind of the poet a corresponding division in the ages of the *woman*; and Juliet, at any age short of fourteen, and yet under the care of a nurse, partakes at once, in the relation of her sex, of the school-boy with his satchel and shining morning face, creeping like a snail unwillingly to school, and of the lover sighing like a furnace, with a woful ballad made to his mistress's eyebrow. Shakspeare was not the observer and painter of nature, to confound them together. If *he* had exhibited in action a school-boy of between thirteen and fourteen, think you that he would have given him the features, or inspired him with the language and ideas of a lover at nineteen? Our youth at fourteen are yet under the age of passing from the school to the university; at nineteen, many of them have already closed their career at the university and passed into the busy scenes of active life. The female mind and person hastens also to maturity in advance of the male; and a woman at nineteen is generally more completely formed than a man at twenty-one.

Shakspeare, with his intuitive sagacity, has also marked the characteristics of the *change* between these two of his 'seven ages.' In the 'Merchant of Venice,' when Portia proposes to Nerissa that they should assume male attire and go to Venice, she says —

'I'll hold thee any wager,  
When we are both apparell'd like young men,

I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,  
 And wear my dagger with the braver grace,  
*And speak between the change of man and boy*  
 With a reed voice ; and turn two mincing steps  
 Into a manly stride ; and speak of frays  
 Like a fine bragging youth ; and tell quaint lyes  
 How honorable ladies sought my love,  
 Which I denying, they fell sick and died.  
 I could not do withal : then I'll repent,  
 And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them —  
 And twenty of these puny lyes I'll tell,  
 That men shall swear *I've discontinued school*  
*Above a twelvemonth.*\* \*

Tragedy, according to the admirable definition of Aristotle, is a poem imitative of human life, and the object of which is to purify the soul of the spectator by the agency of terror and pity. The terror is excited by the incidents of the story and the sufferings of the person represented ; the pity, by the interest of sympathy with their characters. Terror and pity are moved by the mere aspect of human sufferings ; but the sympathy is strong or weak, in proportion to the interest that we take in the *character* of the sufferer. With this definition of tragedy, 'Romeo and Juliet' is a drama of the highest order. The incidents of terror and the sufferings of the principal persons of the drama arouse every sympathy of the soul, and the interest of sympathy with Juliet. She unites all the interest of ecstatic love, of unexampl'd calamity, and of the peculiar tenderness which the heart feels for innocence in childhood. Most truly, then, says the prince of Verona, at the conclusion of the play —

'For never was a story of more wo  
 Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.'

The age of Juliet seems to be the key to her character throughout the play, an essential ingredient in the intense sympathy which she inspires ; and Shakspeare has marked it, not only in her discourse, but even in her name, the diminutive of tender affections applied only to childhood. If Shakspeare had exhibited upon the stage a woman of nineteen, he would have dismissed her nurse and called her Julia. She might still have been a very interesting character, but the whole color and complexion of the play must have been changed. An intelligent, virtuous woman, in love with a youth of assorted age and congenial character, is always a person of deep interest in the drama. But that interest is heightened and redoubled when, to the sympathy with the lover you add all the kind affections with which you share in the joys and sorrows of the child. There is childishness in the discourse of Juliet, and the poet has shown us why ; because she had scarcely ceased

to be a child. There is nonsense in the alteration of Shakspeare's text upon the stage.

There are several of the most admired plays of Shakspeare which give much more pleasure to read than to see performed upon the stage. For instance, 'Othello' and 'Lear'; both of which abound in beauty of detail, in poetical passages, in highly-wrought and consistently preserved characters. But, the pleasure that we take in witnessing a performance upon the stage, depends much upon the sympathy that we feel with the sufferings and enjoyments of the good characters represented, and upon the punishment of the bad. We never can sympathise much with Desdemona or with Lear, because we never can separate them from the estimate that the lady is little less than a wanton, and the old king nothing less than a dotard. Who can sympathise with the love of Desdemona?—the daughter of a Venetian nobleman, born and educated to a splendid and lofty station in the community. She falls in love and makes a runaway match with a blackamoor, for no better reason than that he has told her a braggart story of his hair-breadth escapes in war. For this, she not only violates her duties to her father, her family, her sex, and her country, but she makes the first advances. She tells Othello she wished Heaven had made her such a man, and informs him how *any* friend of his may win her by telling her again his story. On *that* hint, says he, I spoke; and well he might. The blood must circulate briskly in the veins of a young woman, so fascinated, and so coming to the tale of a rude, unbleached African soldier.

The great moral lesson of the tragedy of 'Othello' is, that black and white blood cannot be intermingled in marriage without a gross outrage upon the law of Nature; and that, in such violations, Nature will vindicate her laws. The moral of Othello is not to beware of jealousy, for his jealousy is well founded in the character and conduct of his wife, though not in the fact of her infidelity with Cassio. Desdemona is not false to her husband, but she has been false to the purity and delicacy of her sex and condition when she married him; and the last words spoken by her father on parting from them, after he has forgiven her and acquiesced in the marriage, are—

'Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see:  
She has deceived her father, and may thee.'

And this very idea is that by which the crafty villain Iago works up into madness the jealousy of Othello.

Whatever sympathy we feel for the sufferings of Desdemona flows from the consideration that she is innocent of the particular crime imputed to her, and that she is the victim of a treacherous and artful intriguer. But, while compassionating her melancholy fate, we cannot forget the vice of her character. Upon the stage,

her fondling with Othello is disgusting. Who, in real life, would have her for his sister, daughter, or wife? She is not guilty of infidelity to her husband, but she forfeits all the affection of her father and all her own filial affection for him. When the duke proposes, on the departure of Othello for the war, that she should return during his absence to her father's house, the father, the daughter and the husband all say 'No!' She prefers following Othello, to be besieged by the Turks in the island of Cyprus.

The character of Desdemona is admirably drawn and faithfully preserved throughout the play. It is always deficient in delicacy. Her conversations with Emilia indicate unsettled principles, even with regard to the obligations of the nuptial tie, and she allows Iago, almost unrebuked, to banter with her very coarsely upon women. This character takes from us so much of the sympathetic interest in her sufferings, that when Othello smothers her in bed, the terror and the pity subside immediately into the sentiment that she has her deserts.

We feel a similar want of interest in the character and fortunes of Lear, as represented upon the stage. The story of Lear, as those of Othello and Romeo and Juliet, was ready-made to the hand of Shakspeare. They were not of his invention. King Lear and his three daughters form a part of the fabulous history of England. The dotage of an absolute monarch may be a suitable subject of tragedy; and Shakspeare has made a deep tragedy of it. But, as exhibited upon the stage, it is turned into a comedy. Lear, the dotard and the madman, is restored to his throne, and Cordelia finishes with a wedding. What can be more absurd!

Dotage and madness, in the person of a king, possessed of the power to give away his kingdom at his pleasure, afford melancholy contemplations of human nature. They are not fit subjects for comedy. Lear is no more fit to be restored to his kingdom than Christopher Sly is to be metamorphosed into a lord. Lear is a dotard and a madman from the first scene in the play, and his insanity commences with such revolting injustice to his only affectionate daughter, that we feel but little compassion for whatever may afterwards befall him. The interesting character of the play is Cordelia; and what a lovely character it is! But the restoration of a dotard from old age to his senses, is as much out of nature as the restoration to his throne is preposterous. Lear, as Shakspeare painted him, is the wreck of a mighty mind and proud spirit, sunk from despotic power into dotage, and maddened by the calamitous consequences of his own imbecility. His madness, with lucid flashes of intellect, is incurable. It is terrible! it is piteous! But it is its effect on the fortunes and fate of Cordelia, that constitutes the chief interest of the spectator; and

Lear himself, from his first appearance, loses all title to compassion.

The chief import of these objections to the manner in which Shakspeare's plays are represented upon the stage, is to vindicate the great 'master of the drama' from the liberties taken by stage-managers with his text. In 'Romeo and Juliet,' the alteration of a single word — the substitution of nineteen for fourteen — changes the whole character of the play — makes that, which is a perfect imitation of nature, incongruous absurdity, and takes from one of the loveliest creations of Shakspeare half her charm.

Q.

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SONG OF THE DYING MINSTREL.

BY THOMAS POWER. T

GENTLE lady, sing to me  
Songs of ancient chivalry ;  
For the minstrel's hand no more  
Sweeps the sounding harp-strings o'er :  
Life is ebbing fearfully —  
Gentle lady, sing to me.

Ne'er in festal hall again  
Shall I wake the lofty strain ;  
Silent soon will be the tongue  
On whose measure crowds have hung :  
Death has passed his cold decree —  
Gentle lady, sing to me.

Sorrow filled my lengthened years,  
Chilling thoughts and burning tears ;  
Yet, there is one beacon-light  
Breaks upon the shades of night :  
Soon the spirit will be free —  
Gentle lady, sing to me.

Still the hour, and dark the way  
Bearing on my closing day :  
Be the softest music here  
Whispered on the minstrel's ear :  
'T is my last, sad wish to thee —  
Gentle lady, sing to me.

*The lamenting comic actor & at last, I  
think, he was so moved, for I think on his  
only nation to himself.*

## THE POSSESSED OF A DEVIL.

READER, I have seen such an one among the victims of intemperance, and it is no creature of my fancy. Charles Granger was a free-hearted, jovial man. He had considerable mental resources, with a lively fancy, and a vein of wit and humor; and his conversational powers gave him an ascendancy over the grave and gay, sacred and profane. He was, in short, at home in every circle, and in every circle he was the listened to of all listeners. He could talk theology with the village parson, with perfect familiarity at one moment, and at the next he could mingle, with no apparent effort in the transition, in the filthy conversation of the drunken and profane. As he passed along, everybody would say, 'there goes Charles Granger;' and if anything singular or remarkable occurred, everybody would like to hear what Charles Granger would have to say about it.

Such is the man that I once saw 'possessed of a devil.' The impression appeared to be as vivid upon his mind as if it were reality, that a devil accompanied him everywhere, exercising over him a most capricious tyranny — at one time sporting with him with boyish familiarity, and at another goading him with a most insufferable terror. This diseased state of mind came on at night, and as his wife was absent on a visit, he left the house before daylight without its being known, with his new companion, and consumed a great part of the day in calling with him upon those who, in his opinion, were the particular friends of his new guest. He found a goodly number of them; and as he passed from house to house, he went as if the devil were really after him. Every now and then he would stop and wipe the big drops of sweat from his brow, (though it was December) and then go on at the same rapid rate as before. It was not long before the story was noised about over the whole village, and much curiosity was manifested in watching to see where he would call, and in listening to what he had to say to different individuals. He called upon many a man and woman who were generally supposed to be the strongest enemies of the devil. In introducing his Satanic friend, he would always mention to him some particular qualities which made the individual a proper object of his regards and attentions, or some acts which he had sometime performed which had been serviceable to the devil's cause. His shrewdness in doing this, caused many a blush of shame and remorse, and many a knee to shake in trepidation. Sins that were effaced long ago from the memory of the community, and some that were almost forgotten by the persons that committed them, were brought out again to the light of day. 'Joe Hoskins,' —



said he to a decent-looking old man, that stood with a knot of idlers at the door of a grog shop — ‘here’s the devil for whom you stole that sheep, in C\*\*\*, in the year ’96. You remember it, don’t you? Why don’t you shake hands with him? Well, well; excuse me, if I’ve mentioned anything disagreeable to you. I knew you served the devil *now*, though not exactly in that way; but I did n’t know that you were so particular about the how and where of such matters.’ This act of theft was never known in B\*\*\* before, but from this time it was never forgotten, and the boys so annoyed poor Joe Hoskins, that he soon left the place. But Charles lashed wickedness, too, in high places. He recounted to the devil, as he introduced them, the cruel oppressions of Judge A.; the frauds of Mr. B., the merchant; the lies and filching schemes of Mr. C., the lawyer; the intrigues of the respectable Mr. D. with the widow E.; &c. &c. He touched more consciences in that one day than parson Jones had in all his life-time. Though what Charles Granger said on that day supplied material for village tittle-tattle and slander for a long time after, by alteration and exaggeration as it passed from one hand to another, yet it was never found that, in any one case, he stated what was untrue. Some of the superstitious ones believe to this day that he actually was possessed of a devil, and that he was endowed for the time with Satanic powers of discernment; and they look with horror upon those whom Charles specified as being the very particular friends of the devil.

Charles Granger was very fond of the ladies, and they were fond of him. His habits had not yet got to be so bad as to make him troublesome, unless now and then just at the conclusion of a ball, or perhaps on the return of a sleighing-party; and then there were so many that were not in a much better condition, that he shared *with them* the blame of the noise, and the naughty acts which were sometimes perpetrated. To be sure, he went beyond them all, but not so far beyond as to be strikingly distinguished as an offender, in the tattle of the next day. Besides, he had, by long use, acquired a sort of title to the privilege of doing strange and wicked things, and the girls would say, ‘la! it’s his way,’ and ‘that’s dear Charles Granger,’ and so on. He, of course, held his standing as yet in society. Even the good old folks, up to deacon Johnson and parson Jones, could converse with him quite familiarly at times, for he had the power to make himself agreeable to everybody. Well — though it was perhaps rather uncourteous so to do — he called upon some of his female acquaintances, with his friend, the devil. Among them was Catharine Rawley, who had been the standing village belle for more than ten years.

‘Good morning, Mr. Granger,’ said she, with her usual smile.

‘Ah, Katy, well, this devil has come to see you’ —

‘They sometimes call you by that bad name, but I didn’t know that you called yourself so,’ laughing most enchantingly.

‘No, but the devil is *with* me ; do n’t you see him bowing to you ? I’ve brought him to see you, as you are one of his servants — one of his best and prettiest ones, too. She serves you well,’ (turning to the supposed devil.) ‘She has turned the heads of all the young men for many a year, so that they won’t listen to the good things parson Jones has to say to them.’

‘Psha ! Charles.’

‘Why, it’s so. And she is just the cleverest coquette that ever was ; a half a dozen bewitched after her all the time ; having offers every week and rejecting them all — but in that way that they all come back again. She has the very witchery of the devil about her, and so I’ve brought you to see her.’

‘What do you mean, Charles ?’

‘I mean as I say ; and that can’t be said of you, Katy, always.’

Katy had so uniform a habit of good-nature, that she had no idea of being angry ; and besides, her vanity was gratified by the acknowledgement of her power of fascination. People never like to be called fools ; but they are not apt to be so much troubled by the charge of being wicked, provided there come with it a sufficient tribute to their wisdom.

Another of the fair ones whom he honored with a call, did not give him quite so welcome a reception. Fanny Gilmore had been at a particular age for a long time ; but as she had a pretty face, and was rather witty, she was very agreeable, though she was guilty of a vast deal of gossip and slander, often of no very mild type. She occasioned considerable mischief in this way, and was therefore not to be passed by in the attentions of the prime mover of all mischief. In introducing him to her, Charles remarked that she was a very important personage in his ranks — ‘for you know, Mr. Devil,’ said he, ‘that any one that can, every once in a while, set whole neighborhoods by the ears, does you a very essential service.’ And he went on with more of the same, till Miss Fanny’s face became so suffused, at first with blushes, and at length with the flush of rage, that her wrinkles were all obliterated. She called out for her testy brother to turn Charles out of the house. He, however, did not wait for this, but made off at once, saying, ‘The devil and I never stay where our company is not wanted ; so do n’t you slander us so much as to report either of us as among your suitors, Fanny.’

Charles called, too, on a family of seven maiden sisters, who had been kept from matrimony (which they nevertheless denied) by just having too much of the same qualities that distinguished Miss Fanny. ‘This,’ said he, ‘is the temple of slander, and these are the priestesses that minister at her altars.’ His call here was

a short one, for he said, as he came out, 'the devil himself could not stand such a female chorus.'

Towards night, the devil became less indulgent to his victim, and though most of the time they seemed to be on pretty good terms, Charles would every now and then appear as if he was suffering from the most horrible terror. He had one of his paroxysms of fear as he passed parson Jones's house, and he ran in trembling, and said to the parson, 'Show me, quick, quick, the text that says, 'resist the devil and he will flee from you,' for there's a legion after me!'

It was just at night that I visited him as a patient. He had by that time become so extremely wild and was so much exhausted, that he had a very haggard and frightful appearance. He sat at the window. 'Doctor,' said he, 'see that devil—see him! see him! how he chases the sheep up that hill! I hope he'll enter them. No! no! There he comes!' and in an instant this naturally noble and fearless man was crouching at the farther side of the room—the most marked picture of affright I ever saw. In a moment more, however, he was perfectly composed, and cracked his jokes with the utmost familiarity with the devil, for whom he had provided, with an air of exquisite politeness, the great arm-chair of his good grandmother. He introduced me to the prince of the infernal court of hell, as he styled him, and guided my hand actually to the spot where he saw the hand of the devil. In doing this, he said, with a most unearthly mixture of laugh and grin, 'My friend, the doctor, is none of your quacks; he caters for you most scientifically.'

When I called to see my patient the next Monday, I found that he had been running about the house all night, chased, as he thought, by this devil, accompanied sometimes by a whole troop of other devils. While in his visions he saw cats, rats, birds, &c. as is usual in this disease, the original vision predominated over all the rest. At one time his terror amounted to agony. He imagined that a multitude of devils were pursuing him, with their feet shod with skulls. 'There they come! there they come!—do n't you hear that clatter, clatter,' he would say to his attendants, and then struggle, with desperation, to make his escape. He was continually calling for his wife, who was absent on a visit a few miles distant, and insisted upon it that she could drive these devils off. I determined to make use of this impression, as I had known some cases of *delirium tremens* to be cured suddenly in a singular manner. I called to mind one case particularly, of a patient who, after chasing rats, devils, &c., for two days and nights, called all the family together to prayers. He took down the great family bible, read most vociferously two or three long chapters, and then said, 'Mr. A., will you pray?' I gave him the wink, and we kneeled down. When the prayer

was done, the patient arose a sane man. With this case in my mind, I sent for Charles's wife, taking care to see her myself before she reached home, to give her instructions how to proceed. She was a woman of commanding appearance and of great firmness of mind, so that she was well calculated to carry through the exorcising part that she was now to act. He was in the midst of one of his fits of terror when he saw her approach the house. In the twinkling of an eye, his countenance was lit up with the brightness of hope. 'Jane, come! come!' cried he, 'drive away this devil that's tormenting me. As you love me, do, do!' 'Begone! begone!' said she, with a tone of unshaken and confident firmness, and with a look and attitude of the most stern command.

'There he goes — he's gone! he's gone! — Oh, he's gone!' cried he, running with joy to her embrace. His visions did not return.

MEDICUS.

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## VERSES,

FOR THE EYE OF A SPLENDID YOUNG FRIEND.

OH, a stern leader art thou, on the path  
Of life, Ambition! dark thy trampling feet,  
And strict the eager grasp that hurries on  
Thy hapless votary, while o'er his form,  
Gloomy and chill, thy back-cast shadow falls!

'Tis sweet, from such sad guidance newly 'scaped,  
Far from the scoffing strife, the evil eye  
Of rivals, and the mean servilities  
That wait on bright success and sicken us  
Of Fortune — far away to stray alone  
On Mercy's simple errand. Prove the bliss,  
To-day, keen youth! Unbend thine eager gaze!  
All passionate aims and subtleties forget!  
Off with thy weary mask of cold, cold smiles,  
And be a boy again! Give thy young heart  
A holiday, and let it marshall thee  
Straight to the poor man's door. Hast entered in?  
Hast bowed thy gracious head and entered in?  
Ah, was it not a light and happy step,

That took thee, without thought of self, or aught  
 But pure good-will, that humble threshold o'er?  
 Wilt tarry with this wretched folk awhile,  
 And comfort them? Never, alack! can they  
 Requite thee. Wilt thou still keep holiday  
 With open hand and doing of good deeds,  
 Expecting naught again? *Oh, thou art wise!*  
 Gentle and wise! Thy golden deeds reward  
 Themselves. Lo! thou art calling smiles to lips  
 Whose few smiles know no prompter but the heart,  
 And tears of joy to eyes, where other tears  
 Have made their home! The sufferer relieved,  
 Murmurs plain thanks, and names thee piously  
 On that cheered hearth, where prayer had died with hope.

Oh, from such brimming bliss, be not lured back  
 To the self-seeker's vain and hungry joys—  
 His shining idols and his tyrant gods!  
 Foul are the uncouth ways they drive him o'er!  
 Rescue thy fair hand from their bruising gripe!  
 Nor Mammon's sordid touch, nor the hot haste  
 Of strenuous idleness, endure: and where  
 Yon waving crimson flouts the saddened sky,  
 And Glory beckons, shun his blood-drenched steps—  
 Deaf to his trump, blind to his charming gaze!  
 The amorous arm, that clings about thy neck,  
 Untwine, fair youth, and flee the languid kiss!  
 Oh, breathe no more the cold and sick-sweet air  
 Of syren Pleasure! All the False of life  
 Abjure! Forth! forth! and on the mountains, boy,  
 Beautiful be thy joy-betiding feet!  
 There, on great Nature's love-fraught bosom leaning,  
 Cool thou thy throbbing head and warm thy heart!  
 Into the Heaven of Her blue-beaming eye  
 Look child-like up, receive a mother's kiss,  
 And learn true love, and loving truth, of Her.

Cosmo.

## SCENES IN EUROPE.

ROME.—NO. II.

*October 13.* I have spent the day in visiting ancient Rome. Setting out early in the morning, with two companions, we went first to the forum. It is astonishing how this ground has been filled up with earth: the arc of Septimus Severus, which stands near the Capitoline hill, is at least half buried; and in order that it may be seen, the ground has been carried away for a space of several feet around it, so that it appears to stand in a cellar. The surface of the ancient forum being nearly twenty feet lower than at present. In order, therefore, to bring the whole of these ancient monuments to light, it has been necessary to make large excavations in every part of the forum, which now resembles more a brick-kiln than anything else, being full of great pits dug in the sand. Along the north side is a shady avenue; but, upon the field itself, there is no sign of vegetation. A few columns, standing here and there, of vast size and exquisite proportions, indicate the site of the ancient temples. The place is pointed out where the temple of Concord was; but there are now no remains of it. Indeed, of all the temples which surround the forum, I do not think anything more remains than thirty or forty columns. But the whole ground about it is covered with ruins. On the right hand of the sacred way, are the ruins of the palace of the emperor Domitian, on the left of the temple of Augustus and Faustina, consisting of a beautiful portico, with some portion of the ancient wall; farther on, are three immense arches, a part of the temple of Remus; and passing through the triumphal arch of Titus, you have still on the left the extensive remains of the temple of Venus and Rome, consisting principally of broken walls; part of the cella remains, however, with a richly fretted semi-dome, that was probably inlaid at one time, with plates of bronze and silver. We then wound round a hill near the Coliseum, and went to the church of St. Pietro in vinculis—a small building, interesting chiefly for twenty marble Doric columns, (taken from the baths of Dioclesian) and the famous statue of Moses, by Michelangelo. This represents the patriarch sitting and holding the tables in his right hand and resting them on his knee. His robes are long, flowing and graceful; the countenance, which is turned to the left slightly, is full of fire and energy; the head and face bear strongly the Jewish traits; the statue is colossal; the arms and legs, which are partly bare, are very fine, and the whole is filled with dignity and inspires awe. In the same church are preserved the chains with which St. Peter was bound in Jerusalem and at Rome; but we were not

permitted to see them. Passing on, we came at length to the magnificent church of St. Giovanni, in Laterano. The hill is said to be thus named from the palace of Plautius Lateranus, put to death for conspiring with Seneca against Nero. It stood upon this spot, and the property, being confiscated, came into the possession of the emperors. Constantine built the first Christian church on this hill. It has been burnt and otherwise injured at different times ; but the popes have raised the present magnificent edifice upon the same spot, and some parts of the ancient church are still seen there. Near the church is an Egyptian obelisk, a hundred and fifteen feet high, covered with hieroglyphics, and the largest in Rome. It was originally placed in the temple of the Sun, at Thebes, and was brought to Rome by the son of Constantine the Great. Pope Sixtus V. had it placed upon the spot which it now occupies. There seems to be an eternity in these Egyptian monuments ; like the everlasting hills, they defy the hand of time ; a double antiquity rests upon them, and yet they seem to have but just issued from the hand of the artist. The three finest, I think, are, the one before the church of St. Peter's, that in the piazza del Popolo, and the one on the Lateran. They are of immense size and in perfect preservation, having nothing of that appearance of age which mark the remains of Roman sculpture.

From this we went to the tomb of the Scipios, on the Appian way, near the Porta Capena. The front is of the Doric style, and in very good preservation. We entered with lights, and plunged into the cavern ; deep, dismal and cold, it seemed indeed as if we were entering the city of the dead. We followed our guide through many a winding gallery and many a silent chamber, pausing every now and then to read the inscriptions engraved upon marble tablets and fastened to the wall ; these, however, were only copies, the originals having been removed to the Vatican. At length we arrived at the end of this labyrinth, and joyfully retraced our steps to the cheerful light of day, for the night of ages seemed to dwell in the cavern.

Then following the city wall, we came to the pyramid of Caius Cestius, probably erected in the Augustan age. We did not enter, being told there was nothing to see within. It is somewhat overgrown with wild plants, but is very well preserved ; the beauty of the monument, however, is not very remarkable. Adjoining this is the burying-ground of the Protestants, and chiefly filled with English and American monuments. What a combination ! the tombs of a Roman priest, who died two thousand years ago, and an inhabitant of the distant western world,\* built side by side,

\*The last grave prepared in this little cemetery, was for a young American, who died last winter at Rome.

and their ashes reposing peacefully together. This little burying-ground was very interesting. There is something peculiarly mournful in contemplating the graves and the monuments of those who have died far away from their home, in a strange land. We are insensibly led to think of the last moments of these unhappy wanderers, perishing in the midst of strangers ; the wild grass which waves over their tombs and conceals their names, is an emblem of the loneliness of their death-bed. It was very touching to me, also, to read the inscriptions in my native tongue, so far from the land where it is spoken. To the inhabitants of this country, they are a dead letter ; they speak to the traveler alone ; they tell him of the strong love of distant friends which has claimed this little spot for its kingdom, and has here raised its simple memorials of respect and affection amidst the ruins of a perished nation, and on the soil where bigotry now reigns ; they warn him, too, that, like those who slumber beneath, he may here find the end of his wanderings ; and then his thoughts turn towards home, as to a lost Paradise which his feet are never again to press.

Near this, rises Monte Testaccio, said to be formed entirely of broken earthen-ware that has been cast there. From the summit, we had a fine view of an extensive country, bordered by hills, which the pens of Cicero and of Ovid have rendered classical. Beneath our feet rolled the Tiber, and on the other side rose Mount Aventine and Palatine, and all the ruin-covered soil on which stood ancient Rome. Descending, we arrived at the circular temple of Vesta, which I have already mentioned. Nineteen of the columns are there, one only having been carried away. The whole portion which originally rested upon them is gone, and the temple is now surmounted by an ugly little roof, which accords very ill with the solid materials and elegant workmanship of the ancient parts, and looks like a Chinese hat on the Venus di Medicis. Near this is the temple of Fortuna Virilis, which has been patched up, and forms now part of a church. The columns, of the Ionic order, along the side and front, and the portion of the pediment which formed the front, are undoubtedly ancient. On the other side of the street, is the house of Rienzi — a strange looking and ruinous edifice, loaded with ornaments in stone, which savor of the middle ages ; they are very rich, however, and the house forms an interesting contrast to its classic neighbors.

Continuing our walk, we stopped a moment to look at the remains of the theatre of Marcellus. It now forms the front of a block of houses — about a quadrant of the circle remaining. It was built like the Coliseum : first, a story supported with Tuscan columns and arches between them, then of the Ionic order, and finally I suppose the Corinthian, though none of the columns



are left. This small portion of the edifice was all we could see, the other part being entirely absorbed in the surrounding houses. It probably never constituted more than a semi-circle ; the stage might have been square, without any pretensions to architecture.

Passing on, we came at last to the Tarpeian rock, or what purports to be such. It is easy to see that the precipice was originally of more than twice its present height, and it would be a very awkward thing to tumble off, as it must be nearly forty feet high now, and I think may have originally been a hundred.

*October 14.* Visited the palazzo Borghese. The gallery of paintings is the only part exhibited. There are some very superb ones in this collection, among which I noticed the following. First, there were two small pieces by George Vasari : 'Leda' and 'Lucretia.' They are remarkable for the style, which is quite original, both as to drawing and coloring. The faces are both beautiful, but entirely different ; Leda has an innocent, smiling, open face, and might pass for an American or French woman ; but Lucretia has the true Grecian face, with all its majesty ; despair and determination, outraged honor and the fearless contemplation of death are displayed in her magnificent countenance, and you feel that you are in the presence of a superior being. There were two or three paintings by Valatin, (I never heard of him before) which pleased me much. His 'Joseph interpreting' is a fine piece ; the young Hebrew is passing fair, and inspiration lights up his features. Then there were some splendid works of Titian, in his own style ; the 'Three Graces' and the 'Sacred and Profane Love.' Vandyke was a glorious painter ; his 'Crucifixion' and his 'Entombing of Christ' show genius in every line. I did not think he was so fine a historical painter ; his portraits are the best I have ever seen. There were two or three pieces by Andre del Sarto, on his favorite subject, the Holy Family ; and a 'Prodigal Son,' by Guercino. There is certainly a similarity in the style of these two artists ; a softness, purity and dignity, withal, which I find only in Raphael. Guercino is my favorite of all, except Raphael and Titian ; the latter excels him in power, and there is a heavenliness in the paintings of Raphael which no other man ever attained to. Guido is sometimes more sublime than Andrea del Sarto or Guercino, but he often falls below them ; yet the glory of Guercino's 'Sybil' is unsurpassed. I stopped a long time at the portrait of Cæsar Borgia, by Raphael, for, independently of the splendor of the painting, I was interested in studying the countenance of this man. Cæsar Borgia was the devil, I believe, or something near it ; crime was his foster-brother, and the bowl and dagger his playthings. He was an elegant looking fellow, just a hero for the Pelham novels ; and his rich doublet, with sleeves of velvet, displays his form to advantage ; the small cap, with its long,

bending feather and costly loop, shades, but does not conceal his comely features ; his lofty brow announces deep thought and sage counsel ; yet there is an air of rakishness in his curly hair, in his deep, dark eyes, and his satirical mouth. At first, it seemed impossible that this should be the countenance of a monster, whose very name inspires horror ; but the longer I contemplated it, the more evident were the traits. Among the most famous of the paintings in this gallery, is one by Domenichino, representing Diana and her nymphs ; and the Danae of Coreggio.

*October 15.* A party of us went out to Tivoli to spend the day. It was here, among the hills, over which the classic Anio pours, that Mæcenæ erected his villa ; here he entertained his gifted friend Horace ; here were the haunts of Virgil and Ovid ; and here Augustus retired from the dust and noise of the city. Tivoli is on the spot where stood the ancient city of Tibur, which did not come under the Roman sway till the year 400, A. U. C. It is most romantically situated on a hill, from which the Anio falls into the valley beneath. As we approached the town, nothing indicated the beauties we were to find there. Ascending a long hill, we came into a dirty village, with narrow streets and staring inhabitants, and soon reached our inn, which proved to be better than the outside indicated. A ride of nearly twenty miles, in the sharp morning air, had sharpened the edge of our appetites, and temples, waterfalls and ruins were forgotten, while sundry quantities of beefsteak, eggs, omelets, coffee, bread and butter, &c., were undergoing an animated discussion. At length, this important business finished, we marched off under the command of a half savage cicerone, to see the wonders of Tivoli. Five minutes' walk brought us to the edge of a hill, from which we looked down upon the Anio, which was hastening to its fall. Continuing onward, we passed through a gate, and came to the temple of the Sybil, as they call it. It is an exquisite ruin, circular and surrounded with fluted columns. The position of this beautiful temple shows all the taste and romance (if I may so call it) of classic days. It stands on the edge of a precipice, and the river pours into the gulf beneath. On the opposite side of this deep and dark ravine, the Sabine hills rise suddenly to a greater height than these we stood upon. To have a view of the cascade, however, we descended by a winding path till we reached the lowest point. We here found ourselves in a deep gulph ; on three sides, the perpendicular walls of mountains rose abruptly round us ; on the right hand, a cavern, over-arched with vast rock, and christened 'Neptune's Grot,' was the receptacle of an impetuous torrent which came bursting in through a narrow aperture above. On the other side of the gulph was the cascade ; the water fell in an unbroken sheet of silvery foam, and the rising spray, wafted in billows down the ravine, displayed for a moment its rain-

bow hues in the sunlight and vanished in the air. Far above us, on its bold, jutting rock, stood the classic temple I have mentioned, and seemed to preside over the scene as the genius of the place. At a distance, on the opposite side, were extensive ruins, which might have once formed part of some Roman villa. We lingered an hour on this delicious spot, and then ascended to the town, which traversing, we came to the remains of the villa of Mæcenas, on the other side. The situation is very beautiful. An amphitheatre of hills stretches round behind, and in front is the vast Campagna di Roma, with a view of the distant city. Of the villa, (if such it was) a number of long, arched galleries remain, through which a stream rushes and carries several mills, which have been constructed here; they stand on the edge of the hills, and the little brooks, escaping from the sides, fall into the valley.

Near the city of Tibur, but on the other side, are the remains of the villa of Adrian, one of the most superb retreats which the magnificence of any monarch has formed. Some of the finest ancient statues—the Venus di Medicis, for instance—were found among the ruins. At present, they have but little interest, except as indicating the site and extent of the palace and its appurtenances, and perhaps assisting the antiquarian in his investigations. They are too much decayed and crumbled for imagination ever to build its fabrics upon them, and the beauty of a ruin is hardly discoverable in them. Like almost all Roman remains, they astonish by their vastness. There is something in the appearance of an arch, especially among ruins, which conveys the idea of grandeur; and the vast span of some of those in this villa, as well as in other ruins I have seen here, seems to make them the very emblems of sublimity. Having passed the day on these hallowed spots, we returned to Rome.

Near Tivoli, on the road to Rome, is a circular tomb of the Plautian family. It is much in the style of the mausoleum of Adrian. We were not permitted to enter. Not far from this is a stream, which might pass for the Styx or Cocytus, or a branch at least. The waters run white with the sulphur, and such a stench issues from the rushing torrent, that we were glad to let curiosity rest, and hurry by. In general, the country between Rome and Tivoli is a desert; and the ruined towers and castles, scattered over the wide plain, are the only mark that man has dwelt there.

*October 20.* We visited the capitol,—ascending the long stairway, passing between the statues of Castor and Pollux, till we reached the summit. Here we stopped to look at an equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, in bronze, made I know not when, but antique. It is very beautiful, particularly the horse. The emperor appears in the act of addressing the people or receiving

their salutations. I was not exactly pleased with his position as he sat on the horse ; still it was merely because I had been accustomed to the statues of knights mounted on the high saddles with stirrups. This one had neither ; a simple housing, spread upon the back of the horse, is all the harness. The emperor is clothed in the armor of the time ; the legs bare, with sandals on the feet ; his head and arms are also uncovered. The whole was originally gilded. It is a most interesting work, the first antique equestrian statue I had ever seen, and gave me a better idea of the Roman cavalry than I ever had before. We entered, first, the gallery of statues on the right hand. Near the door, is a colossal statue of Minerva, armed. It is full of dignity, and the countenance is proud and threatening ; it accords with my school-boy ideas of this goddess — proud, revengeful, unapproachable ; but still more, perhaps, because there is a picture in Horne Tooke's Pantheon something like the statue. Near this, is the statue of Diana, hunting with her dog. She is crowned with the crescent. The piece is full of lightness, life and beauty ; and as I gazed on her chaste features, animated with exertion, I thought the lines of Shakspeare, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, might be better applied to her than to the detestable old woman for whom they were written. After this, we roamed through numerous apartments filled with interesting objects, among which I noticed the celebrated mosaic of the doves drinking, from Adrian's villa. There were several beautiful statues, also ; one was a Cupid, bending his bow — an exquisite piece, and I suppose celebrated, as I have seen many casts of it. It is represented not in the usual manner, as a chubby infant ; yet you would, without hesitation, say this was the statue of a young child. The form has the proportions of a grown man, but the softness and delicacy of a child. The face, too, is not that of a common child ; the proportions are perfectly developed and of great beauty. In reality, it is a monster, as are the children in the famous group of *Laocoon* ; yet the form and face are well suited to the Deity, who knows too much to be represented as a common baby. One room contains busts of the ancient philosophers and poets — an interesting study, but requiring too much time for one visit. Among these, I could not, however, help noticing a bust of Michelangelo, by himself, made in dark-colored marble. The head is very fine, and the countenance full of dignity and even majesty, notwithstanding the flatness of his nose, occasioned by its having been broken. Three more remarkable countenances I have never seen than those of Michelangelo, Dante and Petrarch. Once seen, they are indelibly fixed in the mind. The stern, mournful and hard features of one, the classic and beautiful face of the other, and the majestic mien of the third, are be-

coming to men who were to rouse a slumbering world from the lethargy which the night of ignorance had brought upon it. We came, finally, to that masterpiece of art, the 'Dying Gladiator.' The effect it produces upon the feelings, is entirely different from that occasioned by the Venus, and others of the same character ; yet the marble is so wonderfully wrought, that you cease to regard it as a work of art ; these thoughts are lost in the emotions of pity and distress. The wounded man rests on one arm, the blood trickles from the deep wound in the side, his head droops, and his hair, clotted with perspiration, still shows, by its wild, disheveled state, the violence of the conflict which he has sustained. Agony seems struggling with courage and despair in his manly face. There is no thought of those who are about him ; perhaps some would say that nothing of the intellectual is in his countenance. I think Byron has well represented his mind as wandering to his home, his young barbarians and their Dacian mother. It is a wonderful piece. I think its character may be best expressed as the representation of suppressed and conquered agony. The deep impression it makes upon the minds of all spectators, is a proof of its excellence.

Passing to the gallery on the opposite side of the square, we observed on the stairway leading to the paintings, and in the court, several ancient works in marble, some of which I thought very good, particularly a group of a lion tearing a horse. Among the paintings, was one which I was so much pleased with, that I turned from the works of Titian, Guido, Guercino and Domenichino, to gaze upon it. It represents an eastern caravan at the rising of the sun ; and though small, is a most sublime piece. The god of Day is rising in all the splendor of a tropical climate ; and the gorgeous clouds, which hang upon his pathway, have that peculiar richness and magnificence which I have only seen in Cuba. The prostrate travelers are offering up their prayers at this impressive moment, and their devotion is not misplaced. I thought of Scott's beautiful description of an eastern morning, in the 'Talisman,' for it seemed to be realized in this piece.

One of the most interesting objects in this part of the gallery, was the wolf of Romulus and Remus, in bronze. It is supposed to be the one which Cicero speaks of, as having been struck with lightning. A part of one of the hind legs has evidently been melted, and appears to have been struck by lightning. At any rate, it is, without any doubt, of great antiquity, and I was quite ready to take the word of the antiquarians for it, in this case. Near this, is a statue, in bronze, of the young shepherd, who, running to tell the Senate of the approach of the Gauls, was wounded in the foot by a thorn, which he did not attempt to extract till he had conveyed the news. He is here represented as

taking out the thorn. I was interested in the piece, because engravings of it are common at home, and because it is a beautiful work of very remote antiquity.

The middle building on the Capitoline hill, is called the Senator's palace. This Senator is the fittest emblem I can imagine of the present condition of Rome. When I think of the dignity, the venerable majesty of ancient Roman Senators, of the men who, sitting in their state in the forum, could meet death, but not brook an insult, of the men who became more and more haughty and unyielding the nearer Hannibal came to the city, and who finally passed the terrible decree, 'Delenda est Carthago ;' of the men whom the ambassador of Pyrrhus called an assembly of kings, and who came to rule the world—and then see the poor, insignificant, powerless creature, the shadow of a Senator, and not even a Roman by birth,\* who now represents that once mighty body, and bears that once majestic name, it seems, indeed, that Rome has fallen and her virtue and worth have passed away, and she submits to be marked with a degrading pageant, which only speaks of her degeneracy.

*October 25.* I went, for the second time, to the Vatican. The first time I went there, I had merely time to walk leisurely through the labyrinth of rooms filled with sculpture, and to give a glance at the paintings. I now paused to look more closely at those which I had before fixed upon as the finest, passing by the others. In the first room, a statue of Fortune (found, I believe, at Ostia) afforded me more pleasure than any one, saving the three or four finest in the world. The goddess is represented standing, with the cornucopia in one hand, while the other holds a rudder, which rests upon a ball. Her face is full of dignity and beauty, and is interesting as the model of all modern statues of a similar character. I have seen many of equal beauty, especially by Canova ; but it seems as if this one were the original of all. But I hurried on to the temple of the Apollo Belvidere ; for, after all, the interest of the Vatican centres there. The statue stands in a small circular apartment, and is very favorably placed for the light, which comes from above. Time has spared the marble, which looks as white and fresh as if just from the hand of the sculptor. The statue has always been supposed to represent the Deity at the moment he has slain the Python. Antiquaries know better about this than myself ; but I always thought his contest with the serpent took place when he was yet a child ; and the flush of anger, (if I may use the expression) the proud disdain, and the marks of revenge, traced in that wonderful countenance, make me more inclined to believe that he is here portrayed as destroying

\* There is but one man who bears the sinecure of Roman Senator ; and it is provided by law, that he shall always be a foreigner by birth.

the Cyclopes, who had caused the death of his son Esculapius. But this is of no consequence. This is the noblest work of art I have ever seen in any shape, or ever expect to see. It is the embodying of genius itself in the human form. The countenance expresses the passions, powers, pride and majesty of a being more than mortal. He hardly deigns to watch the flight of his arrow, and the flush of victory spreads over his face even before the foe is destroyed; his light and graceful form hardly appears to touch the ground, nor the grass to bend under his feet. But it is useless to attempt describing it. One could almost worship this wondrous representation of genius and beauty.

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#### REMNANTS.

IN looking over, at this close of our literary autumn, the remnant portions of the year's harvest, we have gleaned no scraps but these, which are worthy to be hoarded up and preserved. And why, as they lie before us on our table, do we regard the characters, in which they seem to have been hastily penned, with so mournful an interest? Alas! the hand of the writer has lost its cunning. The mind which conceived these thoughts dwells with the inconceivable and the spiritual alone. **SILAS P. HOLBROOK** was a man of genius; he was a true-hearted and an honest man; he was a philosopher, in the noblest sense of the term; he was a Christian — his actions declared it to the world, though his voice uttered it only to God in the temple of his soul. His step fell noiselessly on the beaten path of life; but it was the tread of a strong man, and, had he chosen, might have been heard among the loudest in that crowd through which he was unobservedly walking. When that step was arrested by death, few, except his near friends, noted it; yet how deep a void has he left in the space of action which he so honorably filled! When we look back upon the noiseless tenor of his way, we are tempted to exclaim, in the language of the philosopher of poets and the poet of philosophers —

'How seldom, friend! a good, great man inherits  
Honor or wealth with all his worth or pains!  
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,  
If any man obtain that which he merits,  
Or any merit that which he obtains.\*

\* Coleridge.

Yet, with such men as Holbrook,

‘Goodness and greatness are not *means*, but *ends*.’

Truth and honor and the power of genius were not prized by him, inasmuch as they would lead to favor or worldly distinction; but they were to him in themselves their own exceeding great reward. He possessed not wealth—he boasted no troops of friends; but he had his treasures, his friends—

‘Three treasures, LOVE and LIGHT  
And CALM THOUGHTS, regular as infant’s breath :  
And three firm friends, more true than day and night,  
HIMSELF, his MAKER, and the angel DEATH.’

Yet, he has left not a few, whose eyes are dim when they look for his coming, and behold him not. The domestic circle,—ah, let that most sacred sorrow be shrouded! His intimates—his associates; even the latter, among whom we had the pleasure to be numbered, deeply mourn his loss.

As we first lighted on these papers in his hand-writing—which, with others, were communicated to us by himself for publication in this Magazine—we were solemnly affected. And how could we be otherwise than affected by whatever reminded us of the hours we had passed in his society? Were he at this moment sitting near us—how perfectly we remember his smile!—we doubt whether he would consent that the following *morceaux* should be known as his; yet, we could not give them publicity without indulging our emotions in this slight tribute to the memory of their lamented author.

As a motto to the thoughts, entitled ‘Men and Boys,’—this, from the exquisite ode of Wordsworth, might have been chosen :

‘The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
Perpetual benedictions’;

Or, this beautiful translation from Faust :

Give me, oh, give me back the days  
When I, too—I, too, was young,  
And felt as they now feel, each coming hour,  
New consciousness of power.  
Oh, happy, happy time, above all praise!  
Then, thoughts on thoughts and crowding fancies sprung,  
And found a language in unbidden lays—  
Unintermitted streams from fountains ever flowing.  
Then, as I wandered free,  
In every field, for me  
Its thousand flowers were blowing—  
A veil through which I did not see,  
A thin veil o’er the world was thrown,  
In every bud a mystery,  
Magic in everything unknown.



The fields, the groves, the air was haunted,  
 And all that age has disenchanted.  
 Yes ! give me, give me back the days of youth —  
 Poor, yet how rich my glad inheritance,  
 The unextinguishable love of truth.  
 While life's realities were all romance,  
 Give me, oh, give youth, passions unconfined,  
 The rush of joy, that felt almost like pain —  
 Its hate, its love, its own tumultuous mind.  
 Give me my youth again !

## MEN AND BOYS.

I am a misanthrope — for I dislike men ; but then, I love children. A little man, before he is eight years of age, is a better being than his father, grandfather, or any of his progenitors. After that golden period, he grows in stature, ugliness, and evil. He parts with his innocence when he acquires knowledge. His mind is full of conductors, and evil flashes into it from everything adjacent. For a while, I was pleased to recall my own childhood to mind ; but I am grown so old and so bad, that it is now a pain to think of it. Memory reflects nothing to please me, and I should like to hang it up, if I could, in a heathen temple, a fit offering to the furies, as the poetess offered her mirror, when it no longer reflected a beautiful face.

' This mirror true, too true for me,  
 I give to Venus, ever fair ;  
 For, what I was I cannot see,  
 And what I am I cannot bear.'

Speech and reason, men make their boast of, when they would look down upon the respectable races of quadrupeds. ' But I was happiest before I could speak plainly, and before I could reason (that is, twist my intellect into a defence of my actions) at all. Reason is an obedient servant, but not an imperative master. The master — *Will* — directs him to prepare a defence of an action or course of conduct, and it is forthwith done, better than Cicero could have made it. These operations were going on in my mind long before I knew by name that wicked *Will*, or complaisant *Understanding*.

It was very early that I knew the distinction between a bad boy and a good one. It was impressed upon me at home, that I was of the latter kind ; and the evidence was sufficient for my assent to so agreeable a proposition.

The most of a boy's life is passed in dreaming. All his thoughts are dreams — all his reasonings, imaginations. He lies down upon a hard rock, and dreams away half a day in the sun ; he rests on the margin of a brook, and the murmurs of the water strike his ear as strange as a mingling of distant music and human

voices. He contracts a friendship with quadrupeds, — feels a favor towards inanimate objects. The cur-dog and the cosset-lamb are his foster-brothers. They are also his dependants, and he feeds them with his own hand. The old oak, where he gathers acorns, has a strong hold upon his affections ; and pleasant associations cling like ivy to the old elm.

These are the early emanations of Love — of that principle that should fill his soul, but which the institutions of society, the pursuits and fashions of the world, subvert. This affection of his soul is left to struggle as it may among sterner passions, while every quality of his understanding is developed by education. The thinking being is educated — the sentient neglected. His intellect is cultivated, too, at the expense of his affections. He is incited to study by the mean motives of rivalry and jealousy ; he is led to pride himself on being at the head of his class, because there are so many between him and the foot.

#### PERFECTION AND AMENDMENT.

'Perfection whispered, passing by,  
Behold the Lass of Ballochmyle.'

This 'Lass of Ballochmyle' dwelt in Scotland, and, instead of Perfection, was met by the poet. Where Perfection dwells, is not so easy to say ; it is a sort of aurora borealis, shooting up at a distance, but receding as approached. Few men, however, care much for following it far ; young men dream of it — old men consider it a delusion.

Yet it is no delusion ; it is the pillar of fire, the shadowing cloud to lead us to a better country. Man, considered as the mere forked animal, the featherless biped, is but a system of capabilities, a collection of elements, for favorable circumstances to develope. He has emerged somewhat from his tadpole state, but he is discouraged in the beginning of his race after perfection, or perhaps too well satisfied with the small distance he has already run.

From one earth were we created — one soul was breathed into us ; a soul — soaring, groveling, timid, daring, passionate, yet capable of the utmost coolness to gratify passion. In the beginning, all are alike. The dusky infant, that opens its eyes of innocence in a shed, thatched by a palm-leaf, in India — that is to grow up a Pariah, an outcast even in its own eyes — has the elements, the capabilities, at least, of affection, if not of intellect, that were given to him that was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, and whose humors and passions sympathised with those of all mankind.

Yet it seems that the distance is measureless between a being like Penn and a debased serf in Russia, howling under the cudg-

el, — a Chinese, prostrate before a Mandarin, — a Tartar, devouring raw horse-flesh, — or a Batta, feasting upon the flesh of his kindred. It is, indeed, something of a distance ; but it may be marched in one generation. The wild crab of the forest may be engrafted and cultivated, and bear fruit that will do credit to a garden. The veriest savage, that ever emulated the wolf in ferocity, or the fox in cunning, may have a son that, if properly trained, would pass a life — an eternity — in the practice and enjoyment of duties, good sentiments and affections.

Washington, Howard, Wilberforce, Penn, Scott, had comparatively but just emerged from this wild state, though advanced before mere savages ; their capacities of goodness in intellect were but just opened, in comparison with that of which they are capable — in all things good and great, they are as far behind the pure minds that were released from the body a thousand years ago, as they are in advance of the most groveling soul that ever inhabited the human tenement. All is progressive, eternally.

What shall be done, what shall we do, to advance this march of mind, which men speak of without caring whether the march is retrograde or forward ? Rothschild, the father of the five money kings, who constitute the strongest alliance in Europe, required of his sons, before he died, that they should act in *unison*. In this he had but one object — their temporal interest ; and well has it been secured by this judicious, yet simple and plain advice. They are the richest sovereigns in Europe, and all others are tributaries. Had the design of their father been to make them good, that they might make others so, he could have given no better counsel. There is no way to regenerate the world, to rescue it from moral evil, to give an impulse to the human mind in the orbit for which it was designed, — but for the good and true, the thinking and the feeling, to *unite* — to make common cause, to form a joint-stock company, in which all are directors, and, by their untiring zeal and united efforts, to induce others to travel the same road in which they themselves go. It is wide enough for all, and it leads to a land where there are no juries, judges, county attornies, or prisons.

Reader ! be not discouraged because you are humble and alone ; resolve to be good — that is, to *do* good — and you will find companions. Pursue your mental improvement, your advancement in good principles and affections, as diligently as your worldly advantage, and you shall hereafter shake hands with Cato, Cicero, and Socrates. They are all living, and you may see them all, and a million of others as good and great, if you prefer not to go in a contrary direction. A small stream may fertilize a large territory, and one good man can make many other men good ; yet, ten good men, united, have the influence of a hundred, *separate*.

A late traveler in Great Britain remarked, in the manners and feelings of a large population, the influence of *one family*, without title or civil power, but their mere effect of goodness. Where the example of this single family operated, it made a Heaven around it ; it influenced a hundred of others ; it pointed to brighter worlds, and *led* the way.

Reader, is there any moral evil thou canst remove ? is there a friend to be reclaimed ? try ! if you can reclaim him ; but delay, from indolence, or what you call delicacy, and it is as though you had contrived his fall. Rescue him ! The gates of Heaven are not closed to those who bring others to the portals. If thou art of an intellectual cast, if thou wouldst ascend a high mountain, and, in a clear atmosphere, behold below all thy duties delineated as on a map, attend diligently to the ministrations of Channing. If thou requirest impulse and eloquence to move thee to duty, rather than reflection, go listen to the words of that best of reformers—Edward Taylor.

## SONNET.

BY ONE DEPARTING FOR ITALY.

FAREWELL ! dear friend, the land is slowly fading,  
 Our vessel spreads her white wings to the gale —  
 Some eyes are dim and many cheeks are pale ;  
 The sailor's hand his storm-worn brow is shading,  
 As from the sea he gazes on the shore  
 Where his own loved ones dwell — the home, the home  
 Of deep and true affections, valued more,  
 Since from their blessings Fate compels to roam.  
 I go to seek fair Health, in softer climes —  
 Yet, dearest, ever lives my heart with thee !  
 Oh, in the Winter's chill and gloomy times,  
 Send o'er the waters thy best hopes to me ;  
 And, when Favonian airs around me stray,  
 My thoughts, like summer-birds, shall homeward take their way !

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

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*An Address, delivered before the Literary Societies of Amherst College. August 25, 1835. By Edward Everett. Published by request. Boston: Russell, Shattuck & Williams. pp. 35.*

*An Address, delivered at Bloody-Brook, in South Deerfield, September 30, 1835, in Commemoration of the Fall of the 'Flower of Essex,' at that spot, in King Philip's War, September 18, (O. S.) 1675. By Edward Everett. Published by request. Boston: Russell, Shattuck & Williams. pp. 44.*

If the duration of men's lives is to be determined by the number and importance of their actions, not by the term of years which may pass between their birth and dissolution, then has such a man as Mr. Edward Everett arrived at the fullness of age. Before he is yet old, he has performed sufficient to distinguish a long life. When we are asked what those performances have been, we point to events which are rehearsed by his opponents in the language of reproach. We dwell with admiration on the early developement of his powers — on his great distinction as a scholar, an orator, and a man, at a period of existence when the follies of youth can scarcely be tolerated by the wisdom of manhood, and rashness is rebuked by experience; at a period when we are hurried away from calm thoughts into every pursuit which wears the grace of novelty — fond, alike, of everything that is new, and wandering about from one object to another of vain curiosity or inelegant pleasure. When eighteen years of age, Mr. Everett, having completed an academic and clerical education, preached to one of the most enlightened congregations of a community which boasts a high order of intelligence and refinement. After a few years' study at a German university, he returned to fill a Professor's chair in the best endowed college in the United States; to instruct young men, many of whom — if we measure life by number of years — were older than himself. Acquiring, at this time, a taste for political studies; becoming, as every true patriot should, deeply interested in the affairs of government; inspired by a laudable ambition to exercise his great talents in a higher and wider sphere, — he surrendered his profession, and was, by the free suffrage of the people of the county in which he resided, sent to Congress. This was his first political step. Deeply versed in the theory, yet, from want of service, unacquainted with the practice of legislation, he took his seat among the representatives of the nation. Heralded by a brilliant reputation, attended by the brightest anticipations of success, he performed, faithfully and well, the laborious duties of his station. In the splendor of his career, he may have disappointed the expectations of many, who hoped for his abilities nothing short of the attainment of the Presidential chair; but the reasonable expectations of

his friends he has never disappointed ; and when they recall the actions and works of his life, from his first election to Congress to his present election as Governor of Massachusetts, from the appearance of his remarkable ' Defence of Christianity ' to the addresses, which, with a power and rapidity almost inconceivable, he has poured forth during the present year, they feel their admiration undiminished, their anticipations realized.

The readers of this Magazine may remember that, when the name of Mr. Everett was first presented to the people of this Commonwealth as a candidate for Governor, we warmly applauded the nomination and advocated his election. We heartily congratulate our fellow-citizens on the splendid result. All good men and true should rejoice in it, for higher reasons than mere party success. It indicates nobler things than even a prevalence of honest political principles among our people. It indicates a respect for genius elevated by learning ; a superiority to the contemptible prejudices of low minds against mental cultivation ; a belief, that scholastic honors and literary fame are not incompatible with the faithful execution of the highest political trusts. For this indication, rather than for the triumph of the whigs, we rejoice that the voices of the people of Massachusetts, by a majority of more than twelve thousand, have spoken to the country their estimation of the integrity and talents of EDWARD EVERETT.

There are other reasons why sober and thinking men should shake hands when they meet, congratulating one another on this event. It shews that there are portions of the republic still free from the rule of demagogues ; that reason and good sense still distinguishes the sons of the pilgrims ; that the spirit of the ' most contumacious and oldest rebels to the British government ' is still alive, stubborn and steady in a maintenance of the right cause.

From the tenor of these remarks, it may be thought that we sate down to write a paper on the late election ; not so — in proceeding to notice the two addresses, whose titles are on the other page, we could not refrain from giving utterance to our feelings, with regard to the important relation in which their author now stands to the public.

Before turning, however, to the addresses, we must, as conductors of a literary journal, allude to an observation of certain sapient croakers who aver, to use their own elegant expression, that Mr. Everett ' missed it ' by going into political life. He should, say they, have addicted himself wholly to literary pursuits, of which he would have attained the noblest rewards. By deserting the quiet shades of learning and letters, for the high-road glare and bustle of politics, he displayed a desire for temporary applause, for popular renown. Is it to be supposed, we ask of such observers, is it to be supposed that Mr. Everett would not, had he selfishly chosen for himself, have preferred the repose of study to the labor of serving his country ? But, as there are actions above the capacity of certain men, so there are motives beyond their comprehension. Mr. Everett has constantly had the noblest ends in view in the course which he has pursued. It seems to have been his creed that the service of one's country is no matter of preference, but an absolute duty. What writes a great author, on this head ? ' The service of our country is no chimerical, but a real duty. He who admits the proof of any other moral duty, drawn from the constitution of human nature, or from the moral fitness and unfitness of things, must admit them in favor of this duty, or be reduced to the most absurd inconsistency. When he has once admitted the duty on these proofs, it will be

no difficult matter to demonstrate to him, that his obligation to the performance of it, is in proportion to the means and the opportunities he has of performing it ; and that nothing can discharge him from this obligation, as long as he has these means and these opportunities in his power, and as long as his country continues in the same want of his services. These obligations, then, to the public service, may become obligations for life on certain persons. No doubt they may : and shall this consideration become a reason for denying or evading them ? On the contrary, it should become a reason for acknowledging and fulfilling them, with the greatest gratitude to the Supreme Being, who has made us capable of acting so excellent a part, and with the utmost benevolence to mankind. Superior talents and superior rank, among our fellow-creatures, whether acquired by birth or by the course of accidents, and the success of our own industry, are noble prerogatives. Shall he, who possesses them, repine at the obligations they lay him under, of passing his whole life in the noblest occupation of which human nature is capable ? To what higher station, to what greater glory can any mortal aspire, than to be, during the whole course of his life, the support of good, the control of bad government, and the guardian of public liberty ?

Mr. Everett's devotion to the service of his country has been such as to make him worthy of her first distinctions. His recent election to the gubernatorial office has placed him in a station corresponding to his merits, before the eyes of the world.

These addresses display the peculiar powers of their author to great advantage—the one having been pronounced before a literary association, and the other before a popular assembly, in commemoration of a political event. The orator seems to be equally at home in both ; but the Amherst address contains passages which have been rarely surpassed. Thrilling must have been its effect on an audience of bookmen. Mr. Everett's periods are enough to make even the illiterate in love with knowledge. He touches the heart with the power of a master who draws music from a many-stringed instrument. Who, of the youthful band that listened to him on the eve of their departure from collegiate life, could have failed to have been encouraged to go cheerfully forth on the toilsome pilgrimage before them ? His was indeed no oaten pipe, like that of the classic muse, inviting to dalliance and luxurious days ; nor again was it, to use his own language, the iron trumpet at whose sound a whole people was to be aroused for some mighty charge : it was the sweet voice of advice and persuasion which inspired the doubting, strengthened the weak, and confirmed the strong-hearted.

After Gibbon's autobiography—the style of which, compared with that of his history, is like the beautiful pace of a palfrey by the side of the strong and showy tramp of the war-horse—we know nothing better calculated to excite in the mind of the desponding student new hope, to breathe into him the breath of life, to inspire him, in short, with enthusiasm for his books, than this address. Its object is to shew that the extension of the means of education and the general diffusion of knowledge are beneficial to mankind, as they are favorable to liberty, to science and virtue—the only three things, says Mr. Everett, that deserve a name below. Though we doubt not that most of our readers have seen this Address, we cannot refrain from copying a dirge-like and touching passage, sounding in our ears, as we read it alone, like a solemn chorus of Handel, or a mournful requiem of Mozart:—

'It is plain that Copernicus, like his great contemporary, Columbus, though fully conscious of the boldness and the novelty of his doctrine, saw but a part of the changes it was to effect in science. After harboring in his bosom, for long, long years, that pernicious heresy,—the solar system,—he died on the day of the appearance of his book from the press. The closing scene of his life, with a little help from the imagination, would furnish a noble subject for an artist. For thirty-five years he has revolved and matured in his mind his system of the heavens. A natural mildness of disposition, bordering on timidity, a reluctance to encounter controversy, and a dread of persecution, have led him to withhold his work from the press; and to make known his system but to a few confidential disciples and friends. At length he draws near his end; he is seventy-three years of age, and he yields his work on 'the revolutions of the heavenly orbs' to his friends for publication. The day at last has come, on which it is to be ushered into the world. It is the twenty-fourth of May, 1543. On that day,—the effect, no doubt, of the intense excitement of his mind, operating upon an exhausted frame,—an effusion of blood brings him to the gates of the grave. His last hour has come; he lies stretched upon the couch, from which he will never rise, in his apartment at the Canonry at Frauenberk, East Prussia. The beams of the setting sun glance through the gothic windows of his chamber; near his bed-side is the armillary sphere, which he has contrived to represent his theory of the heavens,—his picture, painted by himself, the amusement of his earlier years, hangs before him; beneath it, his *Astrolobe* and other imperfect astronomical instruments; and around him are gathered his sorrowing disciples. The door of the apartment opens; the eye of the departing sage is turned to see who enters: it is a friend, who brings him the first printed copy of his immortal treatise. He knows that in that book, he contradicts all that had ever been distinctly taught by former philosophers; he knows that he has rebelled against the sway of Ptolemy, which the scientific world had acknowledged for a thousand years; he knows that the popular mind will be shocked by his innovations; he knows that the attempt will be made to press even religion into the service against him:—but he knows that his book is true. He is dying; but he leaves a glorious truth, as his dying bequest to the world. He bids the friend, who has brought it, place himself between the window and his bed-side, that the sun's rays may fall upon the precious volume, and he may behold it once before his eye grows dim. He looks upon it, takes it in his hands, presses it to his breast, and expires. But no, he is not wholly gone! A smile lights up his dying countenance; a beam of returning intelligence kindles in his eye; his lips move; and the friend, who leans over him, can hear him faintly murmur the beautiful sentiments, which the Christian lyricist, of a later age, has so finely expressed in verse:

Ye golden lamps of Heaven! farewell, with all your feeble light,  
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon, pale empress of the night!  
And thou, refulgent orb of day, in brighter flames arrayed,  
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere, no more demands thy aid.  
Ye stars, are but the shining dust of my divine abode,  
The pavement of those heavenly courts, where I shall reign with God.

So died the great Columbus of the heavens.'

To those who are acquainted with our early history, the title of the second address, under notice, will call to mind the whole narrative of the events, in commemoration of which it was delivered. The orator stood under an old tree, near which the bloody tragedy was acted, and spoke to the multitude, assembled under the open sky. Here is a picture of the past—a highly-wrought and poetical description:

'As I stand on this hallowed spot, my mind filled with the traditions of that disastrous day, surrounded by these enduring memorials, impressed with the touching ceremonies we have just witnessed,—the affecting incidents of the bloody scene crowd upon my imagination. This compact and prosperous village disappears, and



a few scattered log-cabins are seen, in the bosom of the primeval forest, clustering for protection around the rude block house in the centre. A cornfield or two has been rescued from the all-surrounding wilderness, and here and there the yellow husks are heard to rustle in the breeze, that comes loaded with the mournful sighs of the melancholy pine-woods. Beyond, the interminable forest spreads in every direction, the covert of the wolf, of the rattlesnake, of the savage; and between its gloomy copses, what is now a fertile and cultivated meadow, stretches out a dreary expanse of unreclaimed morass. I look and listen. All is still — solemnly, frightfully still. No voice of human activity or enjoyment breaks the dreary silence of nature, or mingles with the dirge of the woods and the watercourses. All *seems* peaceful and still: — and yet there is a strange heaviness, in the fall of the leaves, in that wood that skirts the road; — there is an unnatural fitting in those shadows; — there is a plashing sound in the waters of that brook, which makes the flesh creep with horror. Hark! it is the click of a gun-lock from that thicket; no, it is a pebble, that has dropped from the overhanging cliff upon the rock beneath. It is, it is the gleaming blade of a scalping-knife; no, it is a sun-beam, thrown off from that dancing ripple. It is, it is the red feather of a savage chief, peeping from behind that maple-tree; no, it is a leaf, which September has touched with her many-tinted pencil. And now a distant drum is heard; yes, that is a sound of life, conscious proud life. A single life breaks upon the ear; a stirring strain. It is one of the marches, to which the stern warriors of Cromwell moved over the field at Naseby and Worcester. There are no loyal ears to take offence at a puritanical march in a transatlantic forest; and hard by, at Hadley, there is a gray-haired fugitive, who followed the cheering strain, at the head of his division in the army of the great usurper. The warlike note grows louder; — I hear the tread of armed men: — but I run before my story.

Before proceeding to the details of the catastrophe, some space is occupied by an account of the state of things at that time existing in New-England, and the previous event of the war, of which this was a prominent occurrence. This is exceedingly interesting.

We will not detain the reader with a reference to the history of the events which follow, but prefer rather to present him with a beautiful extract, which succeeds a thrilling account of the death of king Philip.

‘And what was the fate of Philip’s wife and son? This is a tale for husbands and wives, for parents and children. Young men and women, you cannot understand it. What was the fate of Philip’s wife and child? She is a woman, he is a lad. They did not surely hang them. No, that would have been mercy. The boy is the grandson, the mother the daughter-in-law of good old Massasoit, the first and the best friend the English ever had, in New-England. Perhaps, — perhaps, now Philip is slain and his warriors scattered to the four winds, they will allow his wife and son to go back, — the widow and the orphan — to finish their days and sorrows in their native wilderness. They were sold into slavery — West-Indian slavery! — an Indian princess and her child, sold from the cool breezes of Mount Hope, from the wild freedom of a New-England forest, to gasp under the lash, beneath the blazing sun of the tropics!’ ‘Bitter as death!’ aye, bitter as hell! Is there anything — I do not say in the range of humanity — is there anything animated, that would not struggle against this? Is there, I do not say a man, who has ever looked in the face of his sleeping child; — a woman,

——— that has given suck and knows  
How tender ’t is to love the babe, that milks her;

is there a dumb beast, a brute creature, a thing of earth or of air, the lowest in creation, so it be not wholly devoid of that mysterious instinct which binds the generations of beings together, that will not use the arms, which nature has given it, if

you molest the spot where its fledglings nestle, where its cubs are crying for their meat? *What of our own?*

Then think of the country for which the Indians fought! Who can blame them? As Philip looked down from his seat, on Mount Hope, that glorious eminence, that

— throne of royal state, which far  
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind,  
 Or where the gorgeous east, with richest hand,  
 Showers on her kings barbaric pomp and gold, —

as he looked down on the lovely scene which spread beneath, at a summer sunset, — the distant hill-tops blazing with gold, the slanting beams streaming along the waters, the broad plains, the island groups, the majestic forest, — could he be blamed if his heart burned within him, as he beheld it all passing, by no tardy process, from beneath his control into the hands of the stranger? As the river chieftains — the lords of the waterfalls and the mountains — ranged this lovely valley, can it be wondered at if they beheld with bitterness the forest disappearing beneath the settler's axe? — the fishing-place disturbed by his saw-mills? Can we not fancy the feelings with which some strong-minded savage, the chief of the Pocumtuck Indians, who should have ascended the summit of the sugar-loaf mountain, (rising as it does before us, at this moment, in all its loveliness and grandeur) in company with a friendly settler, contemplating the progress already made by the white man, and marking the gigantic strides, with which he was advancing into the wilderness, should fold his arms and say, 'White man, there is eternal war between me and thee! I quit not the land of my fathers, but with my life. In those woods, where I bent my youthful bow, I will still hunt the deer; over yonder waters I will still glide unrestrained in my bark-canoe. By those dashing waterfalls I will still lay up my winter's store of food; on these fertile meadows I will still plant my corn. Stranger, the land is mine! I understand not these paper rights. I gave not my consent, when, as thou sayest, these broad regions were purchased, for a few baubles, of my fathers. They could sell what was theirs; they could sell no more. How could my father sell that which the Great Spirit sent me into the world to live upon? They knew not what they did. The stranger came, a timid suppliant, — few and feeble, and asked to lie down on the red man's bear-skin, and warm himself at the red man's fire, and have a little piece of land, to raise corn for his women and children; — and now he is become strong, and mighty, and bold, and spreads out his parchment over the whole, and says, it is mine. Stranger! there is not room for us both. The Great Spirit has not made us to live together. There is poison in the white man's cup; the white man's dog barks at the red man's heels. If I should leave the land of my fathers, whither shall I fly? Shall I go to the south, and dwell among the graves of the Pequots? Shall I wander to the west? — the fierce Mohawk, the man-eater, is my foe. Shall I fly to the east? — the great water is before me. No, stranger; here have I lived, and here will I die; and if here thou abidest, there is eternal war between me and thee. Thou hast taught me thy arts of destruction; for that alone I thank thee; and now take heed to thy steps — the red man is thy foe. When thou goest forth by day, my bullet shall whistle by thee; when thou liest down, at night, my knife is at thy throat. The noonday sun shall not discover thy enemy, and the darkness of midnight shall not protect thy rest. Thou shalt plant in terror and I will reap in blood; thou shalt sow the earth with corn, and I will strew it with ashes; thou shalt go forth with the sickle, and I will follow after with the scalping-knife; thou shalt build and I will burn, till the white man or the Indian shall cease from the land. Go thy way for this time in safety; but remember, stranger, there is eternal war between me and thee!'

Such are specimens of these eloquent addresses. Within the year past, Mr. Everett has delivered several others, of equal length and equal power. His eloquence flows like the waters of a perpetual fountain; it does not, like the speechifying of some of our small-great men, spout forth a little frothy water, on some

gaudy day, and remain dry the rest of the year ; but it wells out continually. Him is the eloquence that charms mankind ; and how much nobler a superiority does it confer than power, or even that high office to which he has just been chosen, not elevated ; for Edward Everett is among the few who confer new honor upon station.

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*The Poetical Works of Mrs. Felicia Hemans ; complete in one volume ; with a Critical Preface. Philadelphia : Thomas T. Ash.*

The preface to this neat edition was written by B. B. Thatcher, Esq., a man of genius, who is not only capable of appreciating, but of producing the bright thoughts of poetry. In a moment of critical ferocity, we were unnecessarily harsh with regard to some funny verses of his in the 'Token' ; we ought to have remembered that the best poets are sometimes at fault ; witness Mr. Bryant's attempts at wit, thrown in like pieces of glass among his gleaming diamonds. Mr. Thatcher has attained a highly-respectable rank among American writers ; and that he is deserving, every reader of this preface will agree. It displays good taste, deep feeling, and a competent ability to edit even these works of the first English poetess of this or any other age.

The volume is very clearly and beautifully printed ; but, probably owing to the distance of the editor's residence from that of the publisher, some errors have been overlooked, which, as they do not materially impair the value of the work to the public, we shall be happy to designate by private communication, that they may be corrected in a future edition. One or two pieces have inadvertently found a place here, which we know not to be the production of Mrs. Hemans ; and one or two, which, from their distinctive marks, we confidently guess not to be her's. They were found, no doubt, in the newspapers, attributed to Mrs. Hemans. Some lines, by a friend of our's, which would never have attracted notice with his humble name, were, by some sapient editor, given to Mrs. Hemans, and straightway they flew, from paper to paper, from Wiscasset to Appalachicola, as 'one of the most graphic and exquisite effusions of her glowing pen.' So much for the prejudice of a popular name !

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*The Hawks of Hawk-Hollow. A Tradition of Pennsylvania. By the Author of 'Calavar' and 'The Infidel.' 2 vols. Philadelphia : Carey, Lea and Blanchard.*

WE parted last with Dr. Bird at Mexico, whither he had transported us in imagination ; and little did we then think that we should meet again so soon, and in so familiar a scene. Our author has forsaken the days of chivalry for the humbler era of the eighteenth century, and in place of the haughty Castilians and their barbarian adversaries, we behold the true-hearted sons of America in their Pennsylvanian valley. Dr. Bird does not claim for his story the merit of being 'peculiarly American.' It is rather, he says, 'a domestic tale, treating of incidents and characters common to the whole world.' It describes the fate of a singular family,

who, having suddenly attained to wealth, settle in the 'Hawk-Hollow,' whence they are driven by a train of extraordinary misfortunes.

In this novel, Dr. Bird displays a power and beauty inferior in no respect to those which won an enviable reputation for 'Calavar' and 'The Infidel.' The same thrilling interest is imparted to the plot; there is an equal fertility and truth in the descriptive pictures of natural scenery, and the same wild energy in dialogue and action. But, in the construction of the plot and the delineation of some of the principal characters, there is a tendency to exaggeration, which is clearly evident upon a second reading. The author occasionally imposes too heavy a tax on the credulity of his readers. Oran Gilbert would make a better hero for a melodrama than a tragedy. There is a similar exaggeration in some of the comic characters. Affidavy and Captain Loring are examples. We are afraid these blemishes arise from hastiness in composition; for the same hand that created them, drew with exquisite skill the gentle Catharine, the energetic Harriet. Hyland Falconer, Sterling, and, not least in our estimation, the gallant Captain Caliver, who, with his horse 'Skycraper,' figures in one scene with great distinction. There are a few pieces of poetry interspersed through these volumes, but they do not lead us to regret that our author has chosen the career of a prose-writer. That the verses are above mediocrity, we are not inclined to deny; but still they do not ring like sterling metal.

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*The Magnolia, 1836. Edited by Henry W. Herbert. New-York: Monson Bancroft.*

The literary merit of this volume is far higher than that of any other annual, except two, ever published in this country. 'The Memorial,' edited by F. S. HILL, and issued ten years ago, contained more sprightly, smart, and agreeable papers than every volume of a similar kind which had been previously issued in this country. The reason may be found in the facts, that the editor was himself a man of taste and talent, and selected his pieces on account of their intrinsic value, not for the names of their composers. This annual, as it was worth the price asked for it and no humbug, failed, of course; it was published only two years, and may be had now, we dare say, single or by the dozen. 'The Talisman' — the fictitious editor's name was *Herbert*, we think — was the best volume of the kind, without exception, ever published here or in England. It made its appearance two or three times, and, though not pelted off the stage, was compelled to retire. Like a well-written comedy, full of delicate points, its parts beautifully adapted, its wit fine and subtle, its action calm and graceful, it was uncomprehended, and after running a few nights was silently condemned by the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but gaud, glitter, tinsel, clap-traps and noise. We were not told that the plates were American subjects, by American painters, engraved by American artists, and that the papers were written by celebrated authors — from ex-president Adams down, down, down, (readers are requested to repeat this word a thousand times) down to S. G. Goodrich. 'The Talisman' stood simply on its intrinsic worth. Though conducted by men, whose names might have sold a dozen editions, such an appeal to the public purse was disdained. An anonymous editor appeared as its sponsor, the articles were all anonymous. They were magnificent;

but what of that? Had they been written by young misses at school, and fathered by illustrious contributors, they would have been esteemed fine.

One William C. Bryant, an individual of very fair talents, was the principal *real* editor of the annual to which we refer, and he was aided by a Mr. Halleck — Fitz-Greene Halleck, a youth of promise — and by Gulian C. Verplanck, Esq., a person of considerable intelligence. Notwithstanding, however, the respectable abilities of these gentlemen-amateur-authors, the 'Talisman' was not popular. The 'Atlantic Souvenir,' conducted by Mr. Gilpin,

('John Gilpin was a citizen  
Of credit and renown,')

and 'The Token' at first published, then edited by S. G. Goodrich, were excessively admired. So similar were these two in character, that nothing but a literary matrimony was wanting to their perfect success. This desirable union was accordingly brought about by the guardians; and Mr. 'Token,' a spruce dandy, led to the altar Miss 'Atlantic Souvenir,' an affected damsel — and they two became one. The lady had the advantage in years; but that they have been happy together, may be inferred from the fact that little else than *soft nonsense* has been whispered between them since the honey-moon.

One word more, in praise of 'The Talisman.' We will mention that which should cause it to be placed, like a classic, on the library shelf of every lover of poetry. In it was first contained that most exquisite of all *fugitive pieces* — 'The Evening Wind'; who cannot repeat it? —

'Spirit that breathest through my lattice!'

But we must talk about 'The Magnolia.'

Gentle lady, on your morning lounge, step aside into the bookseller's and turn over its gilded leaves, after having sufficiently admired its tasteful exterior. The landscape engravings you will think beautiful; but, having just consulted your mirror, you cannot, after seeing a face so much fairer than any here, apply the same epithet to the portraits. There is 'The White Plume,' very gracefully waving over a countenance not very youthful in its expression. 'The Young Mother' you deem an interesting subject, badly treated. She is to be commended for so fondly caressing such a homely little son. 'Amy Cranstoun' is a very good likeness, no doubt. The tombstone, after which the cherub 'Innocenza' was engraved, must have been very poorly cut. The best landscapes — and they are all tastefully chosen and finely engraved — are the 'Ruins of Jamestown' and a 'View on the Catskill.' The prospective is fine. 'Boys on the Ice,' from a painting by Fisher, is a charming picture. 'Lake George, near Ticonderoga,' is faithful and clear. We should like to see the original picture of 'The Bride of Lammemoor.' It is a most thrilling subject, splendidly treated; think you not so, gentle lady? Then take home the volume. It will awaken many delightful associations; and you will find the tales, of interest sufficient to repay even your devoted perusal. The poetry, though not of distinguished excellence, is readable; the introductory verses, and others by the editor, exceedingly pretty.

One thing is true: New-York has this year produced, by far, the finest specimen of literature and taste. Boston and Philadelphia have been surpassed. Yet, be-

fore stating concisely wherein lies the superior merit of 'The Magnolia,' we beg leave of our good-natured cousins of the newspaper press to disclaim any prejudice or favoritism about the matter. We trust that eight thousand copies of the 'Token' may be sold as usual. We wish its worthy publisher all success. We nevertheless hold the literary talents of its editor in sovereign contempt; and shall take occasion to expose his empiricism in books still further. That our opinion of his annual, severe as it was, was perfectly fair, may be argued from our having plied the lash most lustily on the shoulders of an author; (*Mr. Thatcher*) whom a high personal esteem would prompt us to praise. '*The Gift*,' edited by Miss Leslie, we consider decidedly inferior to 'The Token'; but refrained from any expression of our opinion, from a willingness to extend towards a literary lady a courtesy and forbearance which was not due to a gentleman.

'*The Magnolia*' is the best annual that has appeared, because it has the best editor, the best papers, and the best pictures. When the same writers have contributed to the three, they are brightest in these pages. Witness Miss Sedgwick's story, Mr. Mellen's poetry. Moreover, the articles by the author of 'A Year in Spain,' of 'The Yemassee,' of 'The Brothers,' do honor even to these authors; and 'A Night on the Enchanted Mountains,' by the author of 'a Winter in the West,' is a sketch which would, of itself, entitle 'The Magnolia' to a conspicuous place among the flowers of literature.

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*An Exposition of the Mysteries or Religious Dogmas and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians, Pythagoreans, and Druids. Also, An Inquiry into the Origin, History, and Purport of Freemasonry. By John Fellows, A. M. New-York: printed for the author, and sold by Banks, Gould and Co: 1835. 1 vol. 8vo., pp. 403.*

If the title of this learned and curious work were not sufficiently explicative, the following clear exposition, afforded in the Introduction, would sufficiently declare its object: 'The intention of this work is to endeavor to unravel the intricate web in which the mystery (of Freemasonry) is involved, by tracing the order back to its source, and, by showing its intimate connection and similitude to institutions more ancient, put it beyond a doubt, that it sprang from and is a continuation of the rites and ceremonies observed in those establishments.'

Indebted, as we feel, to the author's politeness for a present of his book, the narrow limits of this journal will not allow us to enter into a review of its subjects. Its general scope and tenor, however, may be gathered from a few observations; which we would premise with the remark that, the work will be found highly valuable, not only on account of the luminous ray which it sheds over the obscurity of the Masonic institution, but as a spacious depository of useful and recondite knowledge.

That the writer, as a freemason, is extremely liberal, may be judged from his own reprobation of the oaths imposed upon members. He considers a total abandonment of the oaths, at the present day, requisite. He says that the mysteries, from which the institution was derived, created, and that the custom of the times when it was established, sanctioned the most horrible oaths. The argument used,

that these oaths are no longer necessary, is, we think, effectual against the existence of Masonry itself.

At a time when superstitious customs prevailed, the society, as a secret bond between individuals, might have been necessary and highly important; but in the general intelligence of the age and under the light of liberal Christianity, there can hardly be any reason why individuals should bind themselves to mutual support. We do not mean to impugn their perfect and indefeasible *right* to do so; we simply question the necessity. As for this war of extermination which has been waged against Masonry, no reasonable observer of passing events can doubt for a moment that its object is political. There is no doubt that the antimasonic party would be as fiercely kept up, if every single Mason should renounce his creed, and the last crumbling fragment of this tremendous institution be swept from the earth.

Mr. Fellows displays the greatest liberality towards the opponents of Masonry, not doubting that many have been actuated by the purest motives. Wishing to teach and to convince, he does not set to work in the manner of a modern political editor, by calling those who differ with him, knaves, villains and unchanced scoundrels, and then politely request them to believe what he is about to say. He is, on the contrary, mild and persuasive; and instead of knocking down his antagonist preliminary to dragging him forward, he takes him gently by the hand and tries to lead him in the path.

We have called the volume useful in other respects than as it teaches the origin of the mysteries and ceremonies of Masonry. A glance at the subjects, fully and satisfactorily treated in the first four chapters, which occupy more than half the work, will show this fact. The first chapter explains the 'Dogmas and Customs' of the ancient Egyptians. Among the rare works cited, is the Abbe Pluche's 'History of the Heavens.' All the included topics — comprising a full account of the worship of the Egyptians, their religious rites and observances, and the derivation from these of many customs descended to us — are treated in the most interesting and instructive manner. We have next a dissertation on the origin, nature, and object of the 'ancient mysteries.' Then follows an examination of Virgil's Sixth Book of the Eneid, in which it is shown that the allegorical descent of Eneas into hell is no other than an enigmatical representation of his initiation into the mysteries. The importance of the next chapter lies in the sketch presented of the life and doctrines of Pythagoras, the founder of the sect that bore his name; and the doctrines and customs of the Druids, the priests of the ancient Britons.

It is truly anomalous in this utilitarian age — in which the demand seems to be, that every work which does not treat on science, should simply contribute to amusement — to witness the production of a voluminous treatise, like this, on subjects employing in their investigation indefatigable research, and, in their full demonstration, long assiduity and labor.

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*Legends of a Log-Cabin. By a Western Man. New-York: George Dearborn. pp. 276.*

These are among the most spirited and entertaining stories with which we are acquainted. There is a truth and freshness about them which inspire a lively interest. We cannot but imagine that the incidents recounted must have in reality

occurred, though perhaps under different forms and attended by diverse circumstances.

The book commences with the setting out of the author on a tour to his western home from Philadelphia. It was at a period long before the time when a journey across the Alleghanies is undertaken with alacrity and performed with ease. It was 'a work of time and toil, and tedious in the extreme.' After an amusing description of the trip down the river in a flat-boat, the narrative proceeds with the author's equestrian excursion, towards the upper Wabash country, his ultimate destination.

'Two days I had pursued my way through alternate patches of woodland and wide winding prairies, when, towards the close of the third cold, blustering day, the leaden clouds gathered in denser masses over my head, and light flurries of snow warned me of the necessity of seeking shelter from an impending storm. This shelter was unfortunately not very near; my intended resting-place for the night was the cabin of a hunter named Williams, an old friend: but this I knew, from the way-marks given me by my host of the previous night, must be distant several miles; and yet I knew of no nearer refuge. Another difficulty was yet more pressing: though it was easy to trace the imperfect path on the prairie and by the blazed trees—that is, trees from which a patch of bark has been hewn—through the woods, yet both these marks would soon be effaced by the snow, and I confess I watched the coming storm with no little uneasiness. On it came, however, and soon the air was filled with flaky whiteness; the path became every moment more and more difficult to find. I entered a belt of woodland; the blazed trees were not yet so clothed with snow as to hide the marks; but on emerging from this wood, a prairie lay before me, of which I could see no bounds. The path was completely hid. In pure desperation I dashed forward, and soon lost sight of the wood in my rear. I was in a wide waste; no object in sight, but snow, snow, snow, above, beneath, and all around me; the chilling cold was numbing my limbs, and already I felt the approach of that drowsy indifference to my fate, the sure precursor of death by cold. One chance remained, and I had barely strength and sense enough left to avail myself of it; reason had failed me—instinct might serve me better. I was well mounted; my horse true blood, large but not heavy, clean limbs, loins well knit together, and an eye—lord Byron has since described it—'t was in itself a soul.' Such was Oscar. I roused him with a touch of the spur, and then throwing the reins on his neck, left him to choose his own path. My noble Oscar, tried and true friend! well did you justify the opinion of your master. Conscious and proud of the trust reposed in him, he quickened his pace, and varying slightly the direction, advanced with speed and apparent confidence. An hour passed; darkness was coming on, and yet the storm abated not. The chill was again gathering round my heart; fatigue and hunger aided the cold; perhaps fear did its part, for I do not pretend to be braver than other men, and the prospect of death, of such a death, was a shrewd trial for the nerves of five-and-twenty. At any rate, I was fast sinking into dull and careless apathy, when, as the wind lulled a moment, I heard the loud baying of a hound. I listened for a while in vain, and had just begun to fear that my senses had deceived me, when again I heard the loud, cheering sound. Life and all its energies were, in a moment, strong within me; I felt no cold, no hunger, no fatigue; I could not feel, I could only hear. The sound that had given life to me was not lost on my horse; he rallied his failing strength, and bore me rapidly in the direction from which it seemed to come. But what sound is that? 't is a loud halloo; God's blessing on that clear, strong voice! 'Halloo!' 'Halloo!' My shout is distinctly answered. In another moment, I see a distant light; the ground descends rapidly; we are approaching a drain or spring. Ah! I see the outline of the cabin; the half-open door reveals the bright, cheerful fire within. I gain the entrance; a strong hand grasps mine, and a well-known voice cries, 'Ah! stranger! safe at last; I was just thinking to take the prairie for you. I knew old Tyke did not speak for nothing,' and he patted the head of his dog. 'In! in! stranger—I can look after your



horse, and a noble brute he is.' 'Nay, nay, Williams,' said I, 'not so fast; surely you don't mean to call me stranger, — at least, my father's son ought not to be a stranger to you.' The kind old man recognized my voice, and loud and hearty was his shout of welcome. 'Why, Mr. George, is it really you? welcome! welcome! a hundred times welcome! — and how is Ma'am and the 'Squire, and all the children? — but stop, you need not answer all my questions here; in — in; here, Peg! why, Peg Williams! here is Master George, the 'Squire's son; in — in — Mr. George.' I did not wait longer pressing, but shaking the snow from cap and coat, hurried forward, just in time to meet Mrs. Williams inside the door. Her welcome was as warm and hearty as her husband's; it delighted, though it could not surprise me; for go where I will in my own native west — and I speak it with more of humility than of pride — where the father is known, his children never want a welcome.'

In the cabin, he finds, besides the old hunter and his wife, a Methodist preacher, an English traveler, a Frenchman, an Indian, and a Yankee pedlar. The tempestuous night and day, which detains these worthies, is very sensibly passed and very delightfully, as all will agree who read these pages, in the telling of various stories, each after his own fashion, first by the hunter himself, then by the preacher, then by the Frenchman, then by the Englishman, then by the Yankee, then by the Wyandot, and lastly by our author himself, who must have the bump of 'imitation' as well as 'ideality' largely developed — so admirably has he mimicked the various styles of the individuals introduced.

In our estimation, the Methodist and the Yankee acquit their parts with most honor. Each tale, however, has its peculiar merit; and all, by their diversity, render the volume in the highest degree entertaining.

As we have given a specimen of the author's serious, we give another of his facetious style:

'Wa-al, began the Yankee, seeing as most of the whole of the good company have given a story apiece, I guess it would be pretty curious for me to hold back, so I'll give you the story of the great Sleigh-Ride at Wiscasset, down East, in the district of Maine. It is now about ten years that I was keeping school in Wiscasset. I did not take to it much; but not being able to pick up any chores, I thought I might as well do a little at school-keeping, oosein as twelve dollars a month and found was better than nothin'. So I began my work, sitting in a school-house ten hours a day, and boarding round from house to house, so as to take out the share of every one that had children to school — five days for a boy, three for a girl. At first I went to 'Squire Marsh, then to deacon Sweet's, then to the minister's; to all these places I fared pretty smartly, plenty to eat, and that of the best; but, Lord bless ye, when I got to some of the others, — old Brooks, and widow Pettibone, and George Seabury, — goah! it was another thing. Brooks was a regular skin-flint; and tough bull beef, old rusty pork, potatoes none of the soundest, was the best fare I tasted during his weeks. Thanks to gracious, he had n't but two children, a boy and a girl, to school; and I was glad enough to let him off with seven days instead of eight. Indeed, I never thought I should have stood it so long, but by good luck the 'Squire asked me to dine with him on Sunday; and on Thursday afternoon we had a quilting at the deacon's, so that gave me two good meals and helped me through; but all this is nothing to the sleigh-ride. It so happened that deacon Bigelow and 'Squire Marsh, each on 'em, got a new sleigh this winter from Boston; so parson Emmerson, not to be behind-hand, set Zekeiel Jones, the wheelwright, and Josh Whitney, the painter, to work on his old sleigh, and, pity me! if it did not come out nigh about as good as new. This, in course, gave a great start to the folks in Wiscasset in the way of sleigh-riding, and we all agreed to have a right good time the first smart snow.

Peleg Bigelow, deacon Bigelow's son, was to take his sister, Sally and Fanny Johnson; they did say that Peleg was making up to Fanny in the way of sparkin'.

but I guess 't was only sort o' so and sort o' not so, for Peleg was a curious critter, and did n't do nothin' in a hurry. Joe Marsh, the 'Squire's son, was to take the new Boston sleigh; she was a real picture, held twelve seated, and could pack ten more, with his sister Sally, the Whitneys, and a whole lot more. The doctor drove the parson's sleigh, and took Prudence and Emmerson, and all the whole tribe of the Norths. Doctor Lawrence wanted Sally Marsh to go along, and I sort o' guess the 'Squire and Ma'am would n't have no objections; but Sally would n't look at him in the courtin' line, and no wonder, the doctor was forty if he was a day, and about as good looking as 'get out;' any how, Sally would n't have nothin' to say to him. I 'greed with Joe Whitney for his mare, and widow Pettibone promised to let me have her sleigh, providin' I would pay Zekiel Jones for a little fixin' up it wanted. The pesky old critter never once let me see the sleigh till I had 'greed with her and Zekiel Jones; but when he got it, sure enough! it was all to pieces. Zekiel said he had most as lives make a new one; but the old woman had kept me hanging on so long, that everything that looked like a sleigh was taken up; so I had no chance—'t was widow Pettibone's sleigh, or no frolic. Now, though I was obligated to take Dolly and Jenny Pettibone, (the old mother cornered me into that) yet Sally Marsh partly said that may be she would give Joe the slip coming home, and take driver's seat with me. This made me the more earnest and willing to take the old woman's sleigh, cost what it would.

Well! seeing as every one was provided with sleighs, the next p'int was, where should we go?

Should'st like to know, reader, where they went, and 'all about everything besides?' Send to your bookseller's for 'Legends of a Log-Cabin.'

*Practical Phrenology. Illustrated with fine Engravings on wood.*  
By Silas Jones.

We should suppose this work, a specimen of which lies on our table, calculated to convey a clearer knowledge of this important science than any treatise hitherto published. It is also of a very popular cast. The illustrations are very well executed. If the general worth of the whole forthcoming volume may be judged from the description of the organ of *Benevolence*, as well as from the phrenological portrait of the illustrious father of his country, drawn in a masterly style, Mr. Jones will take the precedence of any writer on this science on our side of the water.

## THE OPERA.

### MR. AND MRS. WOOD.

Come, take the harp—'t is vain to muse  
Upon the gathering ills we see;  
Oh! take the harp, and let me lose  
All thoughts of ill in hearing thee.

MOORE.

We write not for 'the man that hath no music in himself.' We love the inspiration of sweet sounds; we reverence the genius that has given immortality to the works of the great masters in music, and admire the qualifications that embody and present their splendid designs to the ear and to the heart. We envy not the feelings of him who coldly asks, 'of what use is it?' We have no sympathy with the utilitarian who resolves all that is desirable into the useful, and who has no participation in the ornamental. Nor have we respect for the selfish system that makes property the highest good, nor for the narrow scheme that depreciates all that is not within the limits of religious bigotry. Nor are the conflicts of parties, in political controversy, to our taste. The prominent characteristics of the age are agitation and antagonism; and every reform, in manners, morals, religion, or the economy of life, begins by denunciation. It is this scheme or that antidote; this association or that society. Practical religion, even, must be preceded by its pioneers, dressed in the livery of party. We gladly, therefore, seek repose, from the conflicts and agitations around us, in the quiet charms of music. We turn from the unworthy spectacles, where men are busied in the unnatural work of mutual contention and injuries, to the peaceful scenes where 'the soul's calm sunshine' comes, in its brightness and beauty, to dissipate the dark shadows of the age. It is pleasant to know, amidst the anxieties of trade, the excitement of speculation, the projects of ambition, the turmoils of party, the apathy of the selfish and the ardor of the visionary, that there is yet a neutral ground, where bad feelings and bad passions are hushed at the approach of subduing music.

But music is properly within the circle of utility; for all the best relations of life are made dearer by it. Who has not, in the buoyancy and freshness of youthful enthusiasm, dreamed again and again of the charming days of chivalry and romance, when valor was virtue, and the votary to the winged deity apostrophized his lady-love in the measures of poetry and song? It has been the ambition of men; it is incorporated with the soul of man. Ay, incorporated with the soul itself. The most fervent religious aspirations have been borne on the breathings of sweet music. It has been the softener of care and pain to the living and to the dying. Where is the young mother who has not wooed gentle sleep to the cradle of her infant, in the quiet accents of numbers? Where is the man, or the woman, who has not, when the heart has been sick and hope has been faint, gained relief and fresh courage under the inspiration of the muse? Patriotism, too, has been kindled by the musical associations that remind of home and the fireside. The French 'Marseillois' or the Swiss 'Ranz des Vaches' are not fictions. The sweet souls that mingle with maternal care and love, that come upon the heart like the whispers of beatified spirits, give a certain index to the design of the Creator, in making the associations of early life the strongest ties to bind us to our kindred and to our country.

But we have not forgotten Mr. and Mrs. Wood. We have heard them. Therefore, we cannot forget them.

There is an apparent proud bearing in Mr. Wood, which might lead one to suspect that he is not wholly satisfied with his profession, and that it requires no little effort to submit to the arbitrary rules that place him in an association not always agreeable. The same feeling, however, saves him from playing perpetually to the audience, as is the manner of some, and deters him from forming designs of securing noisy applause. He is always in his represented character, having less ambition to shew himself than to present the designs of the composer. This should be, and this always will be, the desire of a man of genius. It is observable, that Mr. Wood never attempts to exceed his powers, either in the compass of his voice or in the ornaments of music. He is content to execute what is written for him, without interpolation, and without giving an excess of embellishments, which, if they sometimes captivate vulgar and uneducated tastes, always offend a refined and chaste ear. He is right. He elevates the standard of musical taste, and lays the public under obligation as much by his manly and independent course, as by his chaste singing.

To say that Mr. Wood is a favorite, is only repeating what the general voice has already declared. His uniform attention to business and his promptitude in his particular department, are creditable qualities. Distinct enunciation is an excellence so rare in vocalists, that we have awarded to Mr. Wood great praise for the perfection in which he possesses the merit. He has a fine, clear, manly voice, and the bearing of a gentleman.

It is no ordinary undertaking to speak in a due measure of justice of a lady who has received the highest advantages of a finished musical education, who has ripened her studies by associating in practice with the best musical talents of the age, who has availed herself of the observation of impartial criticism, and who now holds the highest station in her charming art. We would pay the just tribute due to genius; a homage as grateful as it is deserved. That Mrs. Wood has passed through severe and patient study, to arrive at her accomplishments, which are universally acknowledged, and which are enough for her ambition, is sufficiently apparent in every department of her art. There is nothing she deems so trivial as not to be worthy of being well done; nothing so high that she has not embellished. The most simple ballads, under her management, seem invested with all that is graceful and charming; and the most complex and difficult cavatina, with all its beauties and embellishments, is presented with new charms to the lover of song.

The ease and certainty with which Mrs. Wood executes the most difficult and elaborate compositions, forms that surpassing excellence where all traces of art are obliterated in the apparent success of natural effort. She seems to have gone beyond rules, and is herself a model for study and imitation. Listen to the simple intonation of her voice, so clear and firm. Her continuous notes are so easily sustained, that the nicest ear detects no break nor interval. Her fine colloquial articulation is carried, with remarkable perfection, into her singing. This rare quality, combined with agreeable succession, constitutes one of the perfections of the orator and the vocalist. Indeed, it is indispensable, to secure any degree of distinguished cultivation. The sharp consonants of our language, so embarrassing to the vocalist, are successfully managed by Mrs. Wood; and it is probably owing to her familiarity with Italian, that gives her the power of modulating the consonants, as far as practicable, into a soft aspirate. Who has done this, and yet preserved a fine articulation, like Mrs. Wood? In her is never seen any unseemly writhing, nor any distortion of muscular power. Her firmness, when some degree of laxity might be pardonable, is very uncommon. These are her distinguishing characteristics. The beautiful extemporaneous creations of this lady, when excited into enthusiasm, are the highest evidences of musical genius. Rapid in their conception, perfect in their execution, and glancing like the scintillations of light, they are heard as the ordinary effusions of study. Of the ornamental department of Mrs. Wood's singing, we are certainly disposed to speak with all praise. But she will pardon us if we suggest that an excess of ornament is in quite as bad taste as an entire want of it. We have rarely seen it, however; and the doubt that may be entertained of an infallibility, may balance our suspicion that, although we cannot detect the fault, yet the lady cannot be perfect.

Mrs. Wood's practice has not been confined to secular music. A large share of her reputation has been built on her remarkable success in sacred music. In the

opera and in the concert, she has earned an imperishable fame, at once worthy of her merits and creditable to the good taste that has awarded the palm.

Probably there never was a professional lady who, by uniform kindness and gentleness of manners to those around her, has won her way so rapidly and so permanently to their affections. Content with the share of approbation which the public has given her, she is a stranger to the jealousy which looks with suspicion on the fame of others.

It is worthy of remark, that Mrs. Wood sings equally before her audiences. If numerous, even her gratified feelings will not lead her to depart from the severe rules in which she has been disciplined. If few in numbers, she does not think it derogatory in her to do her best. She once said, 'I think professional persons bound to do their best, as well before an audience of one hundred as of ten hundred.' The claims of the hundred, to witness the representation, cannot be increased by the addition of the other nine hundred, although the addition may be flattering to the performer. Most professional persons seem to consider themselves disgraced by performing to a small audience. But the public know how to repay the feeling that induces a performer to dismiss the arrogant claim to constant crowds, and to respect an audience, though few in numbers.

There is another strong and decided characteristic in this lady, in reference to her friends, that deserves to be named. A principal point of her ambition seems to be, to satisfy the expectations of those she esteems, and she seems to make this the test of her success. If her intimate friends are satisfied, she is less anxious for others. The applause of the multitude is not enough for her, unless those whom she loves and regards approve her exertions. It is an enviable and lovely trait, as honorable to her heart as it is grateful to her friends. With such feelings, and with the rare talents that she possesses, it is not strange that she should be held by them in very high estimation. It is enough, perhaps, for the public to value Mrs. Wood for her musical powers; but it is to those only who see her in the enviable relation she holds in private life, that the accomplished lady and the amiable woman is fully known.

We have spoken of some of the leading qualities and characteristics of Mrs. Wood, as a vocalist. We intended nothing like musical analysis. We have only tendered our homage and respect to musical talent and genius.

The present engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Wood, at the Tremont theatre, affords to the lovers of their delightful art an opportunity to test the correctness of the view we have taken of their distinguished talents. Whether they will play another engagement in our city, is uncertain; but one thing we suppose to be definitely settled: when they leave this country, at the expiration of the season, they will never return, as performers. No one, therefore, who has not heard them, should deny himself the gratification in store, or risk the possibility of being obliged to confess that he never witnessed the brilliant musical efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Wood.

TO THE READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS

OF THE

NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

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THE present number closes the ninth volume of this Magazine. At the termination of the seventh volume, J. T. BUCKINGHAM, Esq., one of the original proprietors, stated that he had transferred the work to DR. SAMUEL G. HOWE and Mr. JOHN O. SARGENT. This statement was accompanied by a touching tribute to his son, for whom the journal had been established. After the death of that young man, so full of promise, so universally esteemed — the father must have lost that lively interest, which, during his son's life, he had felt in the success of the Magazine. A decided improvement was, therefore, manifest in the numbers immediately succeeding its transfer. Its papers were less general and didactic. They exhibited great fervor and spirit, and attracted the public attention. The consequence was that, with no diminution in the number of its former friends, the journal increased in favor. The gentlemen, however, to whom it had passed, were almost wholly engaged in the arduous duties of other professions, and finding the labor of conducting it more onerous than they had anticipated, I became, at their request, associated with them in the charge — and, afterwards, sole editor of the Magazine.

The transfer to myself was made after the publication of the number for February last. For the volume which is now ended, and for the four last numbers in the former, I only am responsible. The errors of the work rest with me. Its chief merits are to be attributed to my correspondents. My plan has been to defer my own papers to those of contributors; the number of contributions has always been large; thus I have been able to impart a variety, which has at least been pleasing. It could not be expected that a journal, affording, like this, very limited means of compensation to authors, could attain a very high standard of excellence. It has presented, from month to month, to its readers the best papers from writers who were generously content with a very inadequate remuneration. Authors of celebrity, whose books are sure of popular reward, are vainly solicited to waste their efforts in the pages of a monthly magazine. Could the American publishers afford, like the English, to pay handsomely for articles, we should soon see our journals assuming a different character, and vying successfully with the best transatlantic productions. As the case stands, it is unfair to make comparisons between the light literature of Great Britain and the United States. There are few educated men in this country who can yield themselves to the pursuits of literature and the liberal studies. With the exception of those whom Fortune has placed beyond the necessity of exertion, there are no authors by profession. The efforts of American

writers are, for the most part, made in hours of leisure, set aside from the time devoted to their regular business. When a poor man has attempted to live by authorship, he has been compelled to seek a resource from poverty as an instructor, or a lecturer, or in some such mind-wearing employment. I believe, however, that we shall soon see brighter days: The worth of literary labor is beginning to be appreciated. Political economists will not be suffered to rank literary men among 'the unproductive classes of society.' The author who furnishes learning for the inside of a Judge's head, will be regarded in as useful a light as the hatter who manufactures a cover for the outside. Authorship may soon be as much thought of as ownership; talents of mind may weigh against talents of silver; the figurative man be ranked with the man of figures; and the poet, who,

' Wrapt in imagination, hears  
Celestial harmonies,'

be deemed quite as respectable as

' The churl who holds it heresy to think,  
And loves no music but the dollar's clink.'

This Magazine will hereafter be conducted under better auspices. It will, on the first of January, be united with another work of a similar kind, in *New-York*, and be styled in future *THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE*. I have not thought that any objection could be made to a simple change of name; since the value of the work, to its readers, will, by this arrangement, be greatly enhanced. Its resources will be increased; and the names of new and popular writers added to the present highly-respectable list of contributors. I shall, moreover enjoy the estimable privilege of being connected, in the editorial duties, with gentlemen of talent and experience; and in the prospect of such valuable aid, it becomes my earnest expectation, as it shall be my strenuous endeavor, to render my humble abilities available in the task of elevating the character of our periodical literature.

PARK BENJAMIN.

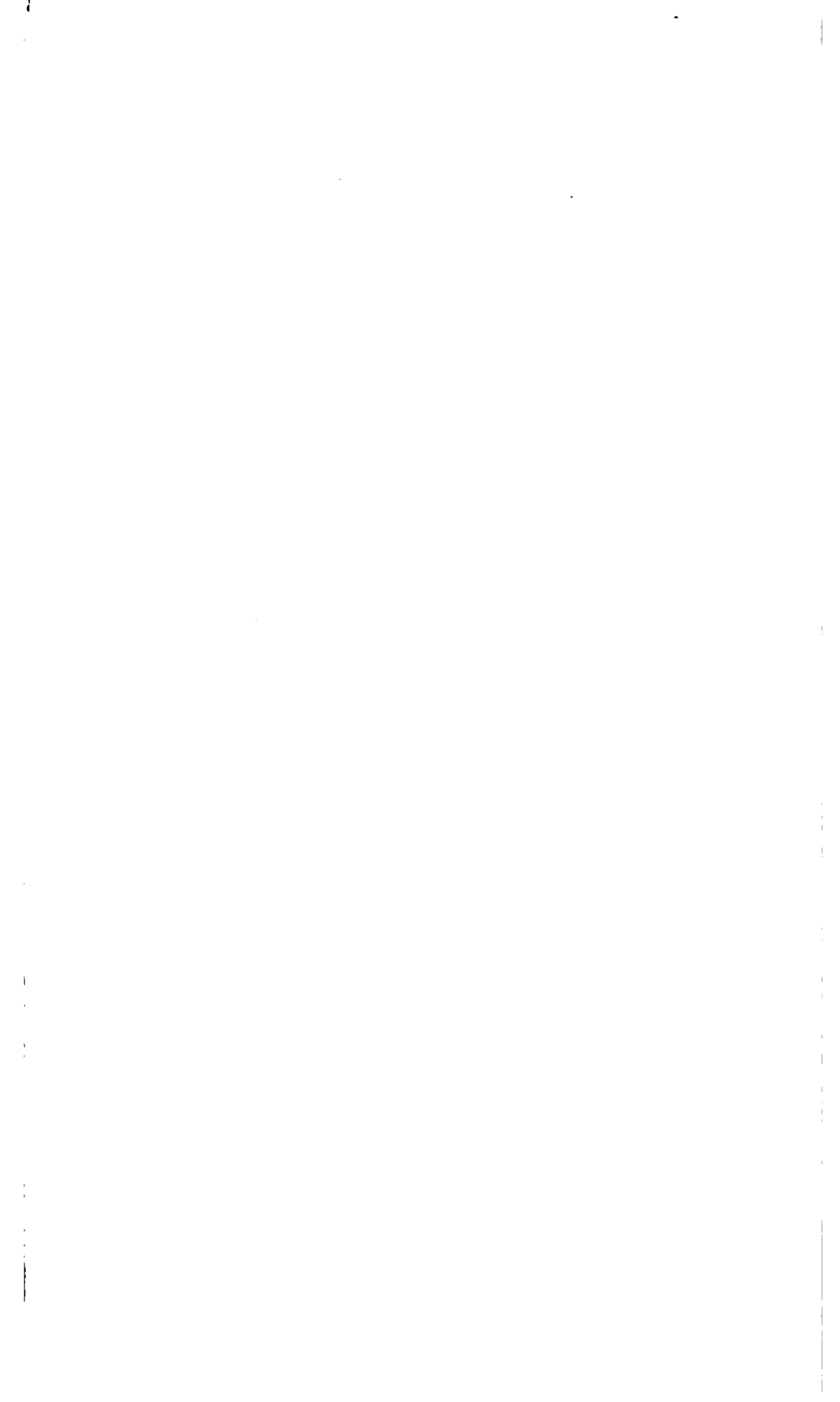
*Boston, December 1, 1835.*

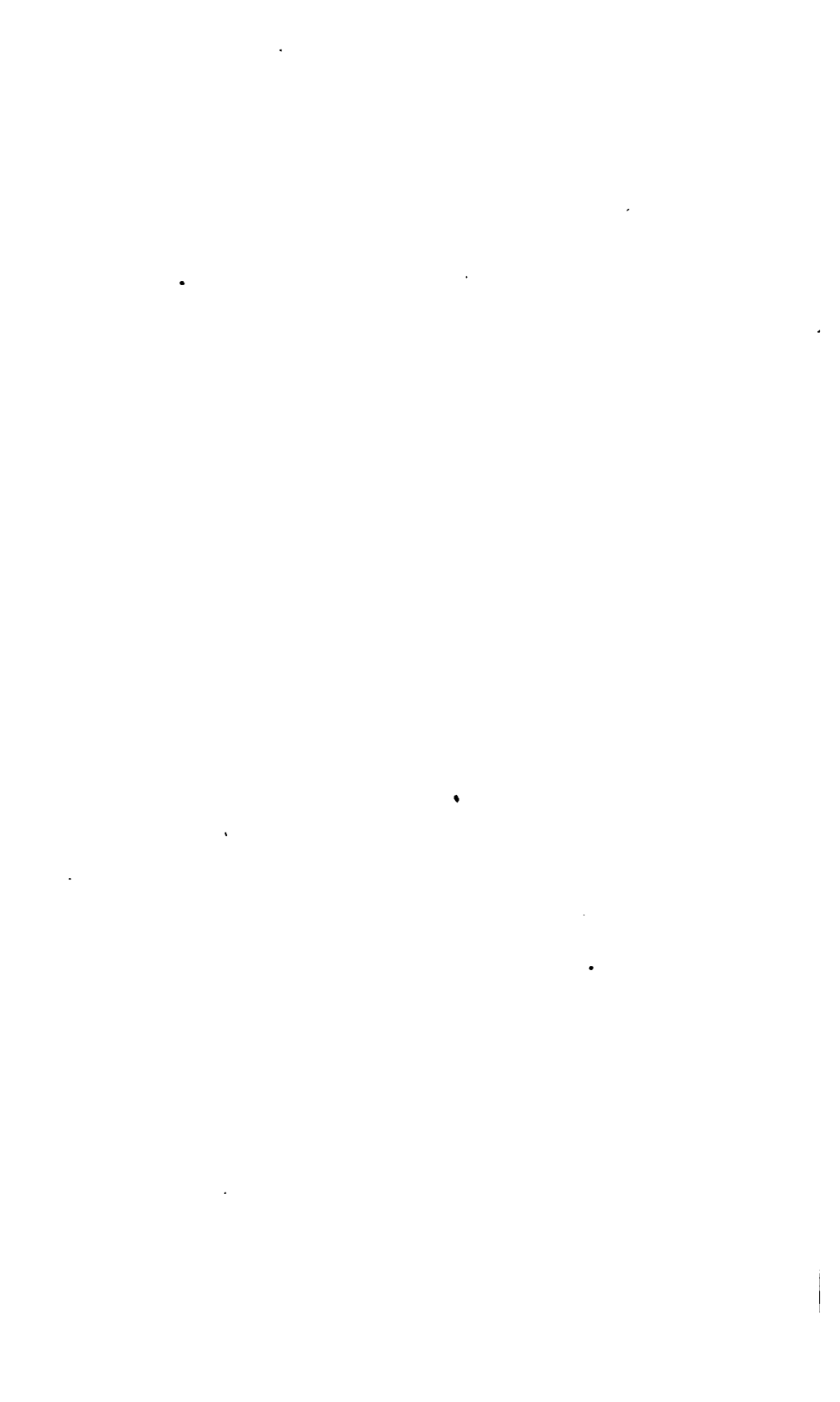
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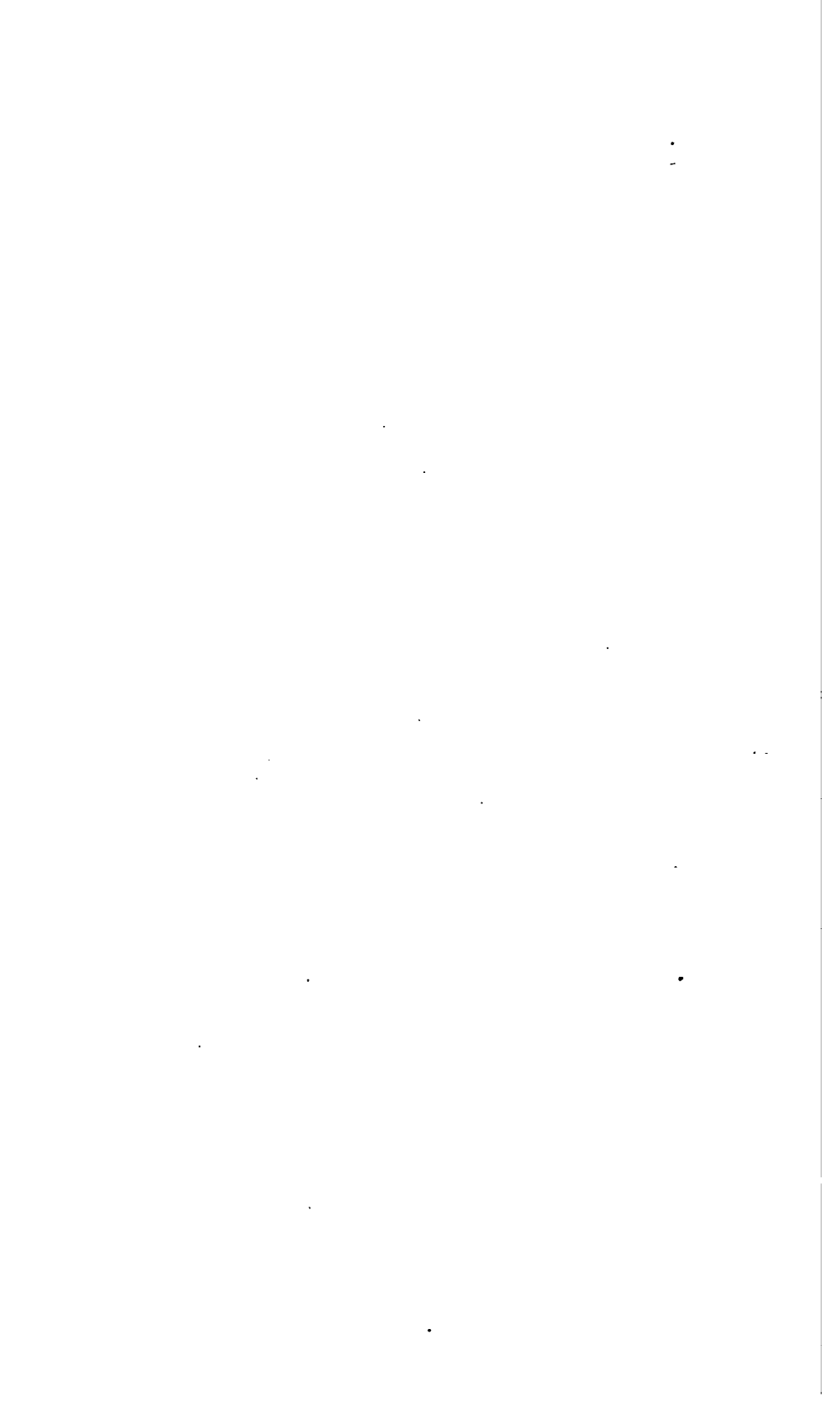
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